THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus[illegible]ted Weekly Magazine
Fou[illegible]ded [illegible]1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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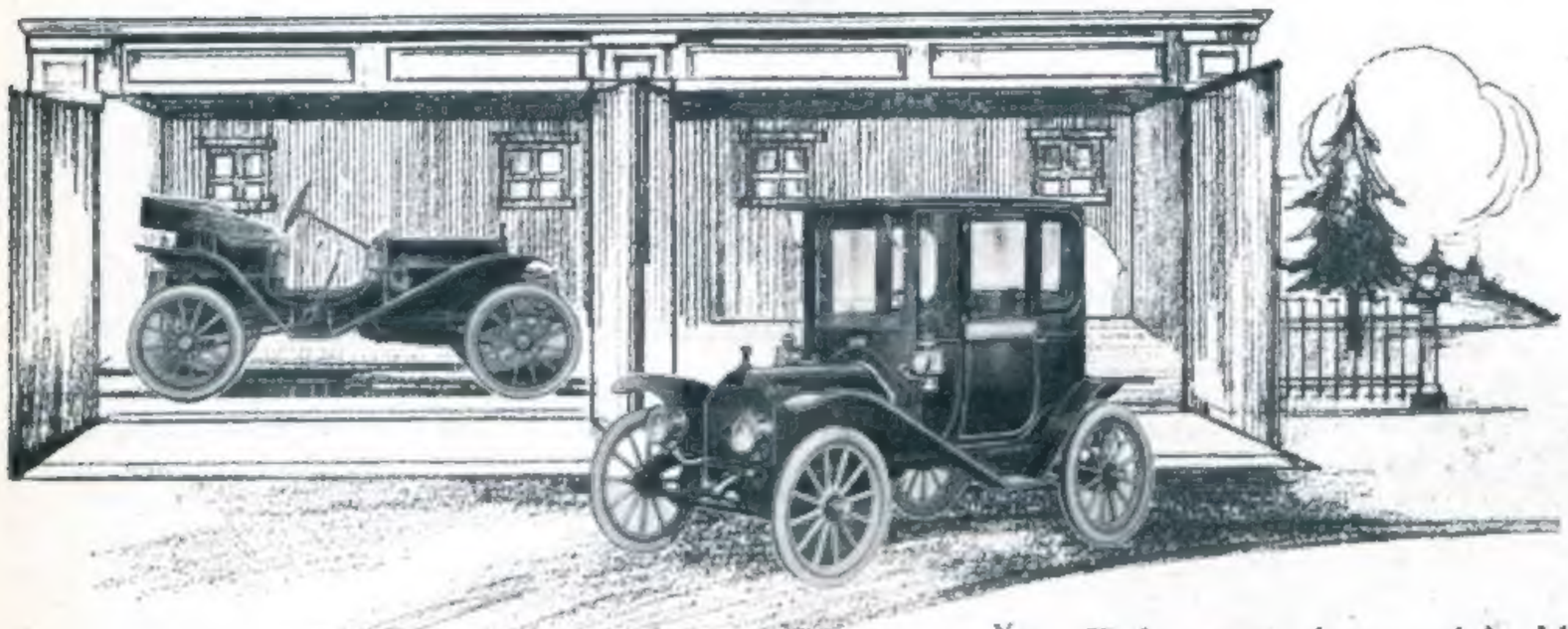
More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

A Remarkable Price—$900—Reinforced by a Remarkable Guarantee



You know that the Hupmobile has made its reputation by reproducing on a slightly smaller scale all the virtues of the costliest large cars. Nevertheless, the guarantee is there—the first of its kind ever offered by any automobile manufacturer—and one that covers the car for life. When you come to buy, you should consider the condition of the car twelve months after its purchase.

You should consider, not the price but what is in the car—what its record and reputation have been, how far the guarantee goes.

There is no grade or hill which can discourage the Hupmobile Touring Car.

Its greatest efficiency is elicited under rough country road conditions.

Its wheelbase is longer than that of any touring car offered at the price.

It is the only 4-cylinder touring car under $1000, with sliding gear transmission, Bosch magneto and shock absorbers.

So you see it has all the advantages of a first cost, which is extraordinarily low.

But it does not stop by merely tempting you with this extraordinarily low price. It gives you an assurance that this price stands for sound value.

It asks you to take nothing for granted—leaves no uncertainty as to quality.

It is guaranteed—unequivocally and emphatically—not for one season or for two, but for life.

The same guarantee covers all four Hupmobile models—the Touring Car at $900, the Runabout at $750, the Coupé at $1100, and the Torpedo at $850.

And three of these Hupmobiles, by the way—the Touring Car, the Runabout and the Coupé—carrying nine passengers can be operated at a smaller cost than one large car.

As you probably know, the average cost of operating a Hupmobile, to folks who take care of their own cars, whether it be Touring Car, Coupé or Runabout—is about 25c. a day.

Now, recapitulate for a moment—the extraordinary price, the extraordinary guarantee, and the extraordinarily low cost of upkeep.

Where will you find a combination that appeals more strongly to your sense of value?

Hupp Motor Car Company

Licensed Under Selden Patent — **Dept. P, Detroit, Mich.**

Between a car that is Guaranteed For Life and one that is not—there is no choice.

The size of the new Hupmobile Touring Car; the power it develops; the ease with which it rides; the generosity of the equipment, including the Bosch magneto and the shock absorbers on the front springs,—all these things tell you unmistakably that at $900 it represents unprecedented value.

Nevertheless, it is satisfying to have your judgment clinched by the infallible assurance of a lifelong guarantee.

With the Hupmobile Touring Car at $900 there is no chance for a mistake because the lifelong guarantee eliminates that chance.

To be sure, in the case of the Hupmobile you are reassured by the knowledge that the Hupp Company has never built a cheap car in its entire career.

Hupmobile

Guaranteed for Life

General Specifications

RUNABOUT

Unit power plant—motor, clutch and transmission.
Four cylinder, 20 H. P. motor; 3¼-inch bore, 3½-inch stroke; offset crank shaft; valves on left side.
Selective sliding gear transmission, two speeds forward and reverse. Lubricated by oil from crank case.
Multiple disc clutch of ten plates, enclosed in gear case and running in oil.
Shaft drive. Hyatt roller bearings on outer ends of rear axle. Two foot and two emergency brakes, internal expanding, on rear wheels.
Drop forged front axle, in I-beam section, with integral spring seats.
Frame of pressed steel channel section, with four cross members. Semi-elliptic front springs, patented cross spring in rear.
Rack and pinion type steering gear, with column set on rakish angle and fifteen-inch steering wheel.
Float feed, automatic carburetor, with accelerator pedal and hand throttle under steering wheel.
Bosch high tension magneto. No battery, coil or complicated wiring.
Thermo-syphon system of circulation for cooling. Radiator holds 3 gallons of water.
Front and rear tires, 30 x 3 inches. Wheel-base, 86 inches. Tread, 56 inches.
Body finished in Hupp blue, with white striping. Wheels gray.
Oil lamps for dash and rear, horn and tools supplied as regular equipment. Top, windshield, gas lamps, tank or generator extra. Weight, with regular equipment, 1200 pounds.

Price, $750 F. O. B. Detroit

TOURING CAR

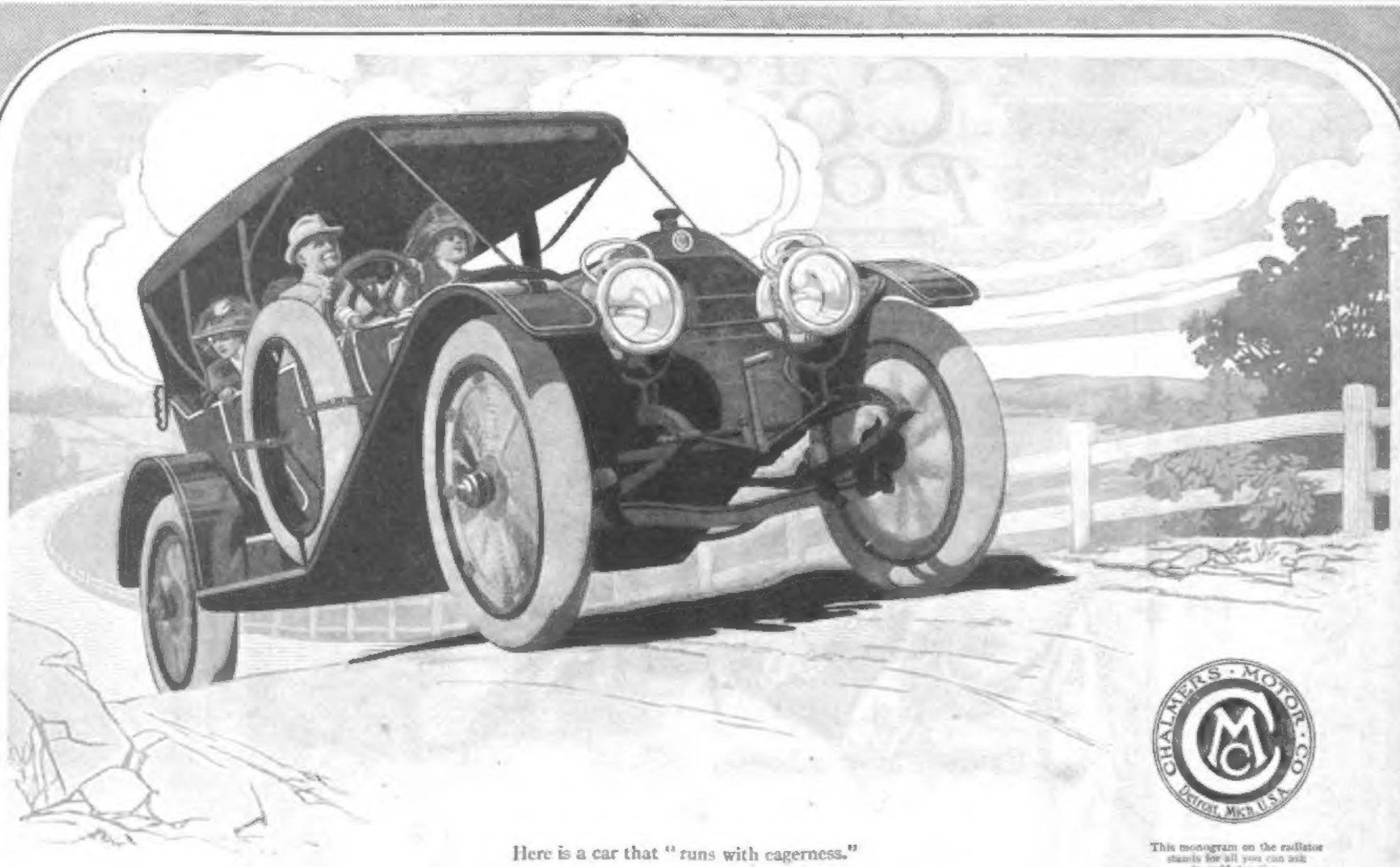
Same as Runabout except:
Wheel-base 110 inches, heavier frame, vanadium steel rear spring.
Metal body, with seating capacity for four. Storage space under both seats. Tufted upholstery; carpet in tonneau. Standard color, Hupp blue on body, with white striping, gray wheels.
Regular equipment includes gas headlights and generator, shock absorbers on front springs, oil dash and tail lamps, horn and tools. Top, windshield and speedometer extra.
Tires are 30 x 3 inches front, 31 x 3½ inches rear.
Weight, with regular equipment, 1600 pounds.

Price, $900 F. O. B. Detroit

COUPÉ

Same as Runabout except:
Body of metal, fully enclosed and storm proof. Standard color, Hupp blue, with white stripes; gray wheels and gray panels on doors. Doors open forward.
Standard equipment is very complete, including electric headlights, combination oil and electric side and tail lamps, dome light, folding dash seat for third person, locks on doors, plate glass windows with mahogany frames, ventilator beneath adjustable front window, and shock absorbers in front.
Front tires, 30 x 3 inches; rear, 31 x 3½ inches.
Weight, 1600 pounds.

Price, $1100 F. O. B. Detroit



Here is a car that "runs with eagerness."

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a Motor Car.

Always at Your Service

A good motor car asks no favors of the weather. The day has passed when owners of automobiles pack their cars in moth balls with the first descent of Jack Frost.

With the arrival of the bracing cold and snowy days, ninety-two per cent of Chalmers owners put on windshields, tops, chains, gloves, warm coats and robes, and—"go to it." It's great.

With top and side curtains, warm robes and a "hot iron," any car is comfortable all winter long for all members of the family. People don't "wait till spring" any more to buy cars. An automobile is a twelve-month proposition and as serviceable in saving time in one season as another.

In fact, in winter, when street cars are so often tied up, when they are always crowded and filled with bad air, is when many city dwellers appreciate their cars the most.

Who's afraid of a ride in the stinging winter air? Or who's afraid of a little battle with a snowstorm? Modern men are not mollycoddles because they refuse to wear iron clothes and carry a sword and because they insist on a bath every day. A drive to business with the thermometer below freezing is the sort of an experience that makes you feel like licking the stuffing out of your day's work and taking a fall out of your biggest problems.

The wisest buyers purchase cars in the fall and winter. Then they are ready for use when the warm days come to tantalize you into the country.

Figure out what the interest would be on the price of a car between now and next spring. Only the price of a good dinner. What is that compared with the service the car could render you in the meantime?

Besides, if you order now you are sure of having your car when you want it the most. There is always a time in the spring when every one wants cars all at once. And many are always disappointed.

Leaving our own interests out of the question we want to tell you frankly that if you are going to buy a 1911 car at all, now is the best time to place your order.

So far as Chalmers Cars are concerned they are built on a quality, not a quantity basis. A good many people who wanted Chalmers Cars last year were disappointed, because they waited too long to place their orders. Our dealers are ready to show you the new models at your convenience. Catalogue E on request.

"It Runs with Eagerness"

That is what the owner of a Chalmers "Forty" said recently, describing his car.

A telling phrase that! It describes better than any we ever heard the peculiar charm of a "Forty." We could talk to you by the hour giving you the statistics of this car, the cold reason-why facts of it—bore and stroke, wheel base, frame dimensions, length of springs and all that. And in all these things this car is the equal of any made.

And yet that wouldn't give you an adequate idea of just what this car is. Beyond the design, the steel, iron, wood and rubber, there is still a great something in this car which dimensions and materials cannot account for—an intimate, human quality. "It runs with eagerness."

People are all made of exactly the same materials. In general features they are all alike. Yet some are "different." There is about some a something you can't explain by external terms—a personality, a superiority which rises from within, from reasons unexplained.

A Chalmers "Forty" among automobiles has that rare quality. A quality of youth and life and unflagging energy. "It runs with eagerness."

A great many very particular people agree that there is no more beautiful car, either in line or in finish, than the Chalmers "Forty." The price of $2750 includes Bosch magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank and gas lamps. If you want high power, maximum seating capacity and some of the final words in lines and finish, then you really should see this car.

Any Good Car a Good Investment

There are many good cars made nowadays, and any good car is a good investment. Yet we honestly believe that Chalmers Cars offer the best value for the money of any on the market. Compare them with others. Comparison has sold more Chalmers Cars than all our advertising. If you can possibly afford a motor car, don't put it off any longer but go and buy one. We hope it will be a Chalmers; but whether it is or not, don't deprive yourself and your family any longer of the pleasure that by right is yours and theirs. There is nothing that you could invest the money in that will pay you such a big dividend in the saving of your time in business and the saving of your health for years, as the purchase of a motor car. A good thing is a better thing the sooner you get it. Make your family happy tonight by telling them that you have made up your mind to get that motor car you have been talking so much about, namely,—a Chalmers.

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

(Licensed under Selden Patent)

FOUR COLONIAL POSTERS

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

FOUR fine posters; two by Edward Penfield—"Washington's Carriage" and "The Salem Chaise"; two by Samuel Nelson Abbott—"The Repulse of the British at Boston," shown here; cover of our Style Book; and "Washington in His Garden," from the spring Style Book.

We want our friends to have these posters; they're richly done in the colors of the original canvases; 16 x 24 inches. For ten cents, which barely covers the cost of mailing tube and postage, we will send the four, with our compliments.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

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MAKING INSURGENTS

A Story Which Shows Why Voters are Breaking Away From the Grand Old Parties in City Affairs

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Want Real Estate in Place of Dirty Paper Before I'll Come Along"

EVERY now and then, as such things come about, some practical politician gets caught with the goods on him and is sent away to the pen.

Fine!

Yes—that's what you think about it! Only, if you'll allow me the chance to show you, I can frame up a different picture.

It was the matter of a franchise that sent me over the road—a business franchise, you'll note. And, if you please, at the same time they had me nailed to rights they also nabbed no less than ninety-seven others . . . do you get that now?—ninety-seven—count them!—all good party men like myself. Yes! and of both parties too—understand? What's more, they really got us good; for of the grand total taken in, myself included, fifty-three have confessed; forty-two have been held for trial and six have been sent to jail. On the face of it, as you well may say, this looks like a pretty elegant turn-up all for one town to make, a general and thorough house-cleaning. Well, maybe it is—and then again maybe it isn't. Personally I have my doubts. They are strong doubts, besides; and I believe I am entitled to them all. Now I'm not trying to make any play of holy innocence; in fact, I couldn't if I wanted to. This is so because I am on the records as standing up in court and blowing the game from start to finish. For this I make no excuses. It is enough to say that if I hadn't there were plenty of others who would; because, in politics, when you're up against the wall it's a case of every man for himself. But that's neither here nor there. Nor is it of much more moment that six politicians have been jabbed behind the bars—six in a bunch—or that others are slated to follow. For my part, should you care to know, I take it for a joke—a grim one, maybe, but not the less a laugh. Because——

Well, just listen now. I wish to tell you a little incident.

A Public Roar Over a Little Private Business

PERHAPS you will recall the uproar that broke loose in our burg when I and the others were nabbed. Noise? It was the one real howl, I assure you. It was so big, in fact, so fierce and ready, that it almost had me faded. I was confused. It stunned me; and, though of course I understood the penalty for graft and grafting, I couldn't get the rights of it. Why, from the racket these people made you'd have thought we'd jimmied their back windows and walked off with the family tea-set. Yes!—and as I believed, too, just on account of a little private business matter that never concerned them at all.

This was my idea anyway. It was so, because in my years of experience as a practical politician I'd grown to size up the mass of average every-day citizens as a herd of easy marks. They never got wise to anything and were never expected to. By and large, in my opinion, ours had just pieced up together like any other bunch of sidewalkers in any other easy town—dubs, dummies, you know; and having the machine at my back I'd rarely bothered my head about them; in fact, after we'd marched them up to the polls and seen them do their duty, the whole idea was only to shoo them off the works.

So, as I say, I couldn't see for a minute why all this mob was so eager to put me in the pen. I hadn't trod on their feet—or, at any rate, that was the way I had it figured. And if, now and then, I had helped to pass out some favor to the interests, where was the jounce in that to make them holler so?—and hadn't we helped things after all? Why, there wasn't a stack along the river that wasn't pouring out the smoke; mill after mill and all the factories, too, were running double shift; and, as for the money floating round, you couldn't pass a bank or a trust company that the chink of the coin inside wasn't enough to set your teeth on edge. Money? In the one item of millionaires alone the town was turning them out day by day as fast as billets over in the blooming mills. Yes! . . . and here, in the face of all this fat and plenty, the public was yelling: "Murder! Watch!"

The Joke About Divorcing Politics From Business

BUT that's not what I'm trying to tell you. Instead, it's the little incident I've mentioned—the case of a prominent citizen. In my particular case he just cut loose and went for us grafters hot and heavy.

"This is terrible!—dreadful!" said he.

That was all right too—only the gentleman he didn't stop there. Though the roar was growing uglier in every ward of our burg he got up and handed out another.

"There are just two things to be done," said he—and if you don't believe me you can find it in the daily papers—"just two things," he told the town. "First and foremost," he said, "we must rid ourselves of this gang of rascal politicians; and then," he added, still keeping up the talk, "we must make every effort in our power to divorce our politics from business."

Well, there's the joke. There's the laugh I've been telling of—the gag in sending to the stonepile a few cheap grafters like myself. Do you get it now?—catch the point of it all? No? Well, maybe not, after all. Indeed, I'm willing to admit it was quite a while before I myself got down to the rights of the matter.

For it was the little matter of a franchise—a business franchise—that sent me over the road. I was charged with looking for money in a railroad operation. So I did too. Also I was charged with the graft in turning over to a row of banks the handling of city funds. That's true as well. Then again there were several other items in the indictment, all of a similar kind. All are equally true. I can't dodge. They got me with the goods on. At the same time, as well, they nabbed seven bankers and three big manufacturers. These were charged with handing us the graft, which also was the particular truth. It was so plainly the truth, indeed, that in the beginning

"I Knew You Were Not to Be Trusted. That's Why I Took Away the Money"

they had come in for as large a share as we had of the uproar that burst forth from every ward in the little old burg.

But now, after this gentleman had made his speech, something curious began to appear. It began to be said that we'd debauched and ruined them, dragged down these fellows—the bankers and manufacturers, don't you know! It was told how they couldn't have done business without coming to see us first. They were held up to pity for a while; then the three that came up to trial got off with a light stretch apiece in prison. Afterward the talk grew louder that all this scandal was hurting trade in town; that it was damaging business credit. Sure it was; but then ——

Well, what's the use? It all comes back to what I've said: why, your average every-day politician never bothers his head about the mass of ordinary citizens. If you know the game it's always easy to hand out some bunk that'll string the guys along. Sure!—only I'm not bothered now any more than I was then about the way the public is worked. What sticks in my crop is the facts concerning myself. Clever? I? On the contrary, I'm nothing but a joke; in fact, I'm as much of a dub as the worst of the ones I've ever marched up to the polls. Of course! . . . because for the price of a little extra easy living I've been hauling off the stove the chestnuts that have been worth fortunes to the wise ones.

Turn the rascals out?

Sure!

Well, after all, it riles me most to know I tumbled to the facts too late. Had I only learned before I became a dead one, I could have got in on the game myself—out of politics, you know—over with them on the other side of the fence. Why, long before I or the rest of us picayune grafters ever came down the alley, this big money bunch and the interests they represent had not only sized up the public to a T but us politicians into the bargain. That's a fact, now, or they'd never have known how to turn the noise so that it all landed on us cheap ones.

If you care to know why I think so let me give you my own particular case. For one thing, it throws a good deal of inside light on the matter of graft and grafting. It also shows why, when you've once had your fingers in the grease, you can never wipe them off. Indeed, once a grafter always a grafter. It gets into your blood.

Come November, it was seven years ago when I first broke into politics. As it chanced, it was by way of the front door too—this meaning that before I landed I had no clear knowledge of what went on behind the scenes. That there was graft I had no doubt, for the matter was generally talked about; but, even so, I never bothered my head. I wasn't tempted; nor, in common with men of my own class, had I any kick against it. At the time I was holding down a good job over in the river mills; I got my wages as sure as the clock turned Saturday night; and since no one had ever given me a shakedown the boys in politics were perfectly welcome, so far as I was concerned, to make all they could on the dip.

The Boss Springs a Surprise

THEN again, it was always told us that they got their pickings off the rich; that millionaires were the only ones they made to pay; and that in every case the politicians were the real, true friends of such as me that got their living by wages. As it was pointed out, they were good even to the down-and-outs that had come to carrying the banner—to the 'boes, you know, that walked the streets without a place to sleep. For instance, over in our ward, a fellow like this had only to ask it of some politician to get a bed for the night and a beefstew in the morning. Or it was recalled how the boss, come summertime, always gave a chowder up the river to the families and all of those that had voted right. Afterward there'd be a long piece in the paper about the swell time that was had, about that and all what he'd done for the people, and how grand and generous he was anyway.

Of course, once I was on the ins, I tumbled that it hadn't cost him much; for as it stood he got the boat from a river excursion company that was looking to him for favors, and the music came free because the band leader wanted the park grandstand contract. Then, too, every saloon in the neighborhood had been made to put up for the chowder, the pies and the soft drinks, while the bags of candy he handed out to our wives and little ones were put aboard by a popular subscription. Be that as it may, however, the boss made a fine show as grand goods to the poor, so that every election day the heft of us voters in the ward walked to the polls smiling, where we showed we could do our duty for a friend.

Anyhow, one night there was a noise on the stairs, so that I took my feet off the kitchen table and went to look.

"Holy ginger!" says I, and nearly dropped the lamp.

It was the boss himself. After he'd cussed the stairs and got back his breath a little he pulled out a smoke and pushed it toward me.

"Why!—Why!" Says He, and I Wish You Could Have Seen His Face

"I want to see you a bit," he grunted, and struck a match on his pants for the cigars.

It was the first time, sure, that a big man like him had ever come calling on me. So all the time I had stood there, the lamp in my hand, my mouth open, and looking the goat as well, I shouldn't wonder.

"Me? Why, all right," I managed to say. As it was a Monday my wife had all the wash hanging about on the chairs, so I put down the lamp and reached under the table for my congress gaiters. "Wait till I get my brogues on," I told him, "and then we'll go down to the Dutchman's on the corner. This ain't any place to have a gentleman."

"No," says he bluntly; "I want to see you private"—and heaving a shirt into the corner he wiped off the chair and sat down. "Where's your old woman now?" he asked, looking about him sharply.

She and the kids had gone to the trolley park and wouldn't be home for an hour.

"All right; and now look here," says he, going straight to it: "how'd you like to run for office?"

Considering that I'd never even dreamed of it, the case was what you might call sudden. Indeed, after I'd gaped at him a little I almost went to forget my manners.

"Aw, quit yer kidding!" said I, and gave him the grin.

But he never blinked. "For a job on the council," said he, with a look that made me quit my cheek. "You've got a little piece in the savings, haven't you?" he shot at me suddenly.

This was so, and he scared me when he asked it. As I saw now, the matter was not a joke. "Well, I'm going to run you," he declared, and tilted back with both thumbs in his armpits. "You're slated for the place, and that settles it."

I couldn't see it and I told him so, because the money talk had made me nervous. "Why, holy smoke, man!" said I, my rattles getting the best of it; "what would I be doing to run for an office? Why, the voters haven't heard of me even by name."

But he meant it none the less. "Was I mentioning the voters?" he remarked, and rolled over the cigar in his mouth. "It's enough that I put you up, and we won't bother over them. Or I mean anyway," he added when I looked at him queerly, "there won't be any bother if the party puts you up."

Then he told me why I was slated for the place—or rather, I should say, they were the reasons he gave at the time.

Says he: "You're a good citizen, you stand popular up at the mill, and you've always lived in the ward. Look here!" he grunted suddenly, changing to another tack; "what's eating you? Are you wanting to dub along all your life on wages? Why, what I'm offering is as good as money in the bank."

That was pretty frank, of course. It was so plain, in fact, that it made me wish to learn a little more. "Oh, you mean the graft," I remarked.

At this the boss looked at me sideways, again a little sharply; but, as I was only as mild and innocent as you please, he drifted his eyes to the ceiling and blew out a cloud of smoke. "Graft? Who said anything about the graft?" he inquired, and leaned over to aim a bull's-eye at the stove grate. "What I mean is that the fellow in office has chances—opportunities, you understand. It gets you next to the big bugs, the money men. If you do them little favors now and then—nothing much, of course—no, no, indeed!—but little things that make business good—why, they let you in on the deals. Savvy now?—real estate—stock-market frame-ups—things like that, you know. Say, now," he threw out at me all of a sudden; "do you want your old woman to be hanging over the tubs all her time? If you do, well ——"

The long and short of the matter was that I fell for it. I ran for office; and from the very beginning I got a look in at all the flimflam and bunco on which the game of politics is based.

In the first place, I learned why I'd been slated. It was not because I had any merits for the place—as I'm free to say I hadn't; instead, I was put up to be shot at as an easy mark. You'll understand this when I tell you the boss had made a deal with the other party to deliver the votes to the man that was running against me. As it was a lean year, too, he needed my money in the business—a fact which also was the reason he'd called on me in private instead of sending for me to come around. This was because he'd been stringing along a couple of other dopes like myself; he wanted to pick the one that put up the most money, and as I made the biggest flash I got it. Yes!—and I was framed up to get it good too. Indeed, the idea was to take all—or almost all, anyway—of the roll I'd put up and use it elsewhere for the party.

The luck of it—and tough luck, too, I'll call it—was that after all I got a run for my money; for it seems, as I learned later on, that my boss and the boss of the other party got into a little argument together. What this was I never got the rights exactly; it appears, however, that before our leader would deliver the votes he wanted a little piece of money too; whereas the other boss swore he wouldn't come across. Anyhow there was a break between them, so that the campaign became the liveliest mess-up ever pulled off in the ward. Of course even now very little attention was paid to me—the heft of my bankroll was spent on more important candidates; but as every repeater and all the get-the-goods voters were told to vote a straight ticket I still had a walking chance. This was so because the fight was not made on party issues or the candidates. Instead, the whole thing settled down to which party could run in the most outside votes.

A Bid for the Labor Vote

STILL, quite a lot of attention was paid to the honest party regulars. By these I mean the mass of citizens that can't be got at with a pint flask or a quart, as the case may be, and won't fall for the money either—a couple of bones, maybe, or three or five, according to what votes are bringing in the campaign. Anyhow there was now and then a meeting to keep them happy—"If they're busy they won't get to guessing!" as one of the party's regular guard expressed it; and even yet I have to laugh at the bunk we slipped to the crowds that filled the halls and flocked to the open-air meetings.

I recall one good joke in particular that we handed out to them. This occurred after I'd grown wise to what the game really meant, so that I readily stood for it; in fact, the deeper I got into politics the easier I could understand the use of all the little dodges we put up to trim the citizens. However, the great bulk of voters in our ward were workers like myself—men from the rolling mills, a scattering of railroad hands, roustabouts from the river, and here and there an occasional clerk. A majority of these were solid for "yours truly"; I was one of their own kind—as I took pains to have them believe; and no doubt they had in mind, too, that one of their own sort would be the surest to use them squarely. Indeed, at the outset, I really meant to do so; only, as you'll see shortly, once a man gets into office a heap of pressure is brought to bear against his first intentions. Anyway, though my majority was already lined up fairish strong, nothing would suit the ward campaign barkers but that I must hand out to my following a little extra flimflam.

As they laid it out, the drag was to be pulled off between me and a cop in uniform. They laid it out to me this way:

"When you come into the hall tonight," I was told, "the cop will clear a path through the crowd. He'll be a little rough, maybe; in fact, it's fixed for him to shove a few around like they were only Hunks or Ginnies. Then, if some of the dopes get sassy, he's to make as if he's going to biff them."

"And then?" I inquired.

It was as simple as you please, for when the cop was at his roughest my play would be to jump in and give him rats. Afterward, I was to get on to the platform and hand

out a rough argument against the police, the idea being that, as all these rolling-mill fellows, the roustabouts and the railroad shacks were hot against the cops anyway, all this horseplay would make me still more solid for their votes.

Well, sure enough, we put it over, though not just according to the schedule. What faults there were, however, perhaps were due more to my own eloquence than to any other cause. At any rate, when I grabbed the cop by the collar—"Stand off, you plug! We'll have no police outrages here!"—why, the crowd let out a yell. "Yah! Kill the cop!" yaps a big Mick out of the rolling mill and sends across a wallop that lays out the poor cop as stiff as a herring underfoot. Indeed, our work was cut out after that: they had his uniform off in rags before we could back him down the stairs; and in the midst of it, too, some other steel-works dump, for the pure joy of the hour, handed me a hook on the ear that made me think I was back in the tube works watching the sparks from a twelve-inch roll.

After a line of doings such as this it's not to be imagined I could treat either politics or my own campaign very seriously. Nor, in fact, could I have done so but that I remembered always the money the boss had trimmed from my bankroll. This was no less than thirty-five hundred dollars cash; it represented years of toil and thrift, and I meant by all the powers in me to get it back again. Otherwise I might have chucked up my hands, quit the game and gone back to a steady living.

But what happened during the campaign was hardly a patch on what they tore off at election day. Of course, all these are things well known on the inside—on the outside, too, I shouldn't wonder; but at the time, in my case, they were real eye-openers.

In my judgment, however, the result was a foregone conclusion from the start. For one thing, our boss had the better organization—he was younger and more active than the opposition boss. Furthermore, the police were on our side, so that we were able, on one pretext or another, to hustle away from the polls more than a few of the straight, regular votes against us. I was elected, of course. In fact, I couldn't lose.

In the case of one inspector, however, we ran across a tartar. This fellow had bluffed up a big con of being straight, so that he refused now to fall for less than fifteen hundred dollars, a thoroughly ridiculous amount. Instead of paying it, the boss just strung him along.

Double Cross

"ALL right," says the boss, looking as if it had made him tired. "I'll slip you the amount, but at the same time I'm going to take no chances of your giving me the double cross. We'll pass the money outside the state, or not at all."

The boob was dull enough to fall for it. On the night before election he was decoyed far enough from town to prevent his return before the polls were open and instead of getting the money was told to go whistle for his pains. In the morning, since he failed to appear, his fellow inspectors held a snap meeting and elected one of our friends to fill his place.

I recall also another trick that was played in this election. Even the boss himself had to smile at it, though it was indeed turned on one of our own party's candidates.

This was a fellow that had begun life as a river rat. He thought himself wise to every phoney game that was going. In running for office his whole idea, as he was frank enough to tell, was to corner the public-school picnic graft—this, and to get a smell also of the other easy money floating about. He was a sample of the candidates each party was putting up to represent its fellow citizens.

However, the fellow believed himself to be clever enough to buck the game on his own hook. As a result, he ran foul of a lodging-keeper that agreed to deliver forty votes for the price of his tax receipt, or two hundred dollars cash. This was the regular deal made with these sharks. The receipt was sealed in a marked envelope and, to prevent its sale to the other party, was locked in some one's safe—usually that of some saloon-keeper.

In this case, however, the lodging-keeper made a holdout. By a little sleight of hand he juggled the tax receipt, and having sold and delivered the votes to the opposition he made a play at our friend for the extra easy money.

"I've voted the forty," says the joke dealer, glib as you please.

As the envelope was still in the safe and looked all O. K. on its face, "Little Bright Eyes" slipped him the coin and never smelled a mouse till the marked ballots were counted that night. Then he made a break for the saloon-keeper's safe and tore open the envelope.

"Why!—Why!" says he, and I wish you could have seen his face.

Instead of the tax receipt, the envelope contained the advertisement of an undertaking establishment.

At this election our friend—I'll call him Little—was trimmed for seventy-five hundred dollars in all, and was then sent to the dump. Two years later, however, he hooked his way into the council; and that he was the right man for the right place no one could have any doubt. At any rate he became so active in a few months or so that he fell naturally into the job of flirting with every "fixer" that wanted a deal put through.

To explain matters, let me say here that the "fixers" represented business interests that were looking to us for privileges. There was always a herd of them in and around the council chamber; and in time, when Little became chairman of a committee, they got to dubbing him the "angel of charity." It was an apt title too. He assumed entire charge of handling the fall-money, and that he was out for the graft from the beginning seems evident from a little occurrence on the day he was sworn in.

As it was my second term in the council I was looking around me to size up the new arrivals. Among them was Little; and, as I saw, he had both hands in his pockets while they were swearing in the council in a bunch.

"Why's that?" says I, with a nudge, pointing to his hands.

After a wink and a grin he leaned over and whispered: "I'm not taking the oath to anything. Besides, I want to count it first before any one sticks something in my pooch." It got me as so comical that I laughed outright. "You're on," says I; and a week later we let him in on his first clean-up, a little street-vacating proposition for which a real estate concern was putting up the dough. But, as regards the whole graft, let me go back and begin at the time when I myself first joined the common council.

To say it was all a revelation hardly describes the circumstance. Indeed, it seemed almost to be a josh—a smoke dream, in fact. On top of that, it robbed me of what little vanity and self-respect I'd kept after the flimflam and tomfoolery of the campaign. First of all, there was the jolt I got in finding myself ticketed among the "rats"; in other words, that I was sized up as another cheap trimmer that would fall on the price of a suit of clothes, or maybe a ten-dollar bill, and even for a hat.

In every council there was always a certain percentage of these dips that, in every case, were run in under orders from the two leaders that controlled our local machine. This was done for the sake of safety and of discipline, there being enough of these selling-platers to vote down under orders any combination that might array itself against the political and other interests of the bosses-in-chief. One of these gentlemen was extremely wealthy, as is the second gentleman, another leader who is a contractor. I'm bound to say, however, though much of this leader's fortune comes from municipal improvement work, he always gets the contracts by offering the lowest bid. Naturally we never tried to graft on any of these enterprises, and what little we politicians got out of the jobs was only the patronage in naming good party men to inspect the extent and quality of the work performed—that is, to check up the amount and kind of pavement laid, sewers built and so forth.

Inasmuch as they had me herded among the "rats" it's not to be imagined I could get out and take a shot at this or any other game as big. Nor could I—or, at any rate, not until I'd made some roar for my rights. At the time, however, this was beyond me; for though I'd been scheduled in with the dips, I still recalled that I'd pledged myself both by promise and by oath to give a square deal to my voters.

Then I got to thinking of my savings—the thirty-five hundred dollars the boss had trimmed from my roll. Right off the bat I tumbled to the fact that what he'd said about a few honest pickings on the side was only moonshine. There wasn't any—or, at all events, any that I could see. To be sure, money was floating about—a heap of it!—so much, indeed, that no man need go out to hunt for it. All the same, I can truly say, no one of us ever had the least taste of this until we gave full value for the same—no; rather until we gave far more than what we got! As in every case the grafters gave what belonged not to themselves but to others, none of them—and I myself was later on included—ever stopped to figure the difference. Nor did we pause, either, to consider what it meant to us should they get us with the goods.

In this respect it is queer now to recall our views in the matter. Whether or no they were due to conscience I'll not be raw enough to state. In my own case, any qualms I felt were pretty soon blinded by the flash of easy money; and such, I suppose, was the fact with the other boys. However, when a deal was on the stocks it was the regular bunk among us all to talk how business would be helped; in fact, the first time they flashed the graft on me I got a taste of this same musty pap.

"How'd You Like to Run For Office?"

A Low Bid

IN PARTICULAR, this was a street-vacating job of the same nature as the one for which Little later fell. Frame-ups like this were almost constantly on tap, usually in favor of some big industry, though now and again it was to help out some real estate interest; in fact, should you look at our city map you'll find it blotched in every district with squares through which the intersecting streets no longer pass. In the mill district, however, they are by far the more numerous.

But I was telling about my first real glimpse at the flash.

"Would you like to come along?" asks the councilman that had been flirting with the "fixer."

"Come where?" I inquired, not yet being wise to the lingo.

Before answering he pulled a flat bundle of bills from his inside pocket and began turning up the edges. All were ones and twos, as I could see.

"One of the mills is cramped for elbow-room," says he, at the same time slipping off one bill after the other till he had ten dollars in the pile. "Unless they can get the street vacated they may have to move—and that'll be bad for business, you know."

As he said this he spread out the ten dollars like a hand of cards, so that the sight of it was like treading on my toes.

"Aw, tell it to your grandmother!" grunted I, all hot under the collar too.

Again, before replying, he played with the bills, adding to the pot this time three ones and a two-spot, so that it was fifteen dollars in all.

"Should the mill quit," he came back at me, "a raft of the lads will be less their wages." Once more, then, he ruffled over his hand of aces and deuces and gave me a

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FRAPPÉD FOOTBALL

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

A Bit of Repartee 'Twixt Student and Faculty at Old Siwash

He Clapped His Hands at Every New Atrocity

AS A RULE there is only about one thing to mar the joy of college days and nights and early mornings. That is the Faculty. Honestly, I used to sit up until long after bedtime every little while trying to figure out some real reason for a college Faculty. They interfere so. They are so inappropriate. Moreover, they are so confoundedly ignorant of college life.

How a professor can go through an assorted collection of brain stufferies, get so many college degrees that his name looks like Halley's Comet with an alphabet tail, and then teach college students for forty years without even taking one of them apart to find out what he is made of, beats my time! That's a college professor for you, right through. He thinks of a college student only as something to teach—whereas, of all the nineteen hundred and eighty-seven things a college student is, that is about the least important to his notion. A boy might be a cipher message on an early Assyrian brick and stand a far better chance of being understood by his professor.

A college Faculty is a collection of brains tied together by a firm resolve—said resolve being to find out what miscreant put plaster of Paris in the keyhole of the president's door. It is a wet blanket on a joyous life; it is a sort of penance provided by Providence to make a college boy forget that he's glad he's alive. It's a hypodermic syringe through which the student is supposed to get wisdom. It takes the place of conscience after you've been destroying college property. When I sum it all up it seems to me that a college Faculty is a dark, rainy cloud in the middle of a beautiful May morning—at least that's the way the Faculty looked to me when I was a humble seeker after the truth in Siwash College.

The Faculty was to boys in Siwash what indigestion is to a jolly good fellow in the restaurant district. It was always either among us or getting ready to land on us. Our Faculty had thirty-two profs and thirty-three pairs of spectacles. It also had two good average heads of hair and considerable whiskers. It could figure out a perihelion or a Latin bill-of-fare in a minute, but you ought to hear it stutter when it tried to map out the daily relaxations of a college full of husky young hurricanes, who had come to school to learn what life looks like from the inside. Fairy tales in the German and tea and wafers with quotations looked like a jolly good time to the Faculty; and it couldn't understand why some of us liked to put gunpowder in the tea.

Now don't understand me to say that there isn't anything good about a college professor. Bless you, no! That's a lot different. A Faculty is a lot of college profs in a state of inflammation, but individually most of the Siwash profs were nearly human at times. I look back at some of them now with awe. They really knew a lot. They knew so much that most of them are there yet; and I go back and look at them with a good deal more respect than I used to have. I'll tell you it sort of fills a chap with awe to see a man teaching along for twenty years at eighteen hundred dollars per, and raising children, and buying books, and going to Europe now and then on that princely sum—and coming through it all happy and content with life. I go around them nowadays with my hat off and try to persuade them that if it wasn't for my sprained arm I could quote Latin almost as well as the stone dog in front of Prexy's house. And some of them are bully good fellows too.

Nowadays they take me into their studies at commencement and give me good cigars, making sure first that there are no undergraduates around. Why, one of the profs I worried the most, when I was a cross between a Sophomore and a spotted hyena, is as glad to see me nowadays as though I owed him money. He runs a little automobile, and I hope I may get laid out in the subway if I haven't heard him cuss in real United States when the clutch slipped. And he was the chap who used to pick out the passages in Livy that had inflammatory rheumatism and make me recite on them, and who always told me that a student who smoked cigarettes would be making a wise business move if he brought his hat to recitation and left the less important part of his head at home.

But, as I was saying, the Faculty at Siwash, like all other Faculties, didn't know its place. It wasn't satisfied with teaching us Greek and Latin and Evidences of Christianity and tall-brow twaddle of all sorts. It had to butt into our athletics and regulate them. Did you ever see a farmer regulate a weed patch with a hoe? You know how unhealthy it is for the weeds. Well, that was the way the Faculty regulated our athletics. It didn't believe in athletics anyway. They were too interesting. They might not have been sinful, but they were not literary and they were uneconomic. Of course all the professors admitted that good outdoor exercise was healthy for college boys, but most of them believed that you ought to get it in the college library out of Nature books. And so the way they went at the real athletics, to keep them pure and healthful, almost drove us into the violent ward.

Those were the days at Siwash when our football team could start out for a pleasant stroll through any teams in our section and wonder, after it had passed the goal line, why those undersized fellows had been jogging their elbows all the way down the field. That was the kind of a team we built up every fall; and it wasn't half so much trouble to keep other teams from beating it as it was to keep the Faculty from making Battenberg lace out of its line-up with non-eligibility notices. There was something diabolical about that Faculty when it was wrestling with the athletic problem. It wasn't human. It was like Mount Etna. You never could tell just when it would stop being lovely and quiet, and scatter ruin all over the vicinity.

Its idea of regulating athletics at Siwash was to think up excuses for flunking every man who weighed over one hundred and fifty-five and could have his toes stepped on without saying "Ouch!" And it never got the excuses thought up until the night before the most important games. The Faculty pretended to be as bland and innocent as Mary's lamb, but no one can ever tell me it didn't know what it was about. Men have to have real genius to think up the things it did. You couldn't do it accidentally. When a Siwash Faculty could moon along happily all fall until twenty-four hours before the Kiown game and then discover with regret that our two-hundred-and-twenty-pound center had misspelled three words in an examination paper the year before; that our two-hundred-pound backs didn't put enough rear-end collisions into their words when they read French; and that Ole Skjarsen, our Dreadnought fullback, read Latin with a Norwegian accent and was therefore too big an ignoramus to play football, I decline to be fooled. I never was fooled. Neither was Keg Rearick. But that is hurdling about three chapters.

Honestly, we used to spend one day out of six building up our football team and the other five defending it from the Faculty. It positively hungered for a bite out of the line-up. It had us helpless. If we didn't like the way it ran things we could take our happy young college life up by the roots and transplant it to some other school, where the football team moved around the field like a parade. Theoretically the Faculty could sit around and take our best players off the team, as fast as we developed them, for non-attention to studies. But, as a matter of fact, it wasn't an easy matter.

It beats all how early in the morning you have to get up to get ahead of college lads who have got it into their heads that the world will gum up on its axle and stop dead still if their innocent little pleasures are interfered with.

"If You Don't Like That Beanbag Eat It"

I remember the fall that the Faculty decided Miller couldn't play because he hadn't attended chapel quite persistently enough the spring before. Miller was our fullback and as important to the team that year as the mainspring of a watch. The ponderous brain trust that sat on this case didn't decide it until the day before the big game with Muggledorfer; then they practically ruled that he would have to go back to last spring and take all his chapel over again. It took us all night to sidestep that outrage, but we did it. The next morning an indignation committee of fifty students met the Faculty and presented alibis that were invincible. It was demonstrated by a crowd of witnesses that Miller had been absent nine times hand-running because he had been sitting up nights with a sick chum. The Faculty was inexperienced that year and let him play; but, when it found out the next day by consulting the records that the chum had attended chapel every one of those nine mornings, it got more particular than ever and its heart seemed to harden.

On the day before the Thanksgiving game that year the Faculty held a long meeting and decided that our two guards were ineligible. There wasn't a word of truth in it. They weighed two hundred and twenty pounds apiece and were eligible to the All-American team, but you couldn't make the human lexicons look at it that way. They found them deficient in trigonometry and canned them off the team. It was an outrage, because the two chaps didn't know what trigonometry meant even and couldn't take an examination. We had to call the trig. professor out of town by a telegram that morning and then have the suspended men demand an immediate examination. That worked too; but every time we managed to preserve the glory of old Siwash the Faculty seemed to get a little more crabby and unreasonable, and diabolically persisted in its determination to regulate athletics.

The next fall it was well understood when football practice began that there was going to be war to the knife between the Faculty and the football team. We were meek and resigned to trouble, but you can bet we were not going to sit around and embrace it. The longest heads in the school made themselves into a sort of an unofficial sidestepping committee; and we decided that if the Faculty succeeded in massacring our football team they would have to outpoint, outfoot, outflank and outscheme the whole school. Just to draw their fire, we advertised the first practice game as a deadly combat, in which the honor of old Siwash was at stake. It was just a little romp with a normal school down the branch line, which had a team that would have had to use aeroplanes to get past our ends; but the Faculty bit. It held a special session that night and declared the center, the two backs and the captain ineligible because they had not prepared orations the spring before at the request of the rhetoric professor. That was first blood for us. We chased the Normalites all over the lot with a scrub team and Keg Rearick sat up nights the next week writing the orations. The result was we got four fine new dry-cleaned records for our four star players and the Faculty was so pleased with their fine work on those orations that we could scarcely live with it for a week.

That was only a skirmish, however. We knew very well that the sacred cause of education would come right back at us and we decided to be elsewhere when it struck its next blow for progress. We talked it all over with Bost, the coach, and the result was that a week before the Muggledorfer game, the last week in September, Bost gave out his line-up for the season in chapel. There were a good many surprises in the line-up to some of us. It seemed funny that Miller shouldn't make the team

and that Ole Skjarsen should have been left off; but the best of men will slump, as Bost explained, and he had picked the team that he thought would do the most good for Siwash. It was a team that I wouldn't have hired to chase a Shanghai rooster out of a garden patch, but the blind and happy Faculty didn't stop to reason about its excellence. It held a meeting the night before the Muggledorfer game and suspended nine of the men for inattention to chapel, smoking cigarettes during vacation and other high crimes. The whole school roared with indignation. Bost appeared before the Faculty meeting and almost shook his fist in Prexy's face. He told the Faculty that it was the greatest crime of the nineteenth century; and the Faculty told him in very high-class language to go chase himself. So Bost went sorrowfully out and put in the regular team as substitutes. The next day we whipped Muggledorfer 80 to 0.

I think that would have discouraged the Faculty if it hadn't been for Professor Sillcocks. Did I ever tell you about Professor Sillcocks? It's a shame if I haven't, because every one is the better and nobler for hearing about him. He was about a nickel's worth of near-man with Persian-lamb whiskers and the disposition of a pint of modified milk. Crickets were bold and quarrelsome beside him. He knew more musty history than any one in the state and he could without flinching tell how Alexander waded over his knees in blood; but rather than take off his coat where the world would have seen him he would have died. He was just that modest and conventional. He had to come to his classes through the back of the campus up the hill; and they do say that one day, when half a dozen of the Kappa Kap Pajama girls were sitting on the low stone wall at the foot of the hill swinging their feet, he cruised about the horizon for a quarter of an hour waiting for them to go away in order that he might go up the hill without scorching his collar with blushes. That was the kind of a roaring lion Professor Sillcocks was. A Jonesville clubwoman married him finally and protected him to some extent, so that by the time we had come to college he was able to worry through life without getting shocked stiff more than two or three times a day.

Well, to get back from behind Robin Hood's barn, Professor Sillcocks had a great hobby. He believed that college boys should indulge in athletics, but that they should do it with their fingers crossed. Those weren't his exact words, but that was what he meant. It was noble to play games, but wicked to want to win. In his eyes a true sport was a man who would start in a foot race and come in half a mile behind carrying the other fellow's coat. Our peculiar style of pushing a football right through the thorax of the whole Middle West nearly made him shudder his shoes off; and every fall in chapel he delivered a talk against the reprehensible state of mind that finds pleasure in the defeat of others. We always cheered those talks, which pleased him; but he never could understand why we didn't go out afterward and offer ourselves up to some high-school team as victims. It pained him greatly.

Naturally Professor Sillcocks participated with great enthusiasm in the work of pruning our line-up, and after the Faculty had thrown up its hands he climbed right in and led a new campaign. We had to admire the scientific way in which he went about it too. For a man whose most violent exercise consisted of lugging books off a top shelf, and who had learned all he knew about football from the Literary Pepsin or the Bi-Weekly Review, he got into the game from the jump-off. Somehow he managed to learn just who were our star players—what they played and how badly they were needed—and then he went to work to quarantine these players.

First thing we knew the Millersburg game, which was always a fierce affair, arrived; and on the morning of the game Bumpus and Van Eiswaggon, our two star halfbacks, got notices to forget there was such a game as football until they had taken Freshman Greek over again—they being Seniors and remembering about as much Greek as their hats would hold on a windy day. I'll tell you that mighty near floored us; but virtue will pretty nearly always triumph, and when you mix a little luck into it, it is as slippery to corner as a corporation lawyer. We had the luck. There were two big boners, Pacey and Briggs, in college who wore whiskers. There always are one or two landscape artists in college who use their faces as alfalfa farms. We took Bumpus and Van Eiswaggon and the leading man of a company that was playing at the opera house that night over to these two Napoleons of mattress-stuffing and they kindly consented to be initiated for one day only. Old Booth and Barrett had a tremendous layout of whiskers in his valise and before he got through he had produced a couple of mighty close copies out of Bumpus and Van Eiswaggon. That afternoon the two real-whisker kings went out in football suits and ran signals with the team until their wind was gone. Then they went back into the gym and their improved editions came out. Most of the college cried when they found that the two eminent authorities on tonsorial art were going to try to interfere with Millersburg's ambition, but those of us who were on to the deal simply prayed. We prayed that the whiskers wouldn't come off. They didn't, either. It was a grand game. We won, 20 to 0; and the school went wild over Pacey and Briggs. Even Prexy came out of it for a little while and went into the gym to shake hands with them. It took lively work to detain him until we could get them stripped and laid out on the rubbing boards. They were the heroes of the school for the rest of the year and, being honest chaps, they naturally objected. But we persuaded them that they were the real things—they had saved the college with their whiskers; and before they graduated we begged a bunch from each one of them to frame and hang up in the gym some day when the incident wasn't quite so fresh.

And Then the Whole Universe Exploded

Naturally, by this time, we believed that the Faculty ought to consider itself lucky to be allowed to hang around the college. Professor Sillcocks looked rather depressed for a day or two, but he soon cheered up and seemed to forget the team's existence. We swam right along, beating Pottawattamie, scoring sixty points on Ogallala and getting into magnificent condition for the Kiowa game on Thanksgiving. That was the game of the year for us. Time was when Kiowa used to beat us and look bored about it, but that was all in the misty past. For two years we had tramped all the lime off her goal lines; and maybe we weren't crazy to do it again! As early as October we used to sit up nights talking over our chances, and as November wore along the suspense got as painful as a good lively case of too much pie. We watched the team practice all day and dreamed of it all night. And then the blow fell.

It wasn't exactly a blow. It was more like a dynamite explosion. School let out the day before Thanksgiving, and when announcement time came in chapel Professor Sillcocks got up and begged permission to make a few remarks. Then this little ninety-eight-pound thinking machine, who couldn't have wrestled a kitten successfully, paralyzed half a thousand husky young gladiators with the following remarks:

"I have long held, young gentlemen, that the pursuit of athletic exercises for the mere lust of winning is one of the evils of a college education. It does not strengthen the mind or the manhood. It does not encourage the sporting spirit that smiles in defeat. It does not make for gentleness, mildness, generosity, true chivalry or true friendship. I have, young gentlemen, endeavored to make you see this in the past years by all the poor means at my disposal. I have not succeeded. But this morning I propose to bring it to you in a new way. As chairman of the credentials committee, which passes upon your football team, I have decided that the entire team is ineligible. If you ask for reasons I have them. They may not, perhaps, suit you, but they suit me. They are ineligible because they play too well. I am doing this to broaden your college education. Your college team, I understand, has not been defeated in three years. This is monstrous. All of you except the Seniors are totally uneducated in the science of taking defeat. This education I propose to give

you tomorrow. I have made it more certain by suspending all of what you call your second team and your scrubs—I believe that is correct. And the Faculty joins me, young gentlemen, in assuring you that if the game with Kiowa College is abandoned—abrogated—called off, I believe you express it—football will cease permanently at Siwash. Young gentlemen, accept defeat tomorrow as an opportunity and try to appreciate its great benefits. That is all."

That last was pure sarcasm. Imagine an executioner carving off his victim's head and murmuring politely, "That is all," to the said victim when he had finished! There we were, wiped out, utterly extinguished—legislated into disgrace and defeat—and all by a smiling villain who said "That is all" when he had read the death sentence!

The Halfback Went Over the Goal Line

There wasn't a loophole in the decree. Sillcocks had carved the entire football talent of the school right out of it with that little list of his. We would have to play Kiowa with a bunch of rah-rah boys who had never done anything more violent than break a cane on a grandstand seat over a touchdown. The chaps who were butchered to make a Roman holiday didn't have anything at all on us. We were going to be tramped all over by our deadly rival in order to afford pleasure to a leather-faced old pterodactyl who had peculiar ideas and had us to try them out on.

I guess, if the students had had a vote on it that day, Professor Sillcocks would have been elected resident governor of Vesuvius. We seethed all day and all that night. The board of strategy met, of course, but it threw up its hands. It didn't have any first aid to the annihilated in its chest. Besides, Professor Sillcocks hadn't played the game. He had just grabbed the cards. It was about to pass resolutions hailing Sillcocks as the modern Nero, when Rearick began to come down with an idea. Nowadays people pay him five thousand dollars apiece for ideas, but he used to fork them out to us gratis—and they had twice the candle-power. As soon as we saw Rearick begin to perspire we just knocked off and sat around, and it wasn't two minutes before he was making a speech.

"Fellows," he said, "we're due for a cleaning tomorrow. It's official. The Faculty has ordered it. If I had a Faculty I'd put kerosene on it and call the health department; but that's neither here nor there. We've got to lose. We've got to let Kiowa roll us all over the field; and if we back out we've got to give up football. Now some of you want to resign from college and some of you want to burn the chapel, but these things will not do you any good. Kiowa will beat us just the same. Therefore I propose that if we have to be beaten we make it so emphatic that no one will ever forget it. Let's make it picturesque and instructive. Let's show the Faculty that we can obey orders. Let's play a game of football the way Sillcocks and his tools would like to see it. You let me pick the team now, and give me tonight and tomorrow morning to drill them, and I'll bet Kiowa will never burn any property celebrating."

Bost was there with his head down between his knees and he said he didn't care—Rearick or Sillcocks or his satanic majesty could pick the team. As for himself, he was going to leave college and go to herding hens somewhere over two thousand miles from a Faculty. So we left it to Rearick and went home to sleep and dream murderous dreams about meeting profs in lonesome places.

The first thing I saw next morning when I went out of the house was a handbill on a telegraph pole. It was printed in red ink. It implored every Siwash student to turn out to the game that afternoon. "New team—new rules—new results!" it read. "The celebrated Sillcocks system of football will be played by the Siwash team. Attendance at this game counts five chapel cuts after Thanksgiving. Admission free. Tea will be served. You are requested to be present."

Were we present? We were—every one of us that wasn't tied down to a bed. There was something promising in that announcement. Besides, the greenest of us were taken in by that chapel-cut business. Besides, it was free! College students are just like the rest of the world. They'd go to their great-grandmother's funeral if the admission was free. Our gang put on big crêpe bows, just to be doing something, and marched into the stadium that afternoon with hats off. It was packed. Talk about promotion work. Rearick had pasted up bills until all Jonesville was red in the face. And the Faculty was there too. Every member was present. They sat in a big special box and Sillcocks had the seat of honor. He looked as pleased as though he had just reformed a cannibal tribe. I suppose the programs did it. They announced once more that the celebrated Sillcocks system of football as worked out by the coach and Mr. Keg Rearick would be played in this game by the Siwash team. The whole town was there too, congested with curiosity. In one big bunch sat all the Siwash men who had ever played football, in their best clothes and with their best girls. They were the guests of honor at their own funeral.

The Kiowa team came trotting out—behemoths, all of them—ready to get revenge for three painful years. They had heard all about the massacre and regarded it as the joke of the century on Siwash. They also regarded it as their providential duty to emphasize the joke—to sharpen up the point by scoring about a hundred and ten points on the scared young greenhorns who would have to play for us. All our ex-players stood up and gave them a big cheer when they came. So did everybody else. It's always a matter of policy to grin and joke while you're being dissected. Nothing like cheerfulness. Cheerfulness has saved many a man from worry while he was being eaten by a lion.

Then our gymnasium doors opened and the brand-new and totally innocent Siwash football team came forth. When we saw it we forgot all about Kiowa, the Faculty, defeat, dishonor, the black future and the disgusting present. We stood up and yelled ourselves hoarse. Then we sat down and prepared to enjoy ourselves something frabjous.

Rearick had used nothing less than genius in picking that team. First in line came Blakely, a mandolin and girl specialist, who had never done anything more daring than buck the line at a soda fountain. He had on football armor and a baseball mask. Then came Andrews. Andrews specialized in poetry for the Lit magazine and commonly went by the name of Birdie, because of an unfortunate sonnet that he had once written. Andrews wore evening dress, and carried a football in a shawl strap. Then came McMurtry and Boggs, sofa-pillow punishers. They roomed together and you could have tied them both up in Ole Skjarsen's belt and had enough of it left for a handle. James, the champion featherweight fusser of the school, followed. He carried a campchair and a hot-water bottle. Petey Simmons, five feet four in his pajamas, and Jiggs Jarley, champion catch-as-catch-can-and-hold-on-tight waltzer in college, came next. Then came Bain, who weighed two hundred and seventeen pounds, had been a preacher and was so mild that if you stood on his corns he would only ask you to get off when it was time to go to class. He was followed by Skeeter Wilson, the human dumpling, and Billings, who always carried an umbrella to classes and who had it with him then. Behind these came a great mob of camp-followers with chairs, books, rugs, flowers, lunch tables, tea-urns and guitars. It was the most sensational parade ever held at Siwash; and how we yelled and gibbered with delight when we got the full aroma of Rearick's plan!

The Kiowa men looked a little dazed, but they didn't have time to comment. The tossup was rushed through and the two teams lined up, our team with the ball. It would have done your eyes good to see Rearick adjust it carefully on a small doily in the exact center of the field, mince up to it and kick it like an old lady urging a setting hen off the nest. A Kiowa halfback caught it and started up the field. Right at him came Birdie Andrews, hat in hand, and when the halfback arrived he bowed and asked him to stop. The runner declined. McMurtry was right behind and he also begged the runner to stop. Boggs tried to buttonhole him. Skeeter Wilson, who was as fast as a trolley car, ran along with him for twenty-five yards, pleading with him to listen to reason and consent to be downed. It was no use. The halfback went over the goal line. The Kiowa delegation didn't know whether to go crazy with joy or disgust. Our end of the grandstand clapped its hands pleasantly. Down in the Faculty box one or two of the professors, who hadn't forgotten everything this side of the Fall of Rome, wiggled uneasily and got a little bit red behind the ears.

The teams changed goals and Rearick kicked off again. This time he washed the ball carefully and changed his necktie, which had become slightly soiled. The other Kiowa half caught the ball this time; he plowed into our boys so hard that McMurtry couldn't get out of the way and was knocked over. Our whole team held up their hands in horror and rushed to his aid. They picked him up, washed his face, rearranged his clothes and powdered his nose. He cried a little and wanted them to telegraph his mother to come, but a big nurse with ribbons in her cap—it was Frankling—came out and comforted him and gave him a stick of candy half as large as a barber-pole.

By this time you could tell the Faculty a mile off. It was a bright red glow. Every root-digger in the bunch had caught on except Sillcocks. He was intensely interested and extremely grieved because the Kiowa men did not enter into the spirit of the occasion. As for the rest of the crowd, it sounded like drowning men gasping for breath. Such shrieks of pure unadulterated joy hadn't been heard on the campus in years. When the teams lined up again Kiowa had got thoroughly wise. They had held a five-minute session together, had taken off their shin, nose and ear guards, had combed their hair and had put on their hats. The result was what you might call picturesque. You could hear ripping diaphragms all over the stadium when they tripped out on the field. The two teams lined up and Rearick kicked off again. This time he had tied a big loop of ribbon around the ball; when it landed a Kiowa man stuck his forefinger through the loop and began to sidle up toward our goal, holding an imaginary skirt. Our team rushed eagerly at him, Billings and his umbrella in the lead. On every side the Kiowa players bowed to them and shook hands with them. The critical moment arrived. Billings reached the runner and promptly raised his umbrella over him and marched placidly on toward our goal. Hysterics from the bleachers. The Kiowa man didn't propose to be outdone. He stopped, removed his derby and presented the ball to Billings. Billings put his hand on his heart and declined. The Kiowa man bowed still lower and insisted. Billings bumped the ground with his forehead and wouldn't think of it. The Kiowa man offered the ball a third time, and we found afterward that he threatened to punch Billings' head then and there if he didn't take it. Billings gave in and took the ball.

Our Peculiar Style of Pushing a Football Right Through the Thorax of the Whole Middle West

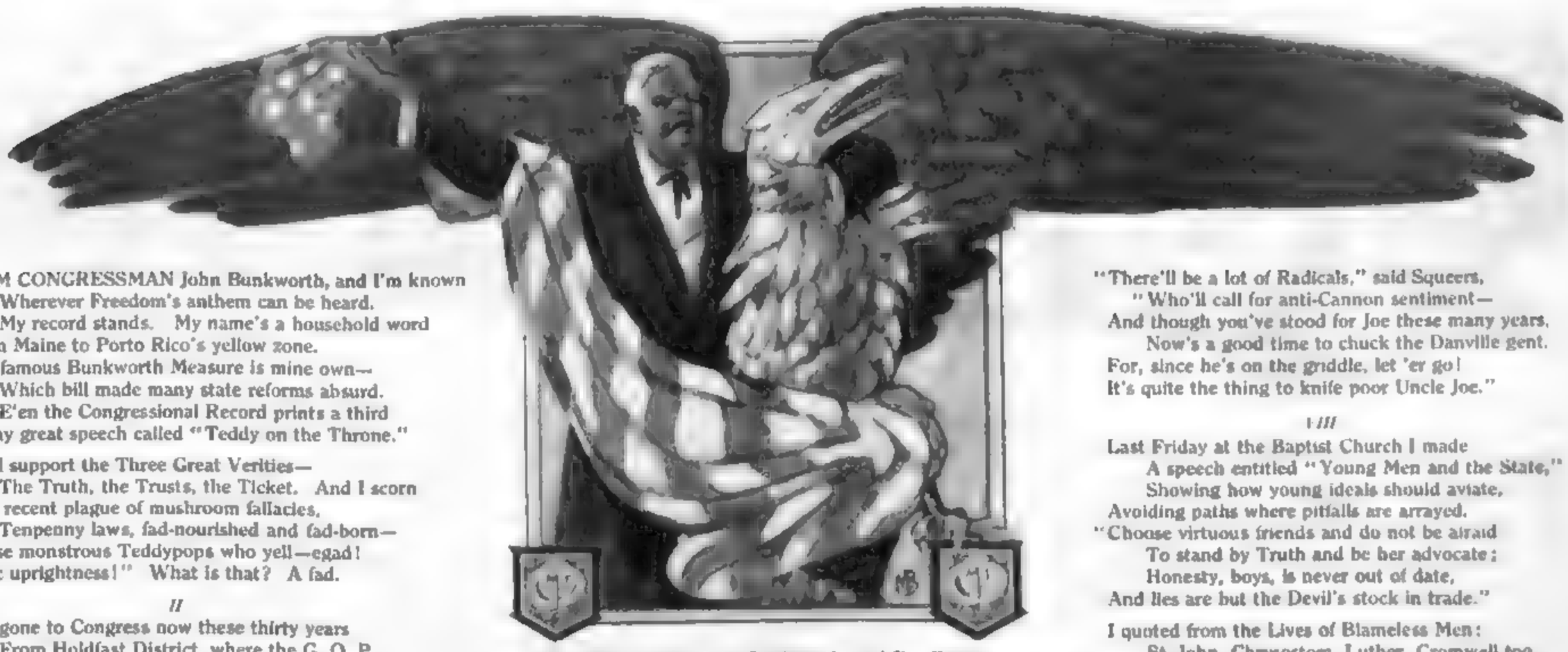
"Siwash's ball," we yelled joyfully. The two teams lined up for a scrimmage. Right here a difficulty arose that threatened to end the game. The opposing players insisted on gossiping with their arms around each other's necks. They would not get down to business. The referee

(Continued on Page 33)

Sonnets of a Standpat Congressman

I--Before the Convention--By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



I'M CONGRESSMAN John Bunkworth, and I'm known
Wherever Freedom's anthem can be heard.
My record stands. My name's a household word
From Maine to Porto Rico's yellow zone.
The famous Bunkworth Measure is mine own—
Which bill made many state reforms absurd.
E'en the Congressional Record prints a third
Of my great speech called "Teddy on the Throne."

For I support the Three Great Verities—
The Truth, the Trusts, the Ticket. And I scorn
This recent plague of mushroom fallacies,
Tenpenny laws, fad-nourished and fad-born—
These monstrous Teddypops who yell—egad!
"Civic uprightness!" What is that? A fad.

II

I've gone to Congress now these thirty years
From Holdfast District, where the G. O. P.
To Progress never once has bent the knee.
Mention Protection—storm of rousing cheers.
Mention Reform—an avalanche of jeers.
There is one Prophet and his voice is Me.
The schoolboys quote my speeches and I see
In every shop my pictures stacked in tiers.

Well may Insurgents waste their printer's ink
Spreading the virus of a New Disease,
Baiting the mob and bidding them to Think—
To Think, and wreck the Party, if you please!
But in my District, thanks to our Machine,
We've kept the dread disease in quarantine.

III

Last night, before the Rooters' Club, I shot
The first stern broadside of my new campaign.
Of course I scored the Democrats as vain
Purveyors of unmitigated rot;
Of course I set my foot upon the spot
Where Gettysburg piled up her noble slain;
Of course I cheered the Grand Old Rag again
And wreaths of glory on My Party sot.

The G. O. P., which rules the night and day,
Rides on the tempest, causes crops to grow,
Commands the sun to shine upon the hay,
Quickens the birthrate, makes the deathrate slow
And foreordains the future—just because
It has complete control of Nature's Laws.

IV

I kiss the babies everywhere I go—
The plump, the thin, the muxy and the clean;
Colored or white I never choose between,

I Kiss the Babies Everywhere I Go —

I'm Congressman John Bunkworth, and I'm Known Wherever Freedom's Anthem Can be Heard

But murmur: "Splendid boy!—a girl?—oho!"
Fact is, I don't like babies; but I know
What rich results a smile or two may mean,
What venoms linger in parental spleen,
And one neglected brat may spell me woe.

For I might be the minion of a Trust,
A briber and Corruption's boughten slave,
A henchman true to every law unjust,
A jack-pot swindler and a rebate knave;
Yet Pas and Mas would hail me with delight:
"The Baby loves him—sure, his heart's all right!"

V

There'll be a Vacant Chair when Uncle Joe
Gets off the nest, and I can plainly see
The indicator pointing straight at me
For Speakership. Senator So-and-So
Is close to Aldrich—bosom friend, you know.
Aldrich, he says, wrote Congressman McD:
"The Party has its eye on Mr. B;
A faithful man to lay Progressives low."

I have been always faithful to my Trust,
Whether it dealt in cotton, wool or steel.
I've helped the Lumber Barons raise the dust
And given the Railroad Rates a kindly deal.
I guess I've served my Country, if you please;
For I've served nearly all her Industries.

VI

In the back room at Jerry Dugan's place
The "Close Convention," which for thirty years
Has run the State or held it by the ears,
Drew up My Platform with accustomed grace.
Boss Schnitz, the brewer of the hard, hard face;
Rufe Twitch, who rather favors buccaneers;
Nulski, the racetrack man, and Cyrus Squeers,
The railroad lawyer, Boss McClusky's ace—

The Perfect Thing in politics, a cross
Between Respectability and Vice:
A criminal, a lawyer and a boss—
You say my choice in friendship isn't nice?
I quite ignore your comment, sir—I see
It's socialistic to the last degree.

VII

Nulski remarked: "That fool Reformer clack
Is rakin' up the Legislature steal.
The Blade is runnin' reprints of the deal
When Dugan pulled repeaters in for Mac.
They want a bilge canal at Razor Back—
Promise the Ocean if it stops their squeal.
We nominate you Wednesday. Make a spiel
On safe, sane lines—but hit the Trusts a whack."

"There'll be a lot of Radicals," said Squeers,
"Who'll call for anti-Cannon sentiment—
And though you've stood for Joe these many years,
Now's a good time to chuck the Danville gent.
For, since he's on the griddle, let 'er go!
It's quite the thing to knife poor Uncle Joe."

VIII

Last Friday at the Baptist Church I made
A speech entitled "Young Men and the State,"
Showing how young ideals should aviate,
Avoiding paths where pitfalls are arrayed.
"Choose virtuous friends and do not be afraid
To stand by Truth and be her advocate;
Honesty, boys, is never out of date,
And lies are but the Devil's stock in trade."

I quoted from the Lives of Blameless Men:
St. John, Chrysostom, Luther, Cromwell too,
William of Orange, Brutus, William Penn—
Then, when the mighty Honor Roll I drew,
One other name I added to the list:
John Bunkworth, of the Ninth Congressional Dist.

IX

A bunch of harmless cranks who take the name
Of "Lincoln-Roosevelt League" has just come out
And named a sort of nominee—no doubt

In the Back Room at Jerry Dugan's Place

Their purpose is to fill our ranks with shame
I'm sorry for 'em—but am I to blame
For all the Party Treason that they shout,
Strewing the Constitution all about
And mocking at the Tariff's holy flame?

The candidate they've picked—don't make me grin!—
Is that young shaveling, Nicholas McGee.
His Pa and I were schoolmates up at Lynn—
And baby Nick—he's only thirty-three!
Honest, my countrymen, I really hate
To have to squash this poor kid Kandidate!

X

Last Wednesday, when the District met en masse
To dedicate the engine house at Rye,
I saw the poor kid Kandidate—and, my!
He sure did show the hue of new-mown grass!
And yet the little devil had his brass;
When he got up to speak he wasn't shy.
I think he'll make a speaker by-and-by,
When he forsakes these fads and gets some class.

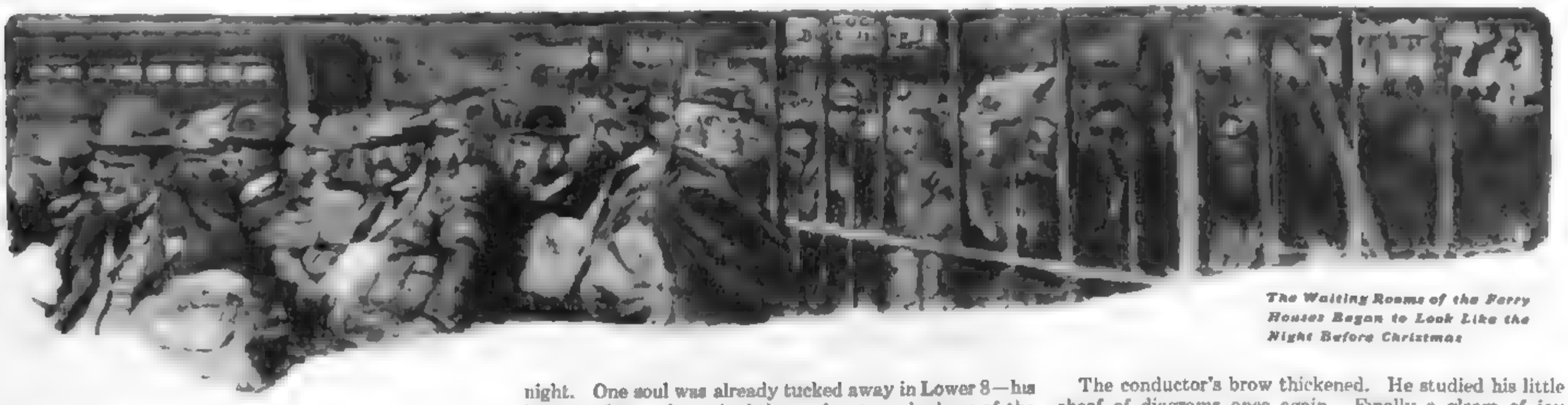
I met him, and I said: "See here, young man,
It's natural that youth should be intense;
But drop these fads as early as you can—
When you're my age you'll have a little sense."
"Sense at your age? Impossible!" said he.
I wonder—was he playing horse with me?

(Concluded on Page 86)

THE RAILROAD PASSENGER

His Rights and Near-Rights--By Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



The Waiting Rooms of the Ferry Houses Began to Look Like the Night Before Christmas

A MAN once walked into the Market Street ferry house in San Francisco and bought a railroad ticket through to Sioux City, Iowa. Then he asked for a lower berth to the same point. The ticket agent—a decent young fellow who was new to his job—puzzled over a book of Pullman tariffs, hunted vainly for a printed form of through ticket in his rack, finally filled out in ink a lower-berth ticket for the trip. It was his first day on the job.

The man then held a ticket—the railroad folks are ever careful to class it as a contract—that called for a through berth from San Francisco to Sioux City. When he reached the ferry slip and railroad station at Oakland and sought his car he was told that there was no through car to Sioux City. The agent had erred in making out that through ticket. The railroad folks would be glad to carry him as far as Missouri Valley and then see to it that he had a seat in a Pullman from that point to Sioux City.

The man was a citizen who believed that he knew his rights and stood for them. He held a contract in his fingers and he said quietly that breaking a contract always meant a suit for damages. He stood his point, that man, and before he was done there was a special sleeper attached to his train that ran that day without change from Oakland to Sioux City. As a matter of fact these were not the real points involved in that particular transaction, but they will serve not to hurt the feelings of some railroaders who still remember the awful punishments that were meted out to them after that break of the green Pullman agent.

Peacemakers of the Pullmans

THAT is a common cause of contention between a railroad and its passengers—the overselling of parlor or sleeping-car space. The system used in this business in most of the large cities gives ample opportunity for this mistake. At the station or at the chief city ticket office the diagrams of the parlor and sleeping cars are held until the last available moment before the departure of the train. When a branch office sells a Pullman ticket it calls up the diagram man and obtains from him the number of the berth or seat and of the car in which the space is located. The branch agent then fills out and sells the ticket, giving its serial number to the diagram man. The number of the ticket is then placed on the diagram and indicates that that particular space is sold.

In theory, that is the simplest of systems. In practice—well, you cannot expect too much of two or three young men who at fifty dollars a month are trying to become Harrimans or Hawleys or Browns, and who are trying to do the work of half a dozen clerks in taking care of travelers who stand three deep at their counters. Mistakes do happen. Space is constantly being oversold—on one memorable occasion a whole car was sold twice and there was no reserve car to be placed in service. In such cases the work of the sleeping-car conductor begins to be harrowing. He needs the judgment of a Solomon.

On another memorable occasion a crowded train leaving New York for Rochester had on board two tempestuous souls; each held a red slip that was a contract with the Pullman Company entitling him to Lower 8, Car B, on that particular night. One soul was already tucked away in Lower 8—his boots underneath awaited the perfunctory daubing of the porter's brush before dawn should come—his were the nine points of advantage in the common law. The other had just slipped aboard the train as it was being dispatched from the terminal. He was tired, and when he found that his berth was already occupied he stirred up a fine row.

There were other tired souls in that car—it was past midnight—and they began protesting. The Pullman conductor's row that night was no easy-hoeing matter. He studied his diagrams intently.

"Give you Upper 9," he finally said to the tempestuous soul who stood facing him in the shadowy car-aisle.

That tempestuous soul knew his rights. He was an American citizen—freeborn—and some of his ancestors may have fought in the War of the Revolution. For the nonce a very comfortable citizen—a banker in the upstate city—was transformed into a socialist of the most raging type. In the end, the Pullman conductor gathered that the gentleman objected to an upper berth when he had purchased a red ticket that entitled him to a lower. You cannot convince the average citizen that the upper berth does not bear the same relation to the lower that a woodhouse bears to a front parlor.

He Dared the Train Crew to Put Him Out Undressed

The conductor's brow thickened. He studied his little sheaf of diagrams once again. Finally a gleam of joy settled over his face.

"Lower 13 in Car D was reserved for Yonkers," he announced, "and that man didn't show up. You can have that."

But the tempestuous soul, who under ordinary circumstances was a solid citizen with an abhorrence of yellow journalism and a pillar of his community, would not ride in a berth numbered thirteen. He said it in a voice that could have been heard way forward to the smoking car, and then he began telling of the number of tons of freight that he gave to that particular railroad, and of the influential men he knew who were engaged in operating it. In the end the conductor, being sufficiently cowed, gave the banker a berth in the drawing room and the row was at an end.

Another sleeping-car conductor on another Eastern road solved a similar problem in the same way. There had been overselling in that case too. Two pretty solid citizens held tickets for the same lower berth and each threatened suit if he was not given that precise berth. The conductor was a diplomat. He again delved into an unsold stateroom and ended by making two good friends for his line—two liabilities were turned into two assets for his company. His company showed its delicate and whole-souled appreciation of his diplomacy by deducting the difference in price between the lower berth and the stateroom—not an inconsiderable sum—from his next month's salary.

A man traveling knows his rights—and when you come to a woman, the entire world knows hers.

Overcharging Fido

A CERTAIN trolley company, operating lines in a big Eastern city, formerly made a practice of charging twenty-five cents a year for a permit by which a dog could be carried by a passenger upon its cars. It did even that under protest, for many of its passengers complained of canine companions, and in the long run their complaints were heeded and dogs rigorously barred from the traction company's lines.

In the days while the permits still held, a well-dressed woman sought the secretary of the company and asked if she could not have a permit for less than twenty-five cents for a single trip for her dog, which was about to go South for its health. The secretary, very politely, as was his way, explained that he was powerless to create a special rate in her case.

The woman protested against the charge as a matter of right, she said, and laid siege upon the other high officers of the traction company—the president, the two vice-presidents, the general manager and the general superintendent—each in turn. By dint of a marvelous insistence she saw each of them—but with no success. Finally she returned to the secretary.

"It does seem to me," she began, "that this is an outrageous ——"

The secretary smiled a thin, wan smile.

"Why, madam," he said, "you've spent more than fifty cents' worth of your time ——"

It was her turn to smile triumphantly.

"Your road has lost," she said. "You have lost my own five-cent fare and the five or ten cents that would have been a legitimate fare for my little pet." She smiled that triumphant smile once again.

"I've won. It will cost me a little more to hire a cab, but I've stuck to my principle and won."

With that she flounced out of his office—triumphant in her own sense of victory.

Dog rights have more than once gone hand in hand with the rights of the man who travels. More than once has the desire of a man to smuggle his dog into a steamboat stateroom or a railroad Pullman brought him to the height of high-pitched controversy. There is a traffic man in New York who well remembers the time that an old school friend from Boston asked him to meet his daughter at the Fall River boat and convoy her safely to a Florida-bound train at Jersey City. The daughter had her little dog with her—an old pet—and the schoolmate did not doubt that the railroader could "fix" things with the Pullman people so that they would overlook the pet in the sleeping car.

That was a difficult request—for railroad rules apply to railroaders—but the New Yorker did his best. As a matter of extra precaution he stopped at the market on his way to the boat and bought a basket. When he reached the girl he threw away the basket. The "little pet" was a Russian Dane, half as big as a full-grown man and as enthusiastically riotous as a drunken sailor. He rode in the baggage car to Palm Beach—along with other pups of just as high degree. If you don't want your dog to ride with others under the chaperonage of a firm-minded baggage-master you can assert your rights and hire a private car—one woman did that very thing for her dog, all the way from Boston to New York.

You can take a railroad coach in almost any part of the country and fill it with an average family of travelers decent, conservative folk, who go to make the bulk of a decent, conservative country—and turn it into bedlam by letting that question of passenger rights show itself, no matter in how trivial a form. Sometimes the question works itself out in conflict between the individual passengers rather than in a dispute between the passenger and the carrying company. Take the simple question of ventilation. Street railroad companies all over the land are harried by the disputes between people who want all the windows and ventilators open and those timid but assertive people who shiver at even the thought of a draft. A railroad conductor must use diplomacy every day that he takes his car or train out into service.

Window Squabbles

ON A SMALL railroad up in New England two eminent citizens were riding in a small day coach, one sitting directly behind the other. In the front seat sat a full-blooded athlete regaling himself in the sunshiny air of a fresh autumn day as it was wafted through the open window beside him. On the seat behind was an anemic individual who sat huddled and shivering, with his coat collar turned up about his scrawny neck, getting the full benefit of the cinders and minute particles of roadbed that were coming to him through the athlete's window.

He shivered for a little time, then asked the man in front to shut the window—it was autumn and the air was chill, to say nothing of the dirt. The athlete, with a show of affability, argued that it was still warm—Indian summer—and refused to close the window. The thin man appealed to the conductor. He bolstered up his claim by calling attention to the fact that he was the editor of the leading weekly newspaper in that county. That must have impressed the conductor, for he forthwith took steps to have the window closed.

The athlete presented his case. He was the representative in the state legislature of that corner of the state; if the conductor put down that window and deprived him of his fresh air—well, there would be a new conductor on that run within a week—that was all there was of it. He looked like a man who means business when he talks it and so the conductor hesitated.

In the meantime the other inquisitive folks in that car took sides—those back of the editor became his allies and others ranged themselves in the lee of the distinguished citizen.

The conductor scratched his head in perplexity. Then an inspiration seized him. He addressed himself first to the little man.

"You are an editor," said he, "and you believe in the fairness of the ballot." To the other he said: "As a representative of our Government you must believe in the sanctity of the ballot too. Suppose we take a vote on this window matter."

The editor consented willingly, the representative less cheerfully. The vote was taken and the closed window won. The conductor had accomplished the real triumph; and the politician, who still felt that he was of the privileged class, adjourned in sulky silence to smoke his cigar upon the car platform.

It takes diplomacy every time the rival rights of passengers get clashing in that way. Often two people riding by day in sleeping cars and assigned to the same section get bickering as to which shall sit in the seat facing forward and which in the less desirable seat facing backward. The occupant of the lower berth will probably quote the unwritten law—which in this case is a strange tradition to the effect that the holder of a lower-berth ticket is entitled to the seat facing forward. The occupant of the upper berth will probably grab the seat by stealth and then dare the railroad hirelings to remove him—or, ofttimes, her.

There Would be a New Conductor on That Run Within a Week—That Was All There Was of It

That is a strong argument of the man who stands upon his rights—simply to stand upon them with moral force, backed up by a square jaw, a cold eye, two hundred pounds or more of fighting machine and sometimes a prolific line of talk. Sometimes a man assumes more than his rights in just this way.

A man bought a round-trip ticket to an annual exposition in an Eastern city at a low one-day rate. The ticket expressly stated that it would not be accepted in a sleeping or a parlor car. The man decided while at the exposition that he would go through to New York by night and use the return strip of his one-day ticket for a part of the journey. He knew that the railroad agent would not sell him a sleeping-car ticket on his green one-day excursion slip, so he showed his mileage book at the time he bought and paid for his berth. His car was at the rear of a very long train; it was late at night and he handed all his tickets to the Pullman porter, turned in and went to sleep.

He was wakened an hour later—the conductor of the train angrily protesting against accepting the excursion ticket as part of the fare. In ordinary circumstances the conductor would simply have deducted the entire fare from the exposition city to New York from the mileage book, but in this case that strip was insufficient. This passenger also stood upon his "rights." He threatened to sue the Pullman Company if he was ejected from its car when he had purchased a berth through to New York upon it, and dared the train crew to put him out undressed.

He won his point, although he did not fairly make it. It so happens that there are two sides to every question and even the wickedest of railroad corporations has rights just as surely as its passengers have. When the general passenger agent of that road heard of that incident in the night train he waxed exceeding wroth and said:

"It is just that sort of thing that makes it necessary for us to place so many petty restrictions upon our tickets—that makes us chary, too, of granting special rates for any event. Every restriction placed today upon the railroad traveler is the result of some abuse fostered by one of his kind."

Take, as a fair example, the vexatious matter of transfers on the big city railroads throughout the country. In the beginning the transfer was the simplest sort of ticket—providing for a continuous trip upon a cash fare; in fact, on an absolute theory of honesty not even a simple transfer ticket would be necessary. A man would simply state to the conductor that he had just paid his fare on a connecting car and his word would be the sole ticket necessary. But this is not the millennium, so we must still support our moral strength upon crutches. Transfer tickets serve as some of these crutches, but it has been necessary to strengthen them—to add more and more restricting clauses.

Hatpin Transfers

A BIG transportation company in Brooklyn found that its transfer scheme was being systematically abused. Some of its riders were punching out new expiration time on the slips and were using them all day long. It began by the energetic use of small punches by women in the intermissions of card games and ended by the clever counterfeiting of a punchmark with the point of a hatpin. The women bragged of their cleverness and the railroad passed a rule that its conductors should accept no transfer with more than two expiration hours punched on it.

Sometimes the carriers have traded in the rights of passengers along these very lines. A few years ago New York passed a law compelling the steam railroads of that state to sell five-hundred-mile and one-thousand-mile books at a rate of two cents a mile. The railroads withdrew a very bitter opposition to the measure on condition that they would be allowed to abolish the stop-over privilege and to make their tickets limited to use within forty-eight hours of purchase.

That was a tacit agreement, and by the points they gained the railroads were enabled to put a hard crimp in the ticket "scalping" business—one of the hardest nuts they have ever succeeded in cracking.

The railroad commissions in the various commonwealths, to say nothing of the Interstate folks at Washington, have been real conservators of the rights of railroad passengers—and incidentally of those of the carriers. A large majority of the mooted questions that have come up before these Solons have had this very principle of individual rights closely involved. Some of the questions are exceedingly complex—it must take a Solomon-like wisdom to solve them. For instance, the pay-as-you-enter cars, together with their new fare-boxes recently introduced at various points in New York, have made knotty questions for the Public Service Commission of that state. These new cars are exceedingly valuable to the traction companies because they insure the collection of all fares that are honestly due and the presence of the conductor at the entrance of the car—a point where many accidents occur. They are said to pay, in their savings along these two lines, their increased cost of construction as well as the royalties on their patents. So they are gradually becoming the standard street cars throughout the country.

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FAIR PLAY

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Tau Watched Him From Beneath the Lampshade

VI

DINNER was over, the room vacant, the long table cleared except of the lamp, which burned in the corner nearest the kitchen door. Even by this incomplete, withdrawn light, the mess hall of the Blue Knoll wore an altered look, an air of cheerful reformation. Dan's old Saturnian reign was plainly ended, for a girl's hat lay on his desk, and was the sole thing misplaced in a universal neatness. Nasturtiums glowed in a bowl on the mantelshelf, trailing their green disks below the edge; the floor shone dustless, and at the open windows white sash-curtains fluttered in and out with every puff of the night breeze, like flags.

Yee Tau pushed open the swinging door and came in. Even this little figure of independence had granted concessions. His queue no longer crowned his head in disrespectful braids, but switched undulating down his back; and his jacket, spotless white and close-buttoned, made at every movement a starchy creaking.

Tau held in his hand a folded paper. He spied about. The room was empty, cooler than his kitchen, better lighted. He loosened the neck-frogs of his tunic, sighed comfortably, slid between bench and table and, sitting close by the lamp, unfolded the hieroglyphic sheets of Sai Gai Yat Bo, the daily Chinese World.

Tau sighed again. Here was comfort, and a truce to women. He fluttened the pages on the table, began spacing with his thumb down the vertical symbols. First he fed his intellect, absorbing a pellet or so of world-politics compressed by ocean cable; then he read of an earthquake in Japan and shook his head, wishing that it might have been worse; then stared into space, and longed for the deliverance of his own great people. At last, when he had rustled through more trivial pages, he poked his head under the lampshade to get the true zest and flavor of life—the adventures of a London detective, faithfully painted in black ideographs.

He read on, hidden beneath the lamp. Now and then, to aid the sense, he whispered. Evening stillness lay everywhere about. Nothing moved in the room except the formless humped shadow of the reader's head, bobbing on the corner walls by the kitchen door.

A sound came. Tau looked up, ready to desert these happy realms and slip back to his kitchen. Bare feet brushed the veranda. A black bundle of cloth, swathed above a pale-brown face, appeared in the veranda doorway. Tau, being a man of peace, sat still in his corner.

The tall Sikh, Lal Singh, glided into the room without a sound. His borrowed boots he had left outside. He crept halfway across the floor, glanced about, saw in his hurry the lamp with nothing behind it; then moved straight on to the fireplace, as though the glowing nasturtiums had been a mass of gold and he a mere thief.

His lean arm sought the mantelshelf. The voices of women, made resonant by a shut corridor, rumbled from the front of the house. Down whipped the Sikh's arm.

Nobody came.

Lal Singh's hand rose again and felt along the ledge, forward and back, under the nasturtiums. It slipped away with something black that glistened. Dan's revolver went into the Sikh's torn pocket.

"*Mere pas!*" whispered the tall man, as if to some one close behind him. "Got it!" He signaled toward the open door, turned with a jerk and ran.

Tau watched him from beneath the lampshade, disclosing only a wrinkled brow and a pair of sharp slant eyes, like a frightened cat under a hedge.

The Sikh ran down the veranda steps. In the dark, two other tall shapes joined him. The brothers fled together past the walnut tree, through the yard.

The little cook slid along his bench to the nearest window and peeped out. He slid back, dodged round the table, hurried to the shelf, reached on tiptoe, groping, and made sure. His chicken-pistol was gone. Here, he reflected, was something better than all the stories in Sai Gai Yat Bo. He turned, darted out through the veranda and became a white speck under the walnut boughs. With a veering, zigzag motion, reconnoitering the yard, he vanished.

The lamp at the foot of the table flickered. The feminine banners of chintz trailed in and out lazily through the windows. Tau's paper blew rustling to the floor. The silence in the room became part of a stillness wide as the valley, wide as night; nothing, for miles about, seemed to be transacted or even meditated, except that the muffled sound of women talking, with now and then the deeper note of a man's voice, quietly penetrated the house from the front veranda.

Light footsteps left that quarter by-and-by. The door of the passageway opened. Janet came in and looked about her. Contrast of white linen with sunburnt cheeks, it might have been, or a new brightness in her brown eyes, which gave her this heightened color and this look of troubled yet shining expectancy.

Sai Gai Yat Bo, crumpled on the floor, caught her attention first. Janet picked up the mysterious print and laid it beside the lamp, smiling at some kindly picture of little Tau, the trespasser.

The door, which she had left open, suddenly but gently closed.

The girl turned. Her smile disappeared.

Gitcombe, in his gray flannels, stood holding the doorknob. He looked at her anxiously, but did not speak. The latch caught with a click. He took away his hand; there was constraint in the movement, as in his attitude.

Janet's wit served her.

"Oh, there it is!" She veered off toward the desk and, scolding herself prettily, made the mock discovery of her hat. "I knew I'd left it somewhere in Mr. Blake's way!" She returned quickly, like one who had done her errand. To her dismay, Gitcombe neither opened the door nor moved aside.

"Miss Woodgate," he began. "One moment, please."

She did not like that twinkling of his eyes or the lines pulled about his lips.

"You're not going?" she ventured lightly. "I didn't mean to break up our veranda party."

Again she made as if to pass.

"Just a moment." Gitcombe stood firm in the way, smiling. He watched her face keenly. "Yes," he avowed; "I did follow you here on purpose."

He spoke frankly, even boldly; but still, as Janet was aware, he had not thrown aside that constraint or the more subtle uneasiness which it could not wholly cover. Time pressed on him, a sense of intervention hovered round, misgivings twitched at him in secret—all this the girl saw openly. He flinched at something; not at her, but at some dark attendant circumstance in the background.

"Well?" Janet could face him with a light heart.

"Well, Miss Woodgate!" The man hung his head and for a moment seemed to fight off despondency. He looked up again—as though having conquered—sadly. "I wanted to tell you merely that—that I'm going away tomorrow."

He secured one half his effect: the girl was plainly taken by surprise.

"Going away?" She paused; then added: "I'm sorry to hear that."

Gitcombe smiled: he had scored the other half.

"Thank you," he drawled, "for saying so. That renders it a bit—easier, you know?"

Janet made no advance, but no objection. This, he perceived, was the right strain—the manly-pathetic—a gentle mode, safe, persuasive and easily kept up.

"I hate the idea of leaving," he said, with a gradual resumption of gloom. "I daresay you can guess why I go?"

If Janet read his riddle he was none the wiser.

"I can't," she answered. "Is anything wrong?"

Gitcombe started and shot a questioning glance. No; clearly her speech had been without guile. Unwarned, she could not divine the pins and needles of his position; and that patient ass, Blake, must have kept the faith.

"Oh, nothing wrong!" he declared, offhand; then, bending a serious, candid brow: "The reason why I'm going—lies in what you said to me this morning—down by the hop-yard first, and later as we rode home. Do you remember?"

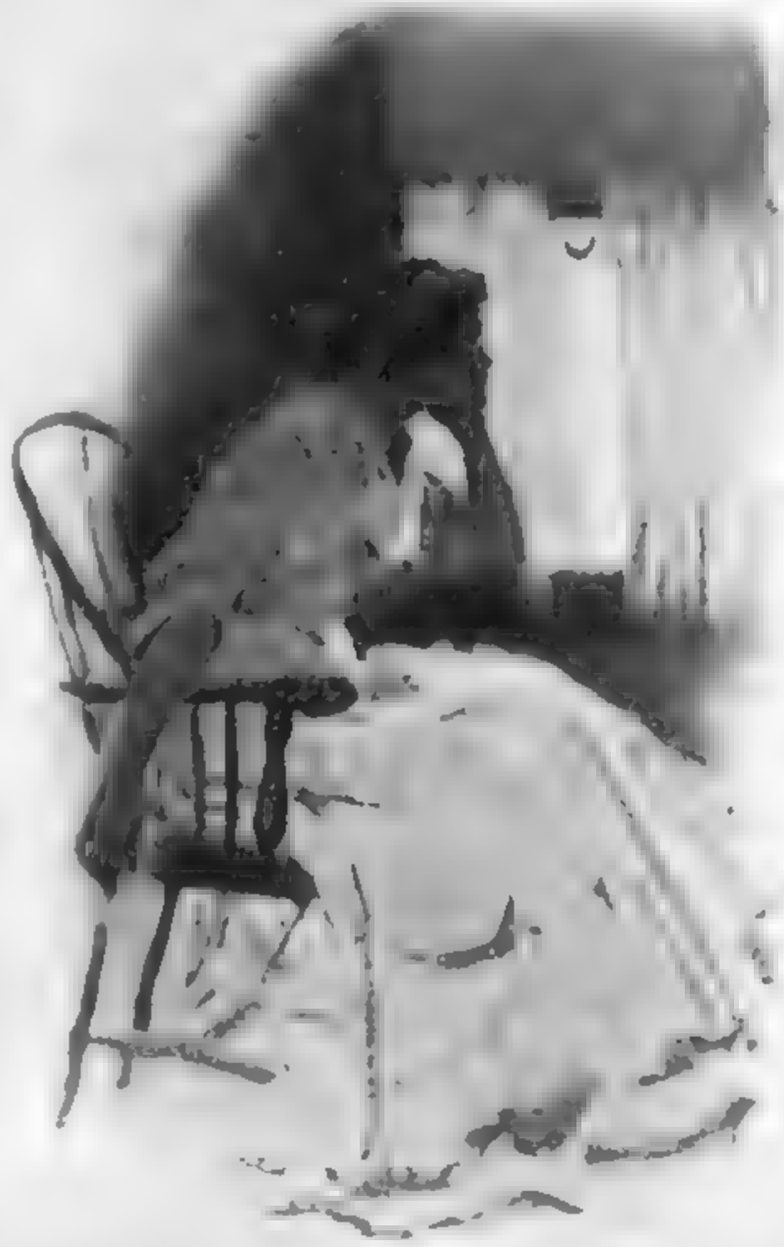
Janet took the alert. Her face brightened, as before danger.

"We said a great many things," she retorted craftily. "A ride always makes one talk!"

Her adversary stood too near. She retreated. He followed over to the table.

"I've not forgotten," he persisted, with slow emphasis. He bent eagerly toward her across the corner of the table. Dilating in the lamplight, and taking from dark sunburn a finer luster, his gray eyes fixed her mournfully. It was a good pose, a dangerously good effect: Gitcombe had gained by the change of base. "I've not forgotten. And you must never forget, Miss Woodgate, how you sent one poor chap away—grateful to you. Everlastingly. You chaffed me this morning about ambition. You recall it? Ambition. You were quite right. I'm going away. And if ever you should hear of me again—you probably won't, but if you should—you'll know who woke me up and set me going straight!"

Janet drew back amazed, and at first rather frightened. Fervor like this from this man partook of the miraculous. A chance companion, a pleasant, laughing idler, stood here all at once transformed; took on, before her eyes, new stature and dignity; became that valiant yet appealing figure, the Poor Gentleman of romance, ready to fight his way single-handed. And she had done this thing—had rained influence unaware. The discovery fired and exalted her.



Last Night, the Silliest Flattery Had Caught Her

"I'm very glad." She spoke quietly, fearing lest her voice tremble from the mere sense of his power.

Gitcombe read something of her thought. He had never seen her so radiant. Here was the chance, tonight, of all chances. Nothing wrong with his judgment: the plunge was over; the affair swam famously.

"Glad!" he laughed. "Glad, you mean, that I am going?"

She returned his laugh.

"Oh," she cried impatiently, "you know what I meant!"

Gitcombe leaned farther across, propping himself with tense fingers on the table.

"Then you know," he urged, "that I owe it all to you! All!"

Janet put the tribute aside, but with an uncertain gesture. "It was nothing, Mr. Gitcombe."

He gathered his faculties for the great feat

"Nothing, was it?" His voice lowered and deepened. The words came in a rush, thrilled with a genuine excitement on which he had not counted. "Is it nothing, after all, Miss Woodgate, to take a poor stick and make a man of him? You gave me a life, that's all; and a purpose. And, by Jove, I'm going in to win! You'll see!" He paused. His hands, on the table, quivered strongly. "And before I go there's one thing I must tell you ——"

He broke off, guilty and wrathful. The kitchen door swung open.

Dan Blake stood in the room, checked as by the sight of a prodigy.

"Beg pardon." He gave them a scared look. "I only came—I came round the house after Tau."

"Not seen him." Gitcombe nodded a cool dismissal. "Outside, I dare say."

Dan made a Rogue's March past the table.

"Outside, I guess," he muttered sheepishly. "I'll go look."

At the door he collided with the object of his search. Tau came headfirst from the veranda, a jumping white marionette, half disjointed with news and with terror. He flapped his arms and danced as though trying to fly back from Cantonese to English.

"Gon! Niggo-man!" he babbled. "Niggo-man! Gon! Gon!"

From this frantic messenger the girl turned to the white men.

"Who has gone?" she appealed. "What's the matter? Who's gone?"

The little cook gave a squeal of rage to find her so impenetrably stupid.

"Gon—chicken-pisto'; gon!" he cried, skipping for emphasis. "Niggo-man steal-a gon!" He pointed with a backhand jerk toward the mantel. "Steal-em tree niggo-man—heron 'way—hide beehime gett—so!" In vivid dumb show Tau enacted a man with a pistol hiding behind a gate-post. "Bym-by shoot! Bym-by killa boss!"

Dan walked to the fireplace and peeped under the nasturtiums.

"Guess you're right; gun's been taken," he drawled. Then, coming back at the same leisurely pace: "Tau," he ordered, "after this you keep gun there without load. Savvy? Not leave cartridge in gun. I keep cartridge after this. Savvy?"

Tau's fit subsided, but left him standing rigid, with feet wide apart, as if ready to jump in any direction. His bead eyes darted apprehension toward the windows and the night beyond.

Dan reached the door and glanced back to nod and grin, like a tired man adding a sequel to his day's work. At sight of the girl's face he paused, then laughed.

"Nothing serious, Miss Woodgate." He answered her unspoken question. "Some hop-pickers, that's all—Hindu ragheads."

Janet suddenly came toward him.

"But they're dangerous!" she cried, with conviction. "Mr. Blake, you mustn't—in the dark—there's danger!"

Dan chuckled, and for a moment viewed her with open admiration.

"Not a bit," he answered heartily. "Old friends o' mine, they are. Can't let this kind o' thing go on, though."

He went out lazily, paused on the veranda steps, squinted at the stars and appeared to yawn before starting down into the darkness. Once below, he vanished. "Fine, big night," his voice declared. "Going to be cooler." His boots crunched softly in the dust. After the walnut leaves had rustled and whispered, all fell silent out-of-doors.

Janet listened uneasily. Dan's look, his words, the careless manner of his disappearance, had left her almost persuaded; not fully. She turned to ask advice.

"Was there danger? Do you think ——"

Gitcombe's face told her. She saw the forced contortion of his smile, the pitiful result.

"Oh, no!" he stammered. "No cause for alarm, Miss Woodgate."

She cut him short, crying:

"There is! Go help him! There's danger! Go after him—run!"

Gitcombe went no farther than the door, and stuck there.

"This is rather silly, you know." He tried to swagger. "Blake's all right—perfectly."

Tau was not of that opinion. Scurrying to the window, he thrust out his head between the chintz, like an acrobat ready to dive, in a pantomime house.

"They killa boss," he muttered. "Bym-by shoot."

Janet's temper rose with her fears.

"Will you go?" She advanced—a brown-eyed young empress in a fury. "Will you go help or stand here disputing?—Then I'll try, myself. Let me out!"

Gitcombe shrank away, but still blocked the doorway.

"Is It Nothing, After All, to Take a Poor Stick and Make a Man of Him?"

All at once, from the darkness without, the stolen pistol spoke loudly. Some one cried out in surprise—a choking cry, mingled with words. There came no second report.

The shot scattered all the tension in the room. Tau hopped nimbly over the windowsill and was gone. Janet started again for the door, but was thrust violently back, for Gitcombe, reeling as though he himself were struck, fell against her and blindly recoiled. He ran past the table, wheeled, stopped, and looking rapidly from door to door seemed lost amid conflicting chances of escape. His face changed, contracted to the sunken Hippocratic face of mortal sickness.

"They've got him!" The man dodged between words, as though unseen missiles flew overhead. "They've got Blake! Me next—my turn—they'll come here ——"

Janet burst out crying.

"Oh, for shame!" The rebuke took in herself, this coward, the whole wretched world. "Shame, shame!"

A strong revulsion of the spirit left her weak. She made slowly for the door, passed into the dark veranda, and set foot on the stairs to go down alone. There she halted; for two shapes—a black and a white—came across the yard. Dim by starlight, then lost under the walnut tree, they steadily approached.

"Well!" said a laughing voice. "Told you so, Miss Woodgate!"

Janet could only run indoors and wait, shivering with gratitude. This was not such a wretched world after all. Justice lived in it. Somebody could defend the right and put forth power upon the hour.

Dan came in laughing still, with Tau following close at his heels.

"All right, Git," he grumbled in passing. At the fireplace he hauled from his pocket the long, dark-blue pistol, which he broke open before laying it on the shelf. "Tau, my son, you own a good nerve." He chinked some cartridges in his palm, threw an empty shell tinkling between the andirons. "That," he added thoughtfully, "settles that!"

He turned to find Janet beside him, with brightness caught in her eyelashes.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Nothing," she replied. "What was the matter?"

Dan cast down a paternal glance.

"Nothing," he echoed. "Mistake, that's all."

"But they fired at you?"

"And missed." The manager doled out his report unwillingly. "Took me for somebody else. Very sorry, the chief raghead says they are." Dan vouchsafed her one of his boyish grins, but quickly fell serious again. "Can't have these carryings-on. I discharged 'em."

As he spoke, Dan raised his eyes briefly askance. Gitcombe received the signal and visibly took heart. Janet, intercepting this byplay, wondered.

"Excuse me," Dan broke out clumsily. "Those fellows are waiting for their pay." He crossed the room and opened the door of his little dormitory office. "I must figure their weights out o' the hop-book."

He shut himself in to these labors. After private scrutiny, Tau left with reluctance a scene that he could not unriddle, and slipped back to his kitchen. The girl remained on the hearth, staring into the black fireplace. Gitcombe, already much relieved, paced a premonitory turn before the table, flicked imaginary dust from his gray flannels, stole a worried glance or two, and at last cleared his throat.

"I say, Miss Woodgate," he began plaintively. "I hope you ——"

A white statue of meditation, Janet would not so much as lift her eyes.

"Will you please," she commanded sharply—"Will you please not try to talk any more?"

Gitcombe ground his teeth at her, jerked both fists forward as though handcuffed, and sat down on a bench.

Neither spoke. The room was full of silence and bitter thinking.

Somebody mounted the veranda steps quietly. Janet stood motionless. Behind her, Gitcombe swung round on his bench to look. Next moment he sprang up, rushed over to the fireplace, and caught the girl roughly by the arm.

She faced about, wrenching herself free with all the indignant power in her body. The fellow gripped again and clung. They both stared.

Three tall, dark men—the Sikh brothers—ranged themselves in a silent group before the desk. They stood as for a portrait—erect, mournfully passive, their turbans, black and saffron and red, forming a strange piece of color. Their eyes glittered: they held one object steadily in scorn.

"What do you want?" Janet had recovered from her surprise. "Who are you?"

The tallest man bowed his black turban.

"Hop-pick, lady," Lal Singh answered in his mild voice. "Blake sahib to pay off—we come."

Janet snatched her hand from its hateful captivity and felt—somehow as though she had foreseen the movement—that Gitcombe had shrunk into sanctuary behind her.

The three brothers smiled, with an irony beyond words.

"The lady safe," continued their spokesman. "We coming to our pay. That all."

They waited, graver than before, but keeping in their dark eyes the same look, the same direction. Watching them, Janet came all at once to understand. A whirl of anger caught her up, swept through her in a gust; then left her pale and still. Her brown eyes flashed.

"You fired," she began, "at my manager, Mr. Blake?"

The Sikhs, looking at one another, agreed to answer with a surly nod. Lal Singh would have spoken.

"You took Mr. Blake," she went on rapidly, her voice rising, "for some one else. You thought he was—that

man!" She signified, with a contemptuous fling, the fugitive quailing behind her.

"That man," said the tallest brother

Janet cast one look over her shoulder, and walked away from Gitcombe's neighborhood.

"That man knew beforehand!" She took her hat from the table, began methodically to pluck and destroy it, then tossed it down. "He knew you would think so." She spoke rather to herself than to the Sikhs. "He hoped you would, all the time!"

The three ragged warriors slowly turned their eyes from her to the deserted Gitcombe and back again, wondering.

"That man no good," Lal Singh quietly informed her. "We knowing him long time. No good." Encouraged by her silence, he began his halting story of other days: "My brother Hari Singh is killed ——"

The narrative was reaching its close when Dan returned from his office-bedroom. As his three lean ragamuffins drew up to salute he gave a startled frown; but passing them without a word, he laid on the table a coin-sack and a hook.

"I told you fellows to wait outside," he said curtly. "Here: come take your money."

Dan counted three little piles of silver, clinking them deftly down like poker-chips.

"There's your pay," he announced.

Before the Sikhs could stir, the young manager found himself deposed. Janet put aside his hand, poured the dollars clashing into the linen pouch, and took charge of her ranch.

"Mr. Blake"—she was the owner who spoke; all-powerful, though visibly trembling—"have you a blank check here?"

Dan went behind the Sikhs, opened his desk and brought her a slip of blue paper, a pen, inkstand and blotter.

"Thank you," said his employer, still with a quaver in her voice. "Make it out, please, for three months' pay, at—at our highest rate."

Dan obeyed in a daze. Handing over the result, he watched her for the next marvel.

Janet dipped her pen, stooped over the paper and wrote furiously. She drew back to inspect what she had written.

"C. Hamer Gitcombe," she read aloud. "You sign it so?"

His Lean Arm Sought the Mantelshelf

Dan turned away, shaking his head like a beaten man. Janet carried her missive to Gitcombe where he stood, a spent figure in wrinkled gray. It was his turn to stare hopeless between the andirons.

"I am sorry," said Janet. "But I will not send these men away. You had rather - not - in that case ——"

The Poor Gentleman, her fallen knight, would neither turn nor answer.

"Mr. Blake," she called; and as Dan came willingly to help her, she surrendered the strip of blue paper. "I think—Pancoast or Johnny Brannif—can do the rest of our gophering." Toward the Sikhs in the corner she made so gracious a motion that they understood and bowed. "These men may stay at work if they will."

There followed a moment of general blockade, until Dan, with clumsy tact, moved alongside his rival.

"Anything I can do for you, Git?" he offered; and lower, in the man's ear: "Hindus won't follow you."

Like old friends who impart a secret, almost arm in arm, they went slowly to the door, Dan serving as body-guard while they passed the Sikhs.

"Young Brannif," he continued at the threshold, "will hitch up and drive you to the station." He delivered the blue paper strip underhand. "Anything I can do, old man? Tried my best to "

Gitcombe snatched away the check, plunged into the veranda and showed a savage, woebegone face.

"You?" he snarled. "You go to the devil!"

The night covered him and his destiny.

When Dan reëntered the room his only words were to the Sikh brethren.

"Stay there! Stand right there till I say go."

All hands waited. They saw the chintz curtains draw back and forth; heard, in the distance, young Brannif cheerily cursing as he harnessed by lantern-light; then, while rattling wheels departed, the strange company in the room stood questioning one another.

"That is good," Lal Singh averred soberly. "The man go. All people say—I hearing—he not catch this lady."

The brothers bowed together, looking for approval.

"Go now!" said Dan.

The trio saluted and filed out. Dan had wisdom enough to follow, without looking behind him; for, as he leaned on

(Continued on Page 52)

The Career of Farthest North

How Elvira Blew Up--By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MR. NORTH and his lovely young bride had six months' possession of the shabby old inn at Bethany; but that was practically all they did have. There were no guests for the inn. Still less were there any patients for the sanatorium into which Mr. North proposed to convert it. But at Avignon, across the valley, six miles away, the spacious château was overrunning with high-priced guests, and among the opulent summer cottagers there should certainly be some patients.

Aside from the cottagers and guests at the château, Avignon was merely a New England country town, and as such it fairly burst with curiosity concerning the strange folk with money to burn who came every summer—especially concerning Wesley Hubbard, because his poverty-stricken youth had been spent in that neighborhood and he was now the richest of all the summer colonists. This local curiosity enveloped Mr. Hubbard's five-hundred-thousand-dollar cottage like a second atmosphere, leaking in at every crack. Thus it was quite easy for Francis, or "Farthest," North—by gossiping genially with the editor of the Avignon Courier, the justice of the peace and other loquacious villagers—to discover many circumstances concerning the Hubbard household.

He knew that Mr. Hubbard was in the sixty-ninth year of his age and a very sick man; that when he sold his lumber interests to the Transcontinental Sawmill Corporation he received twenty-five million dollars in that corporation's first-mortgage bonds; that he was now regularly attended by Dr. Hermann Schiller, a celebrated heart specialist from Berlin, Dr. Leffingwell Ward, a great nerve specialist from New York, a masseur and two trained nurses, to say nothing of the ordinary retinue of servants. He further learned that the large, blond, dignified gentleman, who might be seen almost any day strolling in the ample grounds of the Château Avignon with wiry little Doctor Ward, was James Aldice Campbell, an eminent lawyer from New York. The justice of the peace shrewdly surmised that Mr. Campbell, though ostensibly merely spending his vacation at Avignon, was really on the ground for the purpose of drawing a new will that would make a more liberal provision for Mr. Hubbard's only child, Elvira.

The relations between father and daughter, it seemed, were somewhat strained. At the age of twenty-two Elvira, having great social ambition, had espoused the Duke of Perugia much against her father's wishes. The third time her noble spouse ended one of the frequent family altercations by kicking her downstairs her ambition was temporarily satisfied, and she returned to her father. Ten years later, when she announced her intention of wedding the Earl of Esk, Mr. Hubbard was profoundly disappointed. He didn't see the point in paying some foreigner several million dollars to kick his daughter when one of his own servants would perform that office far cheaper; in fact, the more intimately the servant was acquainted with Elvira's temper the more certain he would be to kick her gratis. The daughter persisted, however; persistence being one of her leading characteristics. Whereupon Mr. Hubbard drew a new will.

When the Countess learned what a state her father was in, physically, it naturally occurred to her that her relations were not what they should be with a parent worth twenty-five millions whose end was approaching. So she promptly came to America and took possession of the cottage at Avignon. To prevent her taking possession would have required far more bodily energy than Mr. Hubbard then possessed; in fact, the form of argument employed by her first husband was the only one that made any lasting impression upon Elvira.

She had brought the Earl of Esk with her, and laid upon him two strict injunctions: he was to behave himself, and he was to make himself agreeable to his sick and wealthy father-in-law. The Earl hardly knew which of the two tasks was the greater bore.

There was a tradition—especially current about London music halls—that this nobleman could make himself quite agreeable when he chose; but it was only under certain circumstances that he ever chose. He was forty-five years of age, and so should have been in the prime of life; but beginning at about the age of fifteen he had, so to speak, overprimed himself. He was tall, lean and angular. His narrow head was perfectly bald; his face sallow and bony. His eyes habitually wore a dull, parboiled expression. He found it excessively dull in America. There was nothing he cared to do—at least, nothing the Countess would permit him to do. He submitted sullenly to her rigorous surveillance—owing to the circumstance that he was stone-broke and his father-in-law had twenty-five million vulgar, trade-made dollars to dispose of. The very nurses whom Elvira had finally accepted to attend her father were middle-aged: one was cross-eyed, the other fat and pimply; and the Earl was well aware that his thoughtful spouse had selected them with special reference to his noble self. But he was not grateful to her.

Mr. Hubbard's cottage sat in the midst of a private park, some forty acres in extent, which was surrounded by a high brick wall. Even the fine bronze gate, brought over from France, was generally locked. There were watchful servants on the grounds; watchful servants in the house. There were two eminent physicians watchfully regulating every least step and motion of the invalid. There were two trained nurses ever on guard. Above all, there was Elvira, who scarcely had anything to learn as a watcher, even from Cerberus. Farthest had a good look at her once, and his teeth were on edge for the rest of the day. Such were the discouraging circumstances that confronted him when he reflected that rich, ailing Wesley Hubbard would make a quite ideal patient with whom to start off the sanatorium.

Usually, having put in a good part of the day loitering around Avignon, he spent the evening pastorally on the front porch of the ancient inn, beside his beautiful wife, deeply engaged in thought.

"You haven't told me yet how you are going to get people to come to the sanatorium," Edith observed, one evening, half playfully; for she really never doubted her husband's ability to perform that miracle.

"I've got to blow up Elvira," Farthest murmured. When she cried out in astonishment he came to and told her he'd been dreaming; the words didn't mean anything.

Unless it rained, every afternoon at three o'clock Mr. Hubbard took the air for an hour or two. Sometimes James Aldice Campbell and Dr. Leffingwell Ward accompanied him in the large touring car. But sometimes the

all-managing Elvira relegated that office to her husband. She wished Mr. Campbell to have every opportunity of catching any suggestion Mr. Hubbard might make concerning a will, and she wished the Earl to have every opportunity of getting on in the matter of making himself agreeable to the invalid. Mr. Hubbard was almost stone-deaf, and by Doctor Ward's advice he had been deprived of the apparatus that he used in lieu of an ear-trumpet. The only means of communicating with him was by writing on a pad of paper; and smoking in his presence was strictly forbidden. Thus the daily airing was a solemn sort of pleasure. The Earl usually sat bolt upright beside the small, carefully muffled figure of his father-in-law, and stared stonily ahead until the ride was over.

Farthest, having learned these circumstances, discovered a deep interest in the scenery around Avignon. Every afternoon, accompanied by his lovely and obedient wife, he set forth with the hoary gray mare and rattling one-horse buggy that went with the inn, and drove across the valley and over the hills that lay behind the town. Two or three very good roads for automobiles had been made over the hills. One of them, at a point just on the crest of the hill, was quite narrow and inclosed on both sides by thick growths of hazel bushes. Farthest was delighted with that particular road, and as Edith was delighted with whatever he chose they drove up it every afternoon for a week. And nothing happened. But on the eighth day, when they were nearly at the crest of the hill, his attentive ear caught the rumble of a car below them.

Rising quickly and peeking through the little glass window in the leather curtain at the back of the buggy, he saw that it was a large touring car containing two male figures besides the chauffeur. He hit the old horse smartly with the whip, although Edith murmured an astonished protest. When they gained the crest of the hill he bent over, looking at the rear wheel on his side; then turned the horse across the road.

"This wheel's coming off," he said in a tone of some alarm. "Stand at the horse's head, dear, while I fix it."

Edith, with the sweet and docile temper of a happy infant, climbed out of the buggy and stepped to the horse's head on the right-hand side. She heard Farthest fussing at the wheel a moment and was then startled by a loud, crashing sound and an exclamation of dismay from her husband. At the same time the ancient buggy canted violently to the left. Hastily stepping around the horse's head, she perceived that the left rear wheel was hopelessly smashed and a large rock lay in the road beside it.

"I went to pound it on with that rock," said Farthest, quite aghast; "but the rock slipped."

"Why, Frank!" said Edith, gently chiding; "what in the world made you take such a big rock?" It was about the size of her head.

To that reasonable question Farthest had no reply. Gaping stupidly at the wrecked wheel he seemed to have quite lost his head.

Edith sought to rouse him. "How shall we ever get home, dear?" she asked, with tender reproach. "It's a good seven miles!"

Farthest merely gaped at her, but he heard the warning blast of a horn and was acutely aware that a large touring car was sweeping over the crest of the hill. The car slowed, rolled up to them and stopped, since the buggy barred the way; in fact, they had to stand quite close to the car, for there was not much room between it and the bordering bushes. Farthest surveyed its occupants helplessly. Edith, subtly infected by his mood, turned upon them a pair of troubled eyes, deep blue in color and shaded by silken lashes. A mass of shiny chestnut hair showed beneath the brim of her straw hat, and the simple linen dress admirably suited her fine figure.

The Earl of Esk was sitting on the side of the car next her and his parboiled eyes rested upon her. Mr. Hubbard was on the other side of the car—a small and wiry man, with neatly-trimmed white chin whiskers. He looked very weary and shrunken. Nevertheless, he sat up straighter and peered at Edith with evident interest.

"Pull your buggy to one side," said the chauffeur crossly.

"Why, I hardly see where there's any room," Farthest replied, helplessly surveying the vehicle.

The chauffeur said something under his breath, climbed nimbly from the car, seized the rear axle of the buggy, swung it around and tossed it against the bushes.

In Breathless Succession She Applied to Him Such Terms as Quack, Fool, Shark, Robber, Cheat, Liar, Cutthroat

Farthest glanced up at the Earl of Esk in deep perplexity. "I don't see how my wife's going to get home," he said, rather absently.

The Earl addressed Edith. "Do you live far from here?" he asked impassively.

Edith put her right hand on the edge of the car, lifted herself on tiptoe, tilted up her round chin to see over the tops of the bushes, raised her left arm gracefully and pointed across the valley. "You can see the elms from here," she said. "It must be seven miles."

But the Earl was not looking toward the elms at all. He was looking only at her pretty, lifted arm and dimpled, pointing finger. He turned gravely, plucked the pad of paper and pencil from its pocket in the car and wrote, "Give the lady a lift?" which question he submitted impassively to Mr. Hubbard.

The invalid nodded his head affirmatively, with considerable vigor, and pointed to the car door. The Earl would have preferred that Edith sit in front, next the chauffeur, where he could study the beautiful slope of her shoulders and the creamy tints of her cheek at his leisure. Nevertheless, he reached over obediently, opened the car door, climbed out, and made her a very correct bow.

"Why, that's awfully nice of you!" she murmured, with a charming blush; "but——" She looked around doubtfully at her husband.

"Oh, I must see to the rig!" said Farthest quickly. "Go right along." A moment later, with satisfaction, he watched her roll away in the car beside Mr. Hubbard.

It is a fact that Mr. Hubbard watched her with much satisfaction also. No doubt he was a very sick man. Great doctors said so. Yet a healthy russet tinge still lingered in his thin cheeks. His eyes looked very weary, yet they were really the same eyes wherewith he had seen his way from poverty-stricken Bethany to the possession of twenty-five millions. He noticed at once that the young lady was indebted only to Nature for her complexion and hair, and that she didn't smell of perfumery. Looking her over, openly and deliberately with the privilege of age, he surmised that she was splendidly healthy. She seemed, indeed, to overflow with that vital quality of which he was trying so hard to get only a tiny driblet. He felt that she must be a very nice, honest person. It was the first time in seven months that anything had happened that interested him.

The run across the valley to the foot of the acclivity upon which the inn stood was performed in a few minutes. From there a footpath led straight up to the inn; but the road wound around the ascent and was not in good condition. They had to climb it slowly.

"Over there where the elms are," Edith called to the chauffeur, as they rolled out upon Bethany's deserted street. It was the first time she had spoken. Her voice was very agreeable.

Mr. Hubbard bent forward and surveyed the place; then turned to her with a look of surprise. "Why, it's the old inn!" he said.

She nodded at him, smiling brilliantly; then took up the pad of paper and wrote: "We live here."

"You don't say so! You don't say so!" said Mr. Hubbard, reading the note, and his manner was really quite animated. "I used to come here often—often when I was a boy," he explained, smiling.

Now, this coming to life on the old gentleman's part really delighted Edith, and her face showed it. Impulsively she wrote again: "We hope you will come over some day and see it." On further impulse she added: "I can give you some fine berries and cream. We keep a cow."

Reading that message, the old gentleman smiled and nodded. "Some day—perhaps—some day," he said.

Meanwhile the Earl of Esk, having opened the car door for her, was standing beside it, hat in hand.

"It was awfully good of you," Edith assured him as she stepped out. "We hope you'll come again some day. I can give you some nice berries and cream. We keep a cow."

"Thanks, very much," said the Earl like a wooden man, and bowed and climbed back into the car. As the car moved away he did not once look around; but he made some topographical calculations.

Two days passed before it again fell to the Earl to accompany the invalid. Usually he permitted the chauffeur to drive any rotten place he pleased; but this day he gave a direction. Thus the car crossed the valley and skirted the acclivity on the other side, and presently the Earl told the chauffeur to stop. When the car halted he took up the pad in his immobile manner and wrote: "Want to smoke. Will walk a while. Meet you here in an hour." The invalid read the note and nodded indifferently. The Earl alighted and soon found the path. After ten minutes' brisk climb he emerged in the shade of the fine old elms that stood in front of the Bethany Inn, and he was really more interested than he had been since leaving England.

The view across the valley from the inn veranda was lovely. "Charming, by Jove!" said the Earl. "Fine!" and "Really, it's bully, you know!" These exclamations he pronounced in a monotonous tone, with a wooden face, as the blooming young mistress of the inn enthusiastically pointed out the beauties of the view while he solemnly consumed the dish of berries and cream that she had brought him.

The Earl had been thus agreeably engaged for some fifteen or twenty minutes when his ear caught a sound he could not mistake—the steady chug-chug of an automobile that was pounding its way uphill over a difficult road. As he put the spoon back in the dish and rested the dish upon his knee, listening, something like an expression appeared upon his immobile countenance. It resembled an expression of alarm.

Edith's ear also caught the sound. "Why, there's a car coming up!" she said in surprise. As she listened, wondering, a delightful possibility occurred to her, making her blue eyes shine eagerly and bringing a dimple to her cheek. "Oh, do you suppose it could be Mr. Hubbard?" she exclaimed.

"I fancy so," said the nobleman dully. With stoical resignation he put the dish on the little stand, picked up his hat and arose. "I enjoyed the berries. Charming, I'm sure," he said in his woodenest manner, ignoring her look of astonishment.

Edith was puzzled. "Don't you think it was awfully funny of him to run away just before Mr. Hubbard came?" she inquired of her husband later in the day.

"You see," Farthest explained confidentially, "they're really not good friends at all. Mr. Hubbard didn't want his daughter to marry the Earl. You mustn't ever mention one of them to the other."

She considered that a moment. "I don't think it's very nice of the Earl not to be friends with Mr. Hubbard,"

Very Patiently and Stolidly the Earl Sat on His Rock and Smoked, Judging His Reward Would Surely Come

she announced. "Why, it would have made your heart ache, Frank, the way he—well, the way he sort of sniffed wistfully at this old place. And when I offered him some berries and cream he just took a berry in his fingers and looked it over and smiled in a sad kind of way, and said: 'You know, they don't let me eat anything I want.' It must be awful to be shut up the way he is, with doctors and nurses around him all the while to remind him that he's old and sick. I could tell as plain as anything he was just hungry to go and sit on our porch and not have anybody bother him, and have me sit beside him because I'm so splendidly healthy. I hope he'll come again, for I just know he's a dear old gentleman."

However, on the two succeeding days Doctor Ward and Mr. Campbell accompanied the invalid, and on the third day the Earl gave the chauffeur no direction. They took the air in the old, sad way. But on the fourth day Mr. Hubbard himself gave a direction, and as the car skirted the ascent on the other side of the valley he poked the chauffeur in the back with his stick, which was a sign that he wished to stop.

"Like to smoke?" he inquired of his noble companion. "You can get out and take a walk."

He gave a suggestive little nod toward the car door, and in Mr. Hubbard's weary eyes the Earl caught a flickering up of something that had stood him in good stead while he was acquiring his timber and sawmills. In those days, if Wesley's suggestions were not adopted very promptly he usually followed them up, figuratively, with the toe of his boot.

The Earl climbed out silently and watched the car disappear on the road to the inn. He then sat down impassively on a boulder, lighted his pipe and resigned himself to awaiting the vehicle's return. As a matter of fact, he detested walking.

Three days later the car again crossed the valley, and the Earl was invited to smoke and recreate himself. Ere long, in fact, he got so that whenever the car approached that spot he mechanically felt for his pipe and prepared to alight.

Attached to the car, at the front of the tonneau, was a stiff leather box, a foot long, six inches high and four inches wide. Mr. Hubbard had it put there to hold his electrical hearing apparatus; but since the apparatus was banned the box had been empty. Strolling into the garage one day, the Earl found Mr. Hubbard's valet putting the apparatus into this box. He surmised that the valet had smuggled it out of the cottage unknown to Elvira. Taking an occasion to examine the box after they returned from the airing, he was not surprised to find it empty. Every two or three days he was still sitting dutifully on his boulder for an hour or so. Meanwhile ——

The inn had a back porch too—very cool and still and shady, overlooking the old garden. Mr. Hubbard sat at one side of a small table there and Edith at the other. The receiver of the electrical apparatus stood on the end of the table, directed toward Edith, so as to catch every tone of her melodious voice. In the center of the table lay a checker-board, which Edith was studying with the profoundest attention, the tip of a pretty finger laid dubiously against her red lips and her fair brow wrinkled a little as she strove to concentrate her mind—an exercise to which she was by no means addicted. The invalid was watching her, and his aged eyes twinkled with suppressed merriment.

"Why, I can't move anywhere!" she declared at length, looking up at him in astonishment. Then, appreciating the joke on herself, she tipped up her round chin and broke into silvery laughter, while Mr. Hubbard chuckled.

Now the Earl, although he appeared the dullest of all those surrounding the invalid, had noted the dawning of a subtle change in the old gentleman. At times his eyes were decidedly brighter, and occasionally there was a peeping forth of the old spirit that had a swift kick in reserve. Very patiently and stolidly the Earl sat on his rock and smoked, judging his reward would surely come.

Come it did. At the end of a fortnight Mr. Hubbard was displaying a marked preference for the company of his noble son-in-law when he took his airings. Twice or thrice, in fact, he expressed that preference decisively. Before the end of another week he presented the Earl, in Elvira's presence, with a cherished first edition of Lamb—for which the Earl had no use whatever. But it was the first thing with which his father-in-law had ever voluntarily presented him.

As the Earl pointed out these evidences of a rising affection on his father-in-law's part Elvira was really delighted. The poor woman keenly felt the difficulties of her position; but if her father was taking the Earl into his good graces the difficulties were obviously much decreased; indeed, the new will seemed to be getting

How Long Had This Scandal Been Going On?

fairly within reaching distance. She expressed her satisfaction—something he had scarcely ever known her to do before.

Finding the lady in this melting mood, the Earl turned his parboiled eyes upon her with an expression that boded trouble, and observed that he'd be blanked if he would endure any longer the dog's life he had been leading; he proposed to have an hour or so every day for relaxation and billiards at the château. Theretofore he had been by no means permitted to run at large, and his resolution was rather disturbing to Elvira. But being acquainted with his capacity for jumping the traces when too hard pressed, and wishing above all to encourage him in courting Mr. Hubbard, she assented.

Now at the château livery there were some very good riding horses, and the Earl was mildly fond of that exercise. Thus it fell out that while a large touring car frequently stood in the shade of the old elms at the Bethany Inn for an hour or so during the afternoon, a certain chestnut mare from the château livery as often was tied at the side of the inn for an hour or so during the forenoon.

But though Mr. Hubbard was made at home on the back porch, it was only on the front porch that the Earl surveyed the scenery and consumed his berries and cream. Edith was very nice to him because she was so irrepressibly amiable that she was nice to anybody who refrained from striking her; but she couldn't really forgive him for being at outs with Mr. Hubbard, so that, as Farthest instructed her, she must not mention the old gentleman to him or him to the old gentleman.

As for Mr. Hubbard—in the parlor of the inn stood a square piano of unknown antiquity. The invalid directed his electrical hearing apparatus toward it while Edith carefully tinkled out and warbled sweetly—if not very correctly—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean. There were really tears in the old gentleman's eyes as he told her, in a voice none too steady, it was forty years since anybody had sung to him.

Edith herself wept from sheer sympathy when she told her husband about it. "He's just a dear old man," she declared, with unwonted passion, "and I know he likes us awfully well, Frank. He likes to get away from all the doctors and nurses and servants and fuss, and come up to this quiet place; and he likes me to be with him because I'm a picture of health. I don't care the least bit if we are poor! Not the least bit! I think it's lovely for that dear old man to want to be over here with us, where we like him just for himself, and he can forget those horrid people over there who are always thinking about his money and his will and all that!"

Observing the tender drops in his wife's beautiful eyes, Farthest glanced at the floor and actually blushed a little. "I'm afraid they are mercenary," he murmured.

It was a rather odd thing—since she spoke of wills—that Farthest had of late adopted the curious amusement of studying several of those documents that were on file at the courthouse. Also, he had rented a typewriter but never used it. The young man seemed indeed to have given himself over to frivolous occupations and to be doing nothing at all to forward that grand project of a sanatorium. He even laid out part of his slender stock of cash in the purchase of a camera and amused himself taking snapshots of the inn. He took several of Edith and Mr. Hubbard.

At the same time, very naturally, Elvira's thoughts also turned in a testamentary direction. She mentioned a will to her father several times and cautiously sounded dignified Mr. Campbell as to whether the mentioning was bearing fruit of a tangible sort. Mr. Campbell, who had a high sense of the etiquette of his profession, gave her evasive answers. She judged, however, that things must be moving along, and meanwhile she kept a sharp watch in every direction.

One day her watchfulness was duly rewarded. She was sitting on the lawn—as a person with a field glass in the upper story of the Château Avignon might have observed—when a boy came through the grounds leading a saddled and bridled chestnut mare. As a matter of course, Elvira stopped him and asked some questions. The horse, the boy said, was for the Earl, being the very same horse the Earl had been riding every day for a fortnight. Theretofore the Earl had come to the stable for the horse, but today somebody had telephoned that the horse was to be brought over to the cottage. This was all the boy knew about the affair, and it was quite enough for Elvira's purpose. Sending the boy and horse back to the stable, the Countess instantly repaired to the house and sought her lord.

The conjugal interview that ensued was painful and variegated, Elvira raving hysterically and the Earl stolidly cursing. He had to admit that his hour or so of liberty had been employed not in playing billiards but in riding. He declared, however, upon his ancient and spotless honor, that he had been merely cantering about the country to get some air and exercise, with no particular objective point in view.

The count supposed that he was the luckless victim of some stupid misunderstanding on the part of the people at the stable, and he would as soon have thought of laying the responsibility for his misfortune upon the man in the moon as upon the mild, slender, negligible young person named North who, in the nobleman's mind, constituted one of the minor conveniences of the inn, ranking about with the hitching-post in importance.

Naturally the Earl's parole was canceled. For several days he was not even permitted to accompany Mr. Hubbard in the daily airing, and passed the gate only when immediately under the eye of his devoted wife.

Elvira usually drove a while in the afternoon. On the third day after the incident of the horse, as the cart containing herself and her miserable husband rolled through the bronze gate, a slender young man, with mild dark eyes and wavy dark hair, which he wore long in a poetic fashion, was standing there. He seemed just to have come up the street. He was rather shabbily dressed and in his right hand he bore a telegram. As the cart came through the gate he stepped forward briskly, respectfully removing his hat. Seeing the telegram, Elvira checked the horse.

"Why, howdy-do, Earl!" the young man exclaimed, with the greatest amiability, his dark eyes shining in pleased surprise. "We've been wondering why you don't come over any more. My wife said to tell you, if I saw you, to come over tomorrow and she'd make another of those raspberry custards you like so well." While speaking, the young man put the telegram in his pocket.

The Countess discourteously struck the horse with the whip and the cart darted away, leaving the mild young man blankly standing with his hat in his hand. From the expression on the Countess' face he judged that the ride would be anything but agreeable to her husband.

Only two days later another affliction was laid upon Elvira. As the Earl was strictly segregated, it became the duty of James Aldice Campbell and Dr. Leffingwell Ward to accompany Mr. Hubbard every day when he went for the air. He picked the gentlemen up at the château, or else they strolled up to the cottage just before three o'clock and left with the invalid. On this particular day, looking out a few minutes before three, she saw the lawyer and doctor coming up leisurely through the grounds. But, happening to look out ten or fifteen minutes later, she saw them sitting on a rustic bench, conversing. She was much astonished, for she thought her father had gone. Prompt inquiry disclosed that he had indeed left at the usual hour in his car. Beset by vague alarms Elvira hastened out to question Messrs. Campbell and Ward. The gentlemen told her, with some embarrassment, that Mr. Hubbard had started about a minute before they reached the cottage and, looking steadily to the left, shot by them at a high rate of speed, quickly disappearing through the bronze gate. They confessed, also with some embarrassment, that twice recently, instead of stopping at the château to pick them up, Mr. Hubbard had dashed by at about forty miles an hour. Both gentlemen affected to treat the matter lightly, assuring the Countess that it could mean nothing more than a temporary lapse into absent-mindedness on the invalid's part.

But Elvira treated nothing lightly—excepting, possibly, other people's convenience. She felt acutely that as a weak, lone, unfortunate woman, surrounded by malevolent influences, she must be on her guard every instant. She awaited her father's return with profound anxiety and made it a point to be on hand when his car rolled up to the cottage. The old gentleman looked perfectly innocent; but so, she knew, does a cat that has eaten a canary. Her sharp eyes fairly riddled the car, the chauffeur and the invalid, and in a moment she detected in different places upon her father's coat two long shining threads of chestnut colored hair—just where Farthest had thoughtfully placed them. Only the will of an Amazon kept her from fainting dead away.

Speechless, her brain reeling, she followed her father into the house and made plans to get hold of his clothes at the earliest practicable moment. She searched them and in one of the coat pockets found a hairpin. Sleep deserted her that night. Never before, she felt, was a distracted woman so tragically situated. There was absolutely no one to whom she could turn for help. Bitterly she realized that the man in whom she should have trusted, and who had sworn to cherish and protect her, was far more likely to pick her pocket; and she knew from unpleasant experience that her father's valet and chauffeur were stubbornly attached to their master. It was one of the poignantly humiliating circumstances of the case that she had no power to discharge those menials and dared not fall on them with a club.

In the morning she got what she could from the chauffeur, which was not much. He admitted, rather sullenly, that Mr. Hubbard had told him not to stop for Doctor Ward and Mr. Campbell, but as to all further inquiries he simply referred her to her father. When she lost patience, and reproached him in quite opprobrious terms, the brute merely shrugged his shoulders and walked away, leaving her only the poor recourse of returning to the house, boxing her own maid's ears and bursting into tears of rage.

Her trials had only begun, however, for that very afternoon the boxed maid brought her a kodak picture. A young man dressed like a mechanic, she said, had accosted her on the street and given her the picture, saying that he was employed in the château garage; that Mr. Hubbard's car had been brought in there the day before for some repairs; that in going over the car he had opened the leather box in front of the tonneau and therein discovered several photographs. It had occurred to him that the pictures might possess a monetary value; in short, if the Countess wished to see the remaining ones she could send him twenty-five dollars by the maid. The young man said, also, that on two previous occasions he had discovered rather interesting little articles in the leather box, and if in the future he discovered there anything that might interest the Countess he would inform the maid, naming a moderate price. Such was the maid's account. She neglected to add that the young man proposed to divide the twenty-five dollars with her, and she followed his instructions in describing him to the Countess as thick-set and red-headed, whereas, in fact, he was slim and wore long, dark hair.

The picture that he sent as a sample showed two figures. One of them was Wesley Hubbard; the other a young and comely person of the gentler sex. Not only were the two sitting side by side on what looked like a garden bench, but they were smiling merrily at each other and Mr. Hubbard was holding the female's hand. Moreover, the picture plainly showed that he was wearing his forbidden electrical apparatus, and Elvira's panicky investigation disclosed that the apparatus had been removed from the cottage. Obviously the invalid was so well along with the female that he left the apparatus in her keeping. The Countess eagerly invested in the remaining photographs. There were five of them, and all showed Mr. Hubbard and the same comely companion in friendly attitudes.

Persons afflicted with nightmare know the horrid sensation of putting forth a confident foot beneath which there is nothing but the yielding air, through which they go tumbling heels over head for miles and miles. Such was the sickening sensation that Elvira experienced. Dreadful thoughts crowded upon her mind. How long had this scandal been going on?

Above all, who was abetting the senile invalid? He must have accomplices. Who, among those about him and herself, were the traitors?

By this time Elvira herself had observed something of a change in the infatuated old man. He was no longer quite the merely passive object that he had been. At times he exhibited strong symptoms of possessing a will of his own. Only two or three days before, stepping into the room unexpectedly, he had discovered Elvira's maid in the act of carrying off his private mail for her mistress' inspection, as usual. The maid had returned to Elvira precipitately, in a disordered, nervous state, and reported that Mr. Hubbard had chased her to the door quite nimbly, with uplifted stick, and promised to beat her black and blue if she dared ever enter his apartments again.

Very likely, therefore, he would not tamely submit to being removed from Avignon; yet Elvira resolved to remove him even if she had to gag, bind and chloroform him. The crucial question was, whom could she trust to help her rescue him and the family from the pit that yawned before them? The Earl, she knew, was but a broken reed; and Doctor Schiller, being a foreigner, wouldn't understand. Should it be Doctor Ward or Mr. Campbell, or both? She spent the night anxiously debating that question.

Next day, helplessly suffocating with pent emotions, she watched her father depart for his fatal airing. When he returned—fully half an hour late—she noted, with a sinking heart, that the poor, lost old man smiled at her cheerily and his eyes twinkled quite brightly. Instead of coming into the house to take his massage, as he should have done, he went puttering around the grounds as though he were really interested in them; and he gave a gardener some instructions with considerable snap.

She could only wonder where he had been, who had been with him and what he had been doing; but in her isolated and desperate situation Fortune had vouchsafed her one tiny bit of vantage-ground: she knew one of the enemy's hiding-places—namely, that stiff leather box which was attached to the front of the tonneau. Naturally the strategic importance of the box had flashed upon her mind the moment she learned that the young mechanic had discovered surreptitious articles there. Taking the first opportunity, therefore, she went to the garage, gave the chauffeur an errand to do and hastily undid the fastenings of the box. Lifting the lid and peeping within, her heart bounded as she saw a legal-looking bundle of papers.

Possessing herself of them and fastening the box with trembling fingers, she hastened to the cottage and secluded herself.

The papers comprised two folded typewritten documents. As she eagerly opened the first one her eyes were greeted with the heading, "Last Will and Testament of Wesley Hubbard." The document was long, cumbrous and tautological with legal terms. As a matter of fact, Farthest had taken infinite pains in composing it, carefully following the phraseology of the wills he had consulted at the courthouse. Nevertheless its meaning was crystal-clear to Elvira. It disposed of Mr. Hubbard's fortune as follows:

(1) To —— ——, one million dollars, in first-mortgage bonds of the Transcontinental Sawmill Corporation, to be delivered to her immediately upon my decease;

(2) To my beloved son-in-law, the Earl of Esk, two million dollars in cash, to be paid him immediately upon my decease;

(3) To Leffingwell Ward, M. D., and James Aldice Campbell, twenty million dollars, in bonds of the Transcontinental Sawmill Corporation, and all real estate and improvements thereon at Avignon of which I may die possessed, to be held by them in trust for the Wesley Hubbard Memorial Hospital and Institute for the Investigation of Nervous Diseases, which is to be established by them at Avignon as hereinafter set forth: and to each of said trustees the additional sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash, to be paid them immediately upon my decease as full compensation for the services they render as such trustees;

(4) To my beloved daughter, the Countess of Esk, all the residue of my estate, after paying my debts and funeral expenses.

The second document consisted of a single sheet, and was headed, "Prenuptial Marriage Contract." It said, whereas Wesley Hubbard and —— —— were about to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and whereas said Wesley Hubbard had bequeathed the said —— —— one million dollars in his will, the said —— —— hereby agreed to accept the said one million dollars in full satisfaction of any claims the law might allow her. The writing stopped in the middle of a paragraph, as though this were merely an incomplete draft. In fact, having no model to guide him, and being all in the dark as to what a prenuptial marriage contract should be like, Farthest had deemed it wise to be brief. Both documents were unsigned, and the will contained several pencil notations on the margin, as though it had been the subject of discussion among two or more persons.

It was instantly clear to Elvira that the beloved daughter's share would be about a million dollars—substantially the same as the share of that —— —— who came first, as though temporarily nearest the testator's heart. It was clear, also, that the Earl of Esk, Leffingwell Ward, M. D., and James Aldice Campbell were three of the most abandoned villains on earth, who were infamously furthering a dotard's shameful infatuation for the purpose of feathering their own nests. When she reflected that the false physician and lawyer were in a fair way of getting their hands upon four-fifths of the Hubbard millions Elvira's state was pitiful. She broke a costly hand-mirror over her maid's head and threw the rest of the toilet set after her retreating form.

She resolved to get her father away from Avignon in forty-eight hours or perish in the attempt. Her first step was to send for Dr. Leffingwell Ward. When that eminent specialist presented himself she instantly accused him—without even the preliminary of a "Good evening"—of trying to poison her father; and in breathless succession she applied to him such terms as quack, fool, shark, robber, cheat, liar, cutthroat, while the paralyzed physician stood gaping at her, unable to move or speak. A little later, whenever he did essay to speak, Elvira loosened another torrent of wrath. It was not until the next morning that she could get hold of James Aldice Campbell. After she had spent seven minutes in heaping the grossest insults upon his dignified head, the attorney recovered his faculties sufficiently to back out of the room and leave the house. Both the physician and the lawyer took the noon train for New York.

Elvira derived a gloomy satisfaction from their departure. Oddly enough, Mr. Hubbard himself derived satisfaction from it.

"I've been wanting to send 'em packing for a week," he told Edith, chuckling. "What do you think?" Twinkling, he waited a moment to see what she would think. "I slept five hours last night!"

Indeed, the old gentleman seemed in

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The Car Slowed, Rolled Up to Them and Stopped, Since the Buggy Barred the Way

PETTICOAT PROFESSIONS

New Women in New Fields--By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE old-fashioned type of charity still exists. Impulsive city ladies still give baskets of food and clothes to ragged men with moving tales; and perhaps, having given all they can afford, they offer nothing to the next applicant, who may be even more deserving than the first. To this day in England, and perhaps in some places in this country, prettily dressed ladies and children go about villages with dainty baskets full of food to be given to "my dependents," "my old men and women," after the usual questions have been asked about whether the husband has been drunk and the wife indolent.

From the esthetic point of view there is something very attractive in watching a young girl, in a white gown and lace hat tied with blue ribbons, walking down a village street amid curtsying old women, each of whom hopes there is tea in that basket for her. No wonder the young girl is agreeably uplifted as a result of her morning of patronizing and the general feudal atmosphere she breathes. Perhaps it is not strange that she can go to church on Sunday with the consciousness that she has done her duty in that station of life—far above that of her beneficiaries—to which it has pleased God to call her.

The new-fashioned social worker probably does not attend divine service; she is too tired from the strenuous week to want to breathe the stuffy air of the average church. She goes about her work, not once in a while on a set morning, but every day; not feeling that philanthropy is meritorious; not in a patronizing attitude; not clad in a fluffy gown and carrying a basket, but wearing a tailormade suit and carrying a notebook and pencil. She is not a happy, care-free creature, glad to do something for the world from the excess of her own contentment. She is a serious person who perhaps has suffered personally, who has certainly suffered vicariously, and who has done some sustained thinking on the problems of the world. She is frequently a university graduate; often she has had special work besides in some school of philanthropy, and she may even be that most desirable of social experts, a university graduate and also a lawyer or a doctor, who can turn the valuable contribution of the professional specialist into that great synthesis of human endeavor—social service.

The Personal Element in Charity

PERHAPS it is safe to hazard the generalization that in organized social work there has at last appeared a profession that is woman's own. She cannot here be accused of invading the field of men, of crowding them to the wall and taking their living because she will do the work for less pay. Always service and charity have been the functions of women, whether they exercised them in their own homes with their children and poorer neighbors, or whether they went abroad nursing the sick and the wounded. In the old days women and priests, for the most part, did the social work of the world, necessarily in a detached, sporadic and unorganized fashion. The charity was usually personal, unconnected with any institution outside of the church and often administered without much judgment.

"Does Your Husband Drink? Does He Beat You? How Many Children Have You and are They Earning Anything?"

The unsuccessful have ceased to be "my particular charges" to a number of women who are obeying without much thought their inborn instincts of pity and maternity, and have become duly tabulated "cases" to a number of no less sweet-hearted and maternal women who have brought to their work not only the desire to serve but also the gift of organization and the equipment of well-trained minds. Out of spasmodic giving and more or less haphazard philanthropy, and some splendidly effective social work such as has been accomplished by the settlements, there has grown a definite profession for which people, chiefly women, are trained and paid as they would be in teaching, medicine or law. And it has all been a matter of scarcely a dozen years.

It is the opinion of the advanced thinkers among the social-service workers that all the professions need to be more socialized. Perhaps it is because many serious-minded women feel this lack of socialization that they are no longer satisfied with the professions of law and medicine and the ministry. These women want to see justice done among the classes of people for whom the common law courts were established. Conscious of the discrepancy between law and fact in the matter of industrial freedom, they want to use the machinery of the law for the working out of real justice. In the church they cannot do the social work they did in the old days, for civilization has grown too complex; and so the ministry does not attract them as it once did. Scholarship has its own rewards of the spirit, but it is not always easy for its woman possessor to relate it to the human world about her. With secondary school-teaching the case is different. All the best teachers who have the mind and the energy study the home of the child. It goes without saying that when they have a difficult pupil they go to see the father and mother, not merely to talk about the child but also to study his parentage and surroundings. As to medicine, the "ethics" of the profession still is such that a doctor need not tell a woman facts about her husband's illness that would affect the life of the whole household. Likewise, the habit of the profession is still too much to treat the patient in hand as an isolated case, without the vital and necessary study of that case in relation to its environment, its human surroundings.

"When I was an interne," said a doctor who has become a social worker, "we took into the hospital a baby whose digestion was all wrong. It was the child of an Italian woman, silent but with big eager eyes that spoke all sorts of mother love and agony. Well, we cured it at a cost to ourselves of something like twenty dollars and returned it to her. Six weeks later she brought it back to us as sick as before, and sick in just the same way.

"Not a soul in that hospital asked the mother a single question outside of what the baby's symptoms were and how long it had been sick. They did not ask her how she had fed it or what kind of air it had breathed. I followed up the case and found that the poor mother, who would have died for her child, didn't know how to live for it. She was ignorant of the very first principles of feeding and caring for a baby; and, mind you, she was perfectly capable of being taught. Yet the hospital would have gone on spending twenty dollars time after time in curing the baby till it finally pulled through or died. You see it was nobody's business to find out causes; the hospital had not been organized in any such way. There was a link missing between the case and the background of the case, and it happened that without knowledge of the background the case could not be properly understood. It rarely can. All the doctors don't recognize this yet, any more than they realize perfectly that we must prevent disease as well as cure it. It was only when the social workers woke up the doctors that we got the anti-tuberculosis crusade, the clean-milk crusade, school hygiene, the playground association crusade and the pure-food law."

Socialization is coming to the other professions just as slowly as one would expect in a world where the question of welfare has become a question of price; but that it is coming at all is sufficient encouragement to those social workers who believe that our evolution is spiritual no less than physical. And if they are conscious of the failing in other professions they are no less conscious of the lack in their own. Well organized as social work now is, it is not perfectly organized, nor can it be so until every institution working for social good in every city and village of the United States is somehow or other related to every other such institution. Perhaps the beginnings of that have come. Certainly it would seem as if the seeker for help entering the building of the United Charities in New York would find aid in some of those offices where the aim is to give the right kind of help to every one, from crippled workmen to dependent children. Yet many deserving people remain in need because the institution to supply their wants is not available, or because they and the institution have not come into touch.

"One of Them That Has Thrown a Note on Me Told a Lot of Lies and This Young Thing Believed Her"

Successful Schools of Philanthropy

THE social workers, however enthusiastic, cherish no false dreams; they know well enough that as long as people are crowded together in fetid tenements, as long as children are badly nourished, as long as mothers are ignorant, as long as immigrants are not properly assimilated into our civilization and as long as employers make business the central and controlling interest—seeking not for a livelihood but for large profits—so long will the state continue to possess a number of degenerate, starving and hopeless citizens. The social workers, who are looking to the future even more than to the present, have in mind the welfare of the state. One way to help save the state and the world is to educate as fast as possible all capable people—men and women—willing to act as paid and unpaid social workers.

This training is being carried on in various ways, but most effectively, perhaps, in four schools: the New York School of Philanthropy; the Boston School of Social Workers—both of which were created in embryo some twelve years ago but which have not been fully organized for more than six years; the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, incorporated as a school something over two years ago; and the St. Louis School of Social Economy, two years old. The training-school of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York also does excellent work.

These schools are the outgrowth of two increasingly recognized facts: first, that humanitarian work, private and public, has come to be regarded as skilled professional service; and second, that efficiency in such service requires technical training of the most practical kind, based on

social investigation and practice in the field. It is believed that the same needs and tendencies that have established medical and nursing schools and laboratories for physical and psychical research are evolving scientific training for social work and investigation.

A course in such a school occupies, roughly speaking, the equivalent of the work of two years in college. The tuition differs in the different cities: the cost in the New York school is one hundred dollars a year, the Chicago school asks, for the present, sixty dollars a year. All of them offer certain scholarships to properly qualified people. All of them show tendencies to shut out mere driftwood students in that credit and a certificate are given only to those who have had beforehand the equivalent of a high-school or college education, although special students of "general education" are admitted to the lectures without credit. This scheme tends to weed out the sentimentalists, both men and women, who have not a good mental grasp on the humanitarian problems of the hour.

Any young girl whose view of charity is old-fashioned might well falter before the strenuous curricula prescribed by these schools, all of them practical and none of them permitting what students call "snap" courses. The courses offered deal with questions of housing and public health, play and playgrounds, the public care of children, the physical and psychical factors underlying dependency and delinquency, immigration, social legislation, community coöperation, the administration of institutions, the social functions of local government, industrial efficiency and kindred subjects.

The instructors are frequently university professors and are always persons of thorough training and experience in social problems. Under the patronage of the Russell Sage Foundation bureaus of social research have been established in connection with the schools, where special problems in the social conditions of the cities are studied practically and where, in the theoretical part, the application of statistical methods to social problems is taught. In nearly every case the public institutions and social agencies in the county and municipal departments have coöperated closely and cordially with the schools.

A Little Girl's Polite Inquiries

AS FAR as equipment and methods are concerned these schools seem about as perfect as anything in this imperfect world can be. They are anxious to make their field and practice work absolutely practical. Visits and excursions are organized for classes, and even for individual students, so that they may examine and study public institutions such as almshouses, jails, hospitals, dispensaries, schools, playgrounds, immigration stations; and the private charitable institutions, such as settlements, mission houses and the innumerable organized activities for social betterment. Here the students can observe, and can supplement their observation with definite information from superintendents and head workers. These tours and conferences serve really as social clinics.

Besides the visits to institutions, each student has to spend several hours a week in one of the district offices of a charity organization society, taking cases, visiting, helping and reporting upon visits to needy families under the supervision of a trained district worker, thus securing that personal knowledge of the problem of poverty so essential for all social workers, whatever specialty each may later take up. After that, at least in New York, the student is usually expected to select some line of practical work, preferably the one she expects to make her vocation, and to spend several months in the virtually unsalaried employ of a society through which such work is carried on. This field department acts as a clearing house through which positions in charity organization work are filled and by the suggestion of which new charity organizations are originated.

In social work all cases are carefully handled. There is a story of a small pauper girl who was taken to luncheon at a rich woman's house. With good intentions she began to make conversation, and her questions to her hostess were as follows:

"Does your husband drink? Does he beat you? How much does he get a week? Why was he discharged from his last place? Do you go to church? How many children have you and are they earning anything?"

That was the kind of questions the child had heard from the rich guest who invaded her mother's rooms. Today such an incident could scarcely happen. Sometimes, though rarely, a young student will blunder in her field work, and will, for example, handle a dependent family tactlessly; making a wrong judgment of their case, she will give them too much or too little, or may even hurt their feelings needlessly.

"That young girl," said one old woman in New York who had formerly known better days, and who now works when she can and starves as long as she can and then asks for help—"That young girl you sent over to give me charity—well, I just had to feel charity for her. All them questions she asked! Why should a respectable unmarried woman of my age be asked about husband and children? What is the use of going to see if my second cousin in Jersey City will do anything for me, when he never has and never will and it will take a day to find out, and me heart-scalded for a cup of tea? She didn't see me at all. She just saw her list of questions. Besides, she went and asked things about me from the neighbors, and one of them that has thrown a hate on me told a lot of lies and this young thing believed her. But I didn't want to make her feel as bad as she made me feel, so I didn't tell her how to handle her business."

As a rule, each social worker is so carefully instructed and supervised when she is a beginner that it is not often that she makes a serious mistake. Of course the social workers are not entirely recruited from the schools; they often come from other professions, finding in social service what best meets the demands of their own heads and hearts. They are usually extending their maternal instinct. If they have not homes and husbands of their own, they still wish to be needed in deeply human ways—to help.

More and more women are desiring to earn their own living in connection with social service. Though the profession is primarily a profession for women, men are beginning to invade it; perhaps twenty or twenty-five per cent of the social workers of America are men. Some of them are of the same type of good but weak men who used to go into the ministry on the principle of being of service whether they had anything to give or not. But more and more the profession is attracting the good but business-like type of young men who are realizing that here is a good professional opening. The position that a capable man can get in this profession is likely to pay him as much as teaching would, and will perhaps take less out of him.

She Goes About Her Work Not Once in a While on a Jet Morning, But Every Day

Naturally not all of the positions pay equally well. The salaries in New York, for example, vary from forty or fifty dollars a month to salaries on a par with those of university professors or of the pastors of the larger city churches. The number of salaried positions is said to be increasing and higher salaries are being given for efficient service. According to the way of the business world, good men in this profession get higher salaries than do good women.

There are in and about the city of New York not fewer than a thousand positions connected with social service, perhaps half as many in Chicago, and thousands more in the other cities and towns of the United States. Even in the little towns of America a larger sense of responsibility for the welfare of the weak and unsuccessful has been steadily if slowly developed. The philanthropic work of a small community is usually impelled by a more or less purely religious motive, and is generally organized and directed by the church or churches in the community.

The Churches Falling Into Line

THE churches have made some attempts to train workers: for example, New York and Philadelphia have had training schools for deaconesses for twenty years; and yet, since the work has been more or less isolated, there has often been a good deal of imposture and reduplication. Nowadays, in many places through a central bureau, the churches have been learning to coöperate. They have been slow to concern themselves with the intricacies of social and economic theory, but they are coming at last to accept the trained scientific worker as their helper. Many churches, even in small towns, employ a parish visitor, while in some city churches social work is being elaborately and admirably organized.

All in all, there are positions enough, it would seem, for properly trained women. To take an example: there are three hundred and thirty-six cities that have small parks requiring more than fifteen hundred instructors. In general, thousands of positions are connected with the institutions of the state and municipal governments, with private institutions such as settlements and charity organizations and hospitals, and with business houses. There are probation and truant officers, sanitary inspectors, tenement and factory inspectors, nurses and doctors in various children's homes, matrons or administrators in various institutions, teachers of cooking and sewing, executive secretaries of educational or philanthropic societies, members of boards of managers and committees of philanthropic institutions, friendly visitors, head workers and assistants in social settlements and in institutional churches, and managers in welfare departments of manufacturing and mercantile establishments. The demand for adequately equipped persons outruns the supply.

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No Wonder the Young Girl is Agreeably Uplifted as a Result of Her Morning of Patronizing

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Our Free Trade in Labor

JOSIE MILEWSKI is the name of a young lady who was arrested the other day for leading a disturbance in connection with the garmentmakers' strike in Chicago. Have you noticed how thickly the labor news of late years is sprinkled with names that sound odd to American ears? In the great garmentmakers' strike in New York this year subjects of the Czar figured prominently. Hungarians played the chief rôle in the memorable pressed-steel car strike. In the Pittsburgh survey and in nearly all like investigations of overworked, underpaid, ill-housed "American" labor, the foreign element is conspicuous. Here is an official report from Pennsylvania showing that only about one-third of the laborers in that state's great coal industry are native-born. Here is an official report from Austria-Hungary showing that the wage of such skilled workmen as stonecutters, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, coopers, masons and plasterers is about a dollar a day; of unskilled labor thirty-four to fifty-three cents a day.

We give manufacturers a high tariff to protect them against the products of that "pauper labor"; but the labor itself comes here in floods. In ten years, eight and a quarter million immigrants have arrived in the United States, and about two-thirds of them—roughly five and a half million—have come from Russia, Austria-Hungary and Italy, countries of the lowest wages and most nearly pauperized labor. High protection against the products of that labor, but free trade in the labor itself is the program. True, we pay this labor better wages than it would get at home, or it wouldn't come; but can any one doubt that a flood of the cheapest labor in Europe tends to keep down the wage-scale here? Lest any one say that our high wage-scale is due to our policy of high protection, we may point out that the countries from which this labor comes have high protection too. From Russia, having a tariff as high as our own, we drew a million and a half immigrants in ten years; from free-trade Great Britain less than half a million.

Much of this immigration is valuable to the United States. What we object to is the inconsistency of highly protecting industries against the products of cheap labor while they are drawing in vast quantities of the cheap labor itself.

Socialists in Power

SOCIALISTS have come rather nearer to getting control of the Government in France than in any other nation of equal importance—that is, the present prime minister was an ardent adherent of that party and his immediate predecessor was an extreme radical. The administrations of both were notable for the rigor with which they suppressed disorders growing out of strikes. The thoroughness and dispatch with which Premier Briand crushed the recent railroad strike would have commended itself to Frederick the Great.

We suppose an avowed anarchist, if elected President of the United States, would give about the same sort of executive administration that Mr. Rockefeller would, except that he might be more prompt to put obstreperous anarchists in jail; and fellow anarchists would be as mad at him as Socialists everywhere are at Briand. Any theory of government that is radically different from the prevailing system simply has to give way when it comes to actual practice in the running of the Government, because an inch at a time is the utmost rate of permanent change in a big nation. Even the great and lasting political revolutions did hardly more than to rub one set of maxims off a blackboard and write up another set, leaving everything else unchanged. The only difference that the American Revolution made in the day-to-day life of the citizen, for example, was that a different heading was printed at the top of his jury summons and tax receipt.

By remembering that the Ship of State is not a touring car but an ice wagon with the brakes set, extreme conservatives, and extreme radicals too, may save themselves much needless nerve wear.

The Decline in Wheat

FROM the middle of July to the beginning of November, wheat at Chicago for the December delivery declined twenty-two cents a bushel, losing one-fifth of its value. At the latter time it was worth less than the year before by twelve cents a bushel. Applied to seven hundred million bushels, this makes quite a sum. By the middle of July the size of the crop was approximately known, and the after-harvest report shows that the total outturn in the United States was less than in 1909. As the price declined farmers were not especially free in marketing. The quantity of wheat that moved into commercial channels to November was less than last year. In short, the decline of one-fifth in the price of wheat cannot be attributed to any increased supply of the commodity in the United States; and the consumptive demand, with a growing population, can hardly have fallen off.

The increased supply, indeed, occurred on the other side of the world. On this crop-year, beginning July first, Russian, Danubian, Indian and Argentine ports have sent out a third more wheat than in 1909. This prodigal outpouring of "pauper-labor" grain depressed European markets, and the Kansas farmer suffered. True, he is piously "protected" by an import duty of twenty-five cents a bushel—which doesn't keep his wheat from declining when Russia and Argentina underbid him at Liverpool.

The Bottom Price for Money

FOR the small investor there is some consolation in the fact that British Government bonds recently sold at seventy-eight and three-quarters, the lowest price since the panic of 1847. Twenty-two years ago, under the chancellorship of Lord Goschen, the rate of interest on "consols" was reduced from three to two and three-quarters per cent, and in 1903 to two and a half per cent. The decline in price since then seems to prove that, even with the "best security in the world," money cannot be had year in and year out at less than three per cent.

A statute of Henry VIII made ten per cent the maximum legal interest rate. This was reduced to eight per cent in the time of James I, to six per cent in the reign of Charles II, to five per cent in Queen Anne's day, and before the end of the eighteenth century the Government borrowed at three per cent. After the lapse of a hundred and fifty years, notwithstanding the enormous accumulation of capital, that appears to be about the rock-bottom rate for a permanent investment with the best possible security.

This must be some comfort to the small investor, because the rock-bottom rate is about what he gets for his money.

To the great manipulators of capital, cheap money, of course, is what cheap labor is to the manufacturer; and in some plethoric periods they have indulged pleasant dreams that presently money might be had in quantities for little more than the asking.

Merchants and the Parcels-Post

HOSTILITY of the express companies to the parcels-post is so like hostility of porch-climbers to burglar-alarms that we don't believe it would get a hearing very long if it were not supported by the country merchant's fear that the parcels-post will increase the business of the mail-order houses at his expense. To contrive a parcels-post scheme which will relieve the public from express rates that yield three-hundred-per-cent "melons," but will not be available to mail-order houses in competition with country merchants, is obviously rather difficult. An attempt in that direction was made at the last session of Congress, and very likely the first bill that passes will be along that line; but probably it ought to be recognized that the parcels-post is bound to come and, once it is established, any restrictions that limit its public usefulness are pretty certain to be removed. It has been urged, quite plausibly, that an unrestricted parcels-post will help the country merchant by putting him in easier touch with his farm-patrons more than it will hurt him by bringing in mail-order goods. At any rate, to erect a barrier against increased transportation facilities can hardly be a safe and enduring shield against competition. The competition of mail-order houses must finally be met on some ground other than maintaining high rates for the carriage of parcels. We hope country merchants will study the problem from that point of view—considering, for example, the coöperative buying of their stocks.

A Text From Lincoln

MANY devoted Republicans must now be resting in blissful consciousness that they performed their duty to that party on November eighth by voting for a Democrat. In New York alone the number of ardent Republicans who did their best to defeat the Republican nominee for governor, simply because that defeat would annoy Roosevelt, must be large.

"It is a singular fact," Lincoln said, "but none the less a fact and well known by the most common experience, that men will do things under the party lash that they would not on any account or for any consideration do otherwise." Writing to a Southern friend at about the same time and in much the same strain, Mr. Lincoln observed:

"The slave-breeders and slave-traders are a small, odious and detested class among you; yet in politics they dictate the course of all of you and are as much your masters as you are the masters of your own negroes."

Since then, thank fortune, the completely despotic and immoral power of party organization has been decidedly weakened. Lincoln's words show what may always be expected of that power when it is despotic.

The Joys of Being Snowbound

MAY we never doubt the joys of being snowbound! It makes one so delightfully intimate with himself. He realizes afresh that the mind hath its own place. Shut snugly from the storm, before a blazing hearth, the book has a keener appeal; yet he could almost forego it for the pleasure of merely thinking. Human companionship, too, takes on deeper meaning and richer flavor . . .

Said one man, with lack-luster eye:

"The railroads ought to be prosecuted. They treat us like dogs. No people in the world, except the American people, would stand it. In Europe the directors would be hanged."

Another, glowering belligerently upon the first speaker and growling in his beard, replied:

"The railroads are no worse than the hotels. A well-bred hog would die of humiliation in that hole at the Junction. There are only two decent hotels in the United States."

A younger man, gloomily thumbing over the leaves of a magazine, observed:

"You can't get anything fit to read. If I were a publisher and had the gall to charge anybody real money for a mess of rot like this, I'd choke myself with my own circulation statement."

They were experiencing the joys of being snowbound—on a train that was four hours late and losing time every minute. Everybody was missing his connection. Everybody overflowed with bitterness. Their minds had their own places, and if their thoughts had been visible images, what awful-looking places they would have been!

A Worldwide Steel Combine

THE report of a terrestrial steel trust is attractive partly because it is so circumstantial. By this international "cartel," says the report, the world's export trade has been apportioned as follows: To the United States, 25.70 per cent; to Great Britain, 37.36 per cent; to Germany, 20.13 per cent; to France, 4.47 per cent; to Belgium, 12.34 per cent. It is attractive also because it is inherently quite probable—if it hasn't actually happened yet, doubtless it will happen.

In March, 1900, the Carnegie Steel Company struck a balance sheet showing that it possessed cash, accounts receivable and materials valued, in round figures, at thirty-seven million dollars; plants valued at forty-two millions; stocks in other concerns and investments valued at twenty millions—making total assets of ninety-nine million dollars. One year later, for the property so valued and the allied Frick Coke Company, the United States Steel Corporation paid practically five hundred million dollars—largely because in the meanwhile Mr. Carnegie had threatened to start a grand steel war. In the opinion of Mr. Morgan and other promoters of the Steel Trust the price mentioned was not too much for the purpose of insuring harmony and preventing wide-open competition in the American steel industry; and competition is just as disagreeable in the foreign as in the domestic trade. If it was worth two or three hundred million dollars to restrain competition in the domestic field it must be worth about as much to keep the American, German and English plants from fighting over the export trade. When the opportunity to create and appropriate two or three hundred millions lies before a set of bright men they will not be very long in embracing it.

WHO'S WHO--AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Baron of Kansas City

BARON NELSON'S desk, in his office in Kansas City, is big, broad and massive, as befits the general style of architecture of the Baron himself. When the Baron sits at the desk there is a harmonious relation between the two component parts of that specific landscape—that is to say, the desk fits the Baron and the Baron fits the desk, and the two make it very imposing thereabout.

Now just above the Baron's desk there hang two framed photographs—one, as the writing on it says, from "Your friend, Theodore Roosevelt," and the other from "Yours sincerely, Grover Cleveland." The Cleveland picture was taken a good many years ago, probably about the time he was first elected President, and shows Mr. Cleveland before his hair had thinned much and while his mustache was still dark. It has faded some, whereas the Roosevelt picture is new and fresh.

Many men have pictures hanging over their desks. It isn't so hard to get a picture of a President, with a signature, as you might think. All that is needed is the picture and knowing how. Thus, the presence of these pictures above the Baron's desk ordinarily would not excite comment nor attract any great attention. Everybody who knows the Baron knows he is a great Roosevelt man and was a great Cleveland man. Most natural thing in the world to have the pictures of these statesmen in the office. Certainly.

However, had you strolled in to pass the time of day with the Baron—say, along about the beginning of Mr. Taft's term as President—you would have observed a picture of Roosevelt and a picture of Taft, also inscribed. Close examination now reveals no picture of Mr. Taft, just as close examination then revealed no picture of Grover Cleveland.

The Picture That Was Turned to the Wall

"RALPH," said the Baron to his managing editor one morning along about the time Mr. Taft made his tariff speech in Winona, "didn't we have a picture of Cleveland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

"Around somewhere. You took it down when you put up Taft's picture a year or so ago."

"Find it!" commanded the Baron.

They set the office-boys to scurrying about, and finally dug out the picture of Grover Cleveland.

"Hang it up there," ordered the Baron, indicating the place then occupied by the smiling Taft, "and put that other one away somewhere!"

Ordinary little office scene. A man wanted to change the pictures over his desk and changed them. True enough. Also, it was an extraordinary office scene, for it marked the break between Taft and Nelson, and marked also what was probably as important an accession to the ranks of the insurgent or progressive cause as any.

You see, the Baron owns two big newspapers which, though they are printed in Kansas City, Missouri, cover the state of Kansas like a blanket and have much influence and power. Moreover, Nelson was a real original Taft man, went to bat for Taft early in the campaign for his nomination, whooped it up for him through the preelection days, consulted with him and was consulted; and after the inauguration he sat back, smiled genially at the world and said: "Now, then, he's in and we'll get some action."

Taft was in, surely enough, but the Baron didn't get the action he wanted. Always a low-tariff man, he demanded that the tariff be revised downward, and he thought the President was with him. As things turned out, the Baron didn't get anywhere much. The tariff was not revised downward to any appreciable extent and the President didn't seem to be much concerned about it. Then came the Presidential defense of the tariff and the Baron exploded with a loud noise; the Insurgents of Kansas and elsewhere in the country scored several points, for when the Baron sets his mind to anything, and turns his newspapers in that direction, usually he gets results.

A large, two-fisted fighting man is the Baron, who gets out with an axe to establish his theories, his ideas or his convictions, and hews his way through, quite regardless of everything save his destination.

When Mr. Roosevelt was nearing the end of his term as President, and the Taft campaign was on, there was considerable talk, of course, that the Colonel might take the nomination after all. The man who put it square, smack up to the Colonel was Baron Nelson. "Here," said the Baron; "how about this? You said you did not intend to run again and we all know you meant it. Hence we are all out working for Taft. Now comes this talk again. Settle it once and for all. Hurry now! Don't let any grass grow under your feet!"—and the Colonel let nary a spear of grass grow, for he put out his final word on the subject almost immediately after the Baron came around and all was peace and quietness in the Taft campaign; and the Baron and all the others who were for Taft kept busy, with well-known results.

The Baron and Taft were great friends. Both are big men; both are companionable men. They liked one another, but when they split on the tariff proposition they split for fair. "Today," said the Baron casually in one of his papers one day last winter, placing said remark on the first page in leaded type, so there should be no mistake about it—"Today Mr. Taft couldn't carry a state west of the Alleghany Mountains." Whereupon the Baron landed with a loud splash out in the Kansas campaign and began helping along the Insurgents, with good results so far as the Insurgents were concerned.

He's Mighty Fierce-Looking at Times

Nelson is an Indiana man who went to Kansas City thirty years ago, when the town was just beginning to take shape. He established his paper, the Kansas City Star, and later bought a morning paper, the Times, which he also prints. The development of Kansas City from a raw western river town, miserably situated on a row of steep hills, to the present wonderful city it is, is one of those great American achievements that seem almost commonplace to the present generation, but which really is a commercial miracle.

Nelson played a great part in this work of building the town, or rather in beginning to build it, for Kansas City has only started. He hammered away for public improvements, for parks, for boulevards, for regrading of streets, for cutting down hills, for general municipal betterment; and he won in many instances and helped win in many more. He made his paper an intensely local paper, with Kansas City first and no second choice. He hired good men and kept them. Indeed, the loyalty of the Star men to their chief is traditional in newspaper circles. He built an office building devoted only to his business and is now completing another, about a block square. He made much money and his house is the showplace of the city—and he was broke when he landed on the muddy hillsides of the place thirty years ago.

There are plenty of men who criticise Nelson, plenty who dislike him and a good many who hate him, but there is nobody who will not admit he is a hard-hitting, ask-no-quarter sort of a fighting person, who jumps in and stays in until the proceedings have ended. He is tenacious of his own ideas and not particularly tolerant of those who disagree with him. He has a big, square frame, a big, square face and a deep bass voice that comes rumbling out of a barrel of a chest. He's mighty fierce-looking at times, and there are times also when he doesn't seem so all-fired fierce at that.

He has grown to be a pretty big citizen, has William R. Nelson—not only locally but nationally. He is one of the few individual owners and editors of great newspapers in this country; one of the very few men who can put "editor and owner" at the top of the editorial columns; and one of the still more limited number who, having put such a legend up, can stand by it and on it. Those papers are Nelson's. They may be right or they may be wrong, but they are always Nelson's. He runs them himself. That is all there is to that.

And, believe me, his idea of running a newspaper isn't to be pussy-footed about it. When he has anything to say he says it; and, to be exact about it, there have been very few instances when he has not had various things to say. Talking out in meeting is one of the Baron's most famous specialties.

The Hall of Fame

¶ E. H. Gary, the steel man, was the first mayor of Wheaton, Illinois.

¶ J. Pierpont Morgan employs a woman bookbuyer for his private library.

¶ Armstrong Drexel, the airman, gives all his prize-money to a London charity.

¶ Mayor Gaynor, of New York, is an authority on long hauls and short hauls and freight rates in general.

¶ Senator Billy Lorimer was born in Manchester, England. His first job was that of sign-painter's apprentice.

¶ Mr. James Bryce, the British Ambassador, is entitled to put fifteen capital letters after his name and Right Honorable before it.

¶ Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, the traveler and missionary, owns a surname that is just about as near the end of the alphabet as they come.

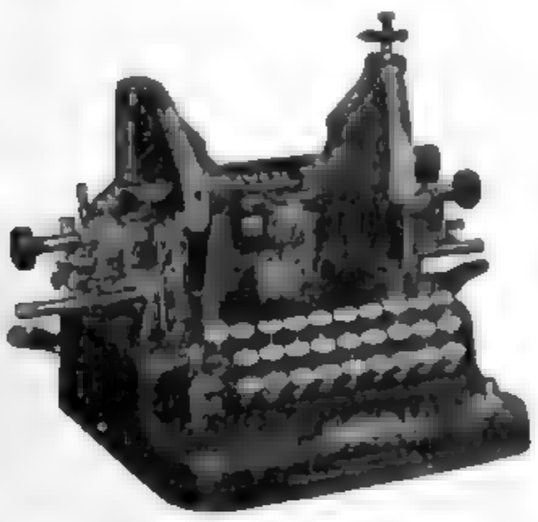
¶ William M. Olin, who for twenty years has been Secretary of State in Massachusetts, was for many years a reporter on a daily newspaper.

¶ Otis Skinner, the actor, is apparently fond of a classical atmosphere, for he has just built a house within three minutes' walk of Bryn Mawr College.

¶ H. Rider Haggard writes books on agriculture, but they are not mentioned among the best sellers nearly so often as She and King Solomon's Mines used to be.

This Coupon Delivers *The* Oliver Typewriter *for* Seventeen Cents a Day!

Our army of Oliver agents, over fifteen thousand strong, cannot possibly meet personally all who wish to avail themselves of this Seventeen-Cents-a-Day Offer. To meet the emergency we print below a QUICK DELIVERY COUPON. It is the Seventeen-Cents-a-Day Selling Plan reduced to its simplest form.



The great Oliver Typewriter factory is taxed to the utmost, turning tons of metal into carloads of typewriters, to meet this enormous demand.

But back of this vast equipment, back of the big demand—*overshadowing all in importance*—is THE BIG IDEA that finds expression in this marvelous writing machine.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE U-SHAPED TYPE BAR, COVERED BY BASIC PATENTS, GIVES THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER ITS OVERWHELMING ADVANTAGES IN THE FIELD OF MECHANICAL WRITING.

That's why the Oliver Typewriter stands alone—*absolutely supreme. That's why* it has such a brilliant array of *exclusive* time-saving features. *That's why* it has won, against *combined opposition*, the foremost place in sales.

That's why the Oliver is the biggest typewriter value that $100 can buy and will *prove it to you* if you send for it now on the Quick Delivery Coupon.

WRITE US TODAY. Send the coupon with small first payment if you wish *immediate* delivery. Send for the catalog if you prefer to make a preliminary investigation. (57)

The Oliver Typewriter Company
43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Quick Delivery Coupon and Order Blank

The Oliver Typewriter Co.
43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

[illegible] I accept your offer to send me one No. 5 Oliver Typewriter for [illegible] a Day. I [illegible] pay for it $5 on [illegible] and agree [illegible] Title to remain in you until [illegible] is paid in full.

Name

Address

Town State

Reference

THE COUNTRYMAN

The Virtues of Good Seed

A YOUNG farmer in the grain belt grew a crop of barley a few years ago which yielded at the rate of fifty-four bushels an acre, though the average yield for that section was only twenty-eight bushels. The seed made the difference. His crop was grown from a sample of "well-bred" seed secured from the state agricultural experiment station, and adapted to the local soil and climate. The soil was good, but not better than that of many of his neighbors who could harvest only thirty bushels of barley from an acre. This young farmer sold over twelve thousand dollars' worth of this barley for seed last year after persuading his neighbors to raise it for him.

The soil has been blamed for not producing as it should and those interested in a permanent agriculture have alarmed us with stories of depleted soils; yet the seed-grain authority tells us—and demonstrates the point—that proper care and selection of seed grains will increase enormously and in many cases actually double the yields of our common crops. The importance of good seeds has long been recognized; writers of the times of Solomon, Virgil and Washington have emphasized it; but a campaign of seed improvement was required before anything of consequence could be accomplished. This campaign is now upon us.

In 1904 the county superintendent of schools in Hamilton County, Indiana, called the schoolboys of the county together and organized a boys' corn club. Samples of good seed corn—enough to plant four hundred hills—were given each boy and he was asked to grow the corn as instructed and to exhibit the product at a fall corn show. Local business men offered premiums for the best exhibits and the project was a great success. Its greatest achievement was in the dissemination of a high quality of seed corn among the farmers of the county. Many of the boys grew better corn than their fathers and the "old man" was not slow to see the virtues of the good seed. This corn club was but an early expression of a movement toward the general use of better seeds, which last season involved nearly every important grain-growing state and included over one hundred and fifty thousand young people. Boys—and girls too—have grown grains that compare favorably with the best products of professional seed growers.

Homesick Seeds

In plants ancestry is as vital as it is in human beings or other animals. Heredity and environment play the same parts with the crops as they do with the beasts of our fields. Man has rather more control over animals than plants, but blood will tell in either.

Ten years' experiments in selecting and breeding corn by one group of investigators have resulted in producing, from a single original variety of parent plant, four strains of widely differing characters. Two strains have been developed of which one is nearly twice as rich in protein as the other; and of two other strains one has almost three times as much oil in it as the other. Thus to modify the protein and oil content of corn is a matter of considerable consequence, since protein is the most expensive nutrient of both man and beast. Corn is a food of growing importance all over the world and to change its composition for the better is very desirable. This improvement has been brought about by continually selecting corn with the desired quality. Blood in seeds tells in the yield, in the character of the product and in its composition. Breeds of grains are rapidly coming to be recognized, just as breeds of cattle are. The grains are more local in their usefulness, however, and not susceptible to general adoption, like most classes of livestock.

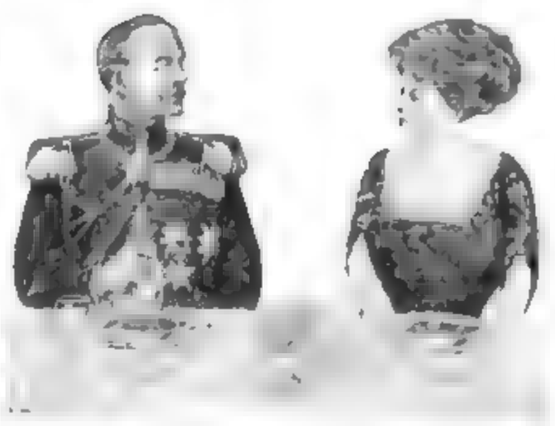
A Tennessee stockman, visiting the National Corn Show at Chicago, was attracted by some widely advertised northern-grown oats and placed a large order for seed. With much gusto he told the natives of his locality of the remarkable oat crop he was going to produce. The harvest brought the lesson—not for the neighbors on the value of new seed, as he expected, but for him on the dangers of using seed not suited to his soil and climatic conditions, imported from a distant state. The crop returned but a paltry twenty bushels of grain, lacking in plumpness. "Homesick seed," said the older farmers. Such experiences have taught the practical countryman that seeds—just like people—must become acquainted with the locality before they do their best. The good old sorts of grains and vegetables of our grandfathers had their virtues largely because they were perfectly adapted to the local soil and climate. Seeds may be taken two or three hundred miles east or west with little damage, but one to two hundred miles north or south will usually have an unfavorable effect. New seeds need fertile soils to do their best. After they are acclimated less trouble will be experienced.

Dangers of Adulteration

Portions of several counties in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana are seriously infested with a noxious plant known as wild garlic. It was first seen in Pennsylvania and later suddenly appeared in central Ohio. An ambitious southern Indiana farmer sent up the Ohio Valley for some seed wheat. In the resulting crop he noticed a few of the strange, onionlike plants, but gave them no thought. The entire infested plot might have been carried away in his hat. Within three years the wheat from that section was refused by millers because of the garlic, the strong-smelling sets of which are about the same size as large wheat grains. The presence of this noxious weed in certain localities seriously affected land values until the farmers discovered means of controlling it. All farm seeds may carry weed seeds; and the possibility of "buying in" a new noxious weed prevents many farmers from importing new seeds from a distance or ever attempting to get a start with a new variety of crop.

There are a dozen bad weeds that are spread largely through the distribution of seeds. Corn is the only seed grain that may not easily be adulterated. The seeds of the clovers, grasses and small grains are most likely to be contaminated. In most instances the farmer is at the mercy of the dealer, since he does not see the seed until it arrives on his farm. Rigid state inspection laws have been passed in a number of states, requiring the official inspection of all seeds sold for planting at a distance from where they were grown. This furnishes considerable but not absolute protection, since the neighborhood distribution of seeds cannot be controlled.

Garden seeds, particularly those grown by the reputable houses, are less likely to be adulterated. These seed growers take pains to put out a pure product, which is



A Formal Affair

IF YOU have the idea that only a high-priced food-product can satisfy fastidious people, you will be surprised to know that a certain Washington hostess, accustomed for years to entertain the most important personages in the "diplomatic set," provides her table regularly with

Campbell's Soups

Yet she is no different in this from many other sensible women of her class.

The extremely appetizing quality of our Tomato Soup makes it suitable for all except very heavy dinners. It is the ideal soup for any luncheon—no matter how formal. And at the most elaborate function there could be nothing more acceptable than our clear soups—Consommé, Julienne, Printanier, and Bouillon.

These are made from the choicest cuts of prime fresh beef. And in addition to the ordinary clarifying process we render them as transparent as amber by forcing them under heavy pressure through a specially-designed filtering apparatus which cost us seven thousand dollars.

This shows you our principle of sparing no expense to make perfect soups. And if you think after trying them that there are any better soups at *any* price, the grocer refunds your money.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Today is a good day to write us for Campbell's Menu Book.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Aunts and cousins
In countless dozens
Have just arrived to dine.
And I hope we'll feast
On a case, at least,
Of *Campbell's Soups* so fine.

This is a bid for birds of passage!

For men and boys who pass through New York and want to wear away the clothes of a well-dressed New Yorker.

Such clothes as have given our New York retail stores a national reputation.

Such values as have built up our business.

We've never been so well equipped for quick outfitting when time is precious.

Of course, it's even better to get our clothes before you come to New York; we do wholesale to a few good clothiers elsewhere.

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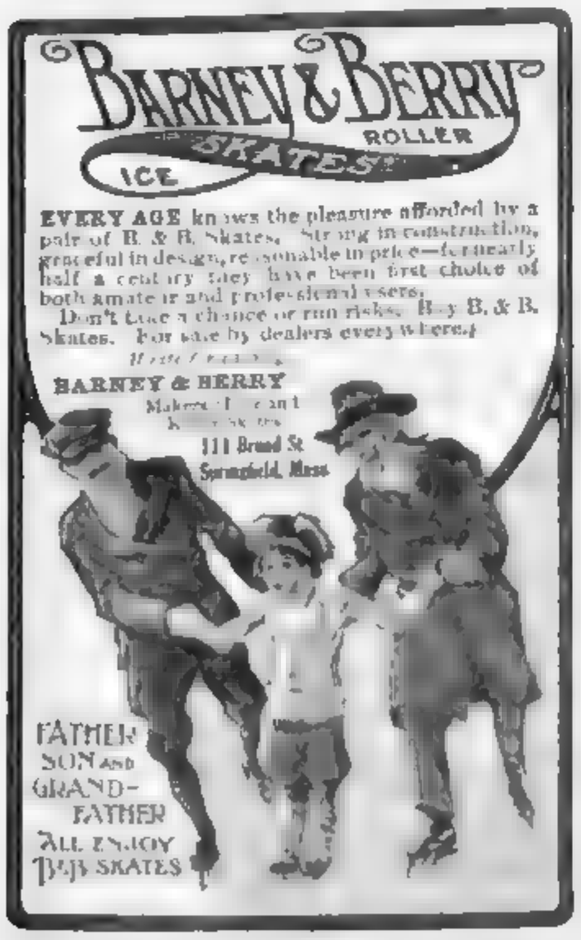
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EVERY AGE knows the pleasure afforded by a pair of B. & B. Skates. Strong in construction, graceful in design, reasonable in price—for nearly half a century they have been first choice of both amateur and professional users.
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full of vitality and ready to grow. The more reputable dealers in farm seeds, such as grains and grasses, will guarantee their product or furnish a sample representative of the whole. The state experiment stations will inspect samples of seed sent them for examination and report on their purity and germination. Seed testing is being tried in the schools as a training for the farm boy and with good results, since the methods used are simple and easily mastered by the pupils.

The simplicity of seed selection and testing has in many cases been a handicap to its general adoption. Farmers would not believe it possible to secure such improvement by such simple methods. The leaders have been obliged to demonstrate its value by practical examples. One extension agent of an agricultural college gathered fifty samples of seed corn from the cribs of as many farmers in a good corn-growing section. These samples were planted each in a separate row, on a plot at the county farm. Some good seed also was planted. At harvest a farmers' picnic was held and the corn from the plot was gathered, weighed and scored. The best sample row yielded at the rate of fifty-five bushels an acre, the poorest eighteen. The average for the fifty was thirty-six bushels. The row planted with good seed yielded fifty-nine bushels. The lesson was evident to the corn growers. Neighbor James saw that Neighbor Henry's corn was better than his own, yet both were far short of the yield of the well-bred seed.

Grain breeding in the scientific sense is not a matter for the general countryman to follow. Selection and testing, however, may be practiced by every one who grows plants, from the gardener to the wheat grower with his thousands of acres. Of course every one may patronize the seed specialist. In the case of flower and garden seeds this is advisable, but to the through-and-through farmer there is something of professional pride in selecting and continuing his own favorable varieties and strains.

Good farming is still to a considerable degree a matter of sentiment—a love for plants and animals and a desire to see them grow under sympathetic care. The countryman worthy of the name puts his heart into his industry.

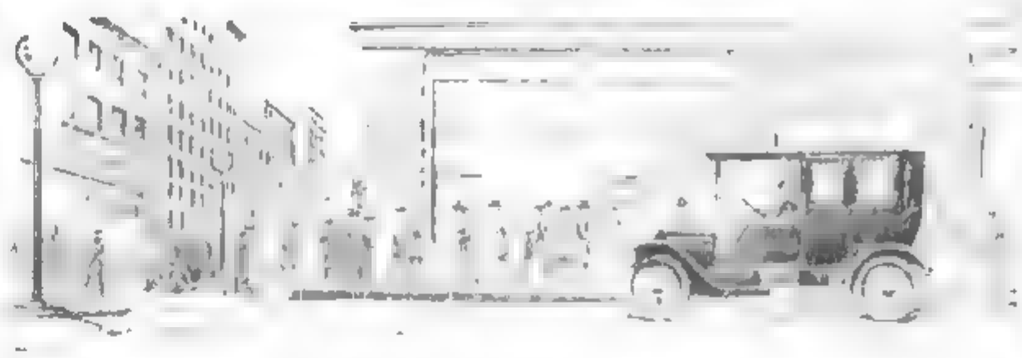
The Row System

Two systems of corn improvement are recognized and to some extent these may be applied to other crops. First and simplest is the separate seed-corn plot. A field of two or three acres is set aside, forty rods or more distant from the other cornfields and out of range of the pollen from other corn. Only the best seed is planted in this plot. It is tested for vitality to insure strong germinating qualities. Before the corn tassels, the barren and otherwise undesirable stalks are cut out, so that their pollen may not fertilize the good ears. When thoroughly ripe, enough perfect ears to plant the main crop are selected and carefully cured.

The second method is called the row system of breeding and is a more advanced practice than the first method. A number of ears—say one hundred—of the preferred variety are selected, possessing uniform characters and representing the type desired. Each ear is tested for germination and the best fifty or sixty are selected for planting, the butts and tips being discarded.

This seed is planted in a seed plot isolated from the main corn crop, the grain from each ear being put in a separate row. As the corn grows it is watched closely and the poor stalks are discarded. At harvest the twenty to thirty best ears from each of the best rows are picked and cured for seed, a record being made of the number of each row. Then the rest of the corn is picked from each row, placed in numbered sacks and used for planting the main crop the next year. For the next year's breeding plot a few ears are selected from each of the row-lots and planted as before.

The countryman's problems center around doing the thing of recognized value more than acquiring new knowledge. Two factors stand out in striking relief on the horizon of farm progress: the soil and the seed, neither of which can be neglected in any system aiming at bigger yields of better crops. Quibbling over methods and means avails little if the countryman overlooks the need of an intimate acquaintance with the essentials.



The White Gasoline Limousine for 1911

is the culmination of ten years' experience in building stylish and efficient motor cars.

The product of the White factories is of the character of workmanship, finish and efficiency that leads persons of refinement and excellent judgment to choose the White for personal use.

The White Limousine is the very utmost in stylish simplicity.

No expense was spared where the body and interior furnishings could be better handled, yet there is not a button too much—not even a shade of color too bright—not a single detail overdone.

Any tasteful woman will endorse the White Limousine's interior finish and upholstering the moment she sees them.

Imported broadcloths in almost any color may be obtained, with tapes, whipcords, etc., to match.

The size of the White is another advantage.

The car is light enough to be easy on tires, compact enough to thread in and out of the traffic of the crowded down-town thoroughfares, yet amply spacious to comfortably accommodate five passengers inside.

It is neither a small car nor a cumbersome car. Rather a moderation of both.

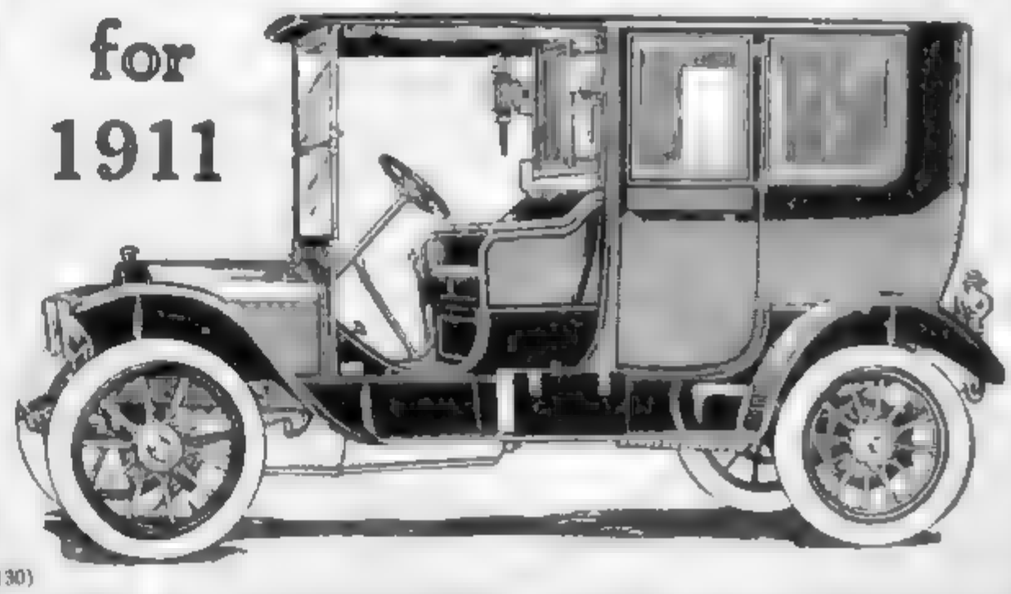
The seats are wide and deep, the doors are low and of good width. It's a very easy car to enter and leave.

The appearance of a White Limousine as it stands before the owner's home reflects culture and refinement of the very highest type.

The catalog, which goes more into detail, will be gladly sent on request.

The White Company, 916 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

The White Limousine for 1911



(30)

Steady Hands

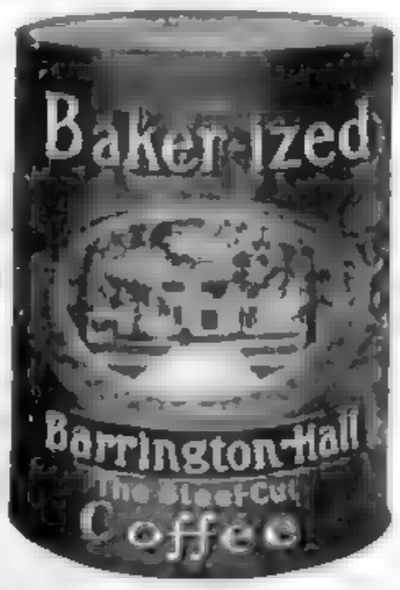
See if you can thread a needle, holding the thread an inch from the end. Not to be able to do it is a sign of an overwrought nervous condition. If this is due to coffee—try

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways.

First, the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste

Coffee chaff can be seen in any coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.



Sealed by us — Opened by you

The coffee then passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of coffee *Baker-ized* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee.

Trial can free

Don't take our word for it—or the word of the thousands who drink it regularly without harm or nervousness.

Try it yourself! A trial can free. A pound at your grocer's at 25 to 40 cents, according to locality

BAKER IMPORTING CO.
116 Hudson Street
New York, N.Y.

Baker Importing Company
New York
Minneapolis

Please send me free sample can, enough to make 6 cups of Barrington Hall Coffee and book let "The Coffee Without A Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name on the margin.

Name _____

Address _____

BH BH BH BH

Out-of-Doors

Sign Talk Among Native Tribes

THE melancholy days of autumn, with their accompaniment of political eloquence, sometimes accustom us to the thought that language is made to conceal thought. Again, that same conviction may be borne upon us when we read the works of some real literary artist who scorns to write a best seller. It is said that a real business man rarely has a vocabulary of more than about four hundred words. Shakspere is credited with about eighty thousand words, but Shakspere was no business man or he would not have died broke. The trouble about most language is that there is too much of it.

These strictures, however, apply rather to civilized than to savage language. Some savages—or most of them, in fact—can talk without saying anything, or, rather, can say something without talking. The art of sign talk is very ancient and is found among savage tribes on this and other continents, although it seems to have attained its highest development among the native American Indians. It is not unknown among the natives of South America and it has been found, in a more or less differentiated form, in many outlying corners of the world.

We have invented a deaf-and-dumb alphabet of a more or less arbitrary sort which is practicable for the interchange of thought, but this is something which must be learned by intellectual application and through a recollection of certain shapes of the fingers which mean letters, which letters spell words. This is the white fashion of thinking, but not the red. Your native Indian thinks in pictographs, just as he writes in pictographs. Each of his signs is a whole word or distinct sentence or complete thought. The sheer need for some medium to interchange thought between persons having no common language seems to have brought out the sign language. As a means of thought transfer it was perfect in its way, comprehensive enough to cover the whole range of life and experience as known among those who used it, flexible enough to convey certain shades of meaning and, above all, easy and obvious in its appeal to the mind.

On a Still Hunt

In our old frontier days any Indian could converse with a member of any other tribe, although the language of the two might be absolutely incomprehensible each to the other. It became necessary also for white men to learn this language if they lived among many different tribes; and until within relatively recent times this was an accepted means of thought intercourse over a very wide part of our Western country. The sign language appears, however, to have reached its highest development among the Indians of the Plains and the Rocky Mountains. If it was generally in use among the eastern and northern Indians it seems to have been discontinued so long ago that there remains little record of it. Perhaps today the northern Blackfoot could not converse with the southern Comanche, but certainly the fathers of these could have done so with considerable ease and fluency. The Ethnological Bureau at Washington has gone into this matter rather thoroughly and printed many papers showing illustrations of the signs in actual use, and also giving a full description.

The most pleasant way to study sign talk, however, is not in the Government records, but on the ground, with those who use it. The need for its use, of course, may not be very general, but it is certain to come, if ever, when not anticipated. Thus, not long ago, I found myself in camp in the northern wilderness with a native who could not speak a word of English and whose tongue was equally unknown. We were hunting bear and at first it looked as if it would be a still hunt in every sense of the word; yet it turned out not quite so badly. The native knew very little of actual sign language, yet the need of our understanding each other made it possible for us to do so in some fashion, although the only words we had in common were the proper names of the other two in our party. In the course of the afternoon's

When an operator tells you that she uses the

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she stands up a little straighter.

She knows as well as you do that her choice of the Recognized Leader among Typewriters is a fine recommendation—one which raises her in your estimation.

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

Unlike copies made with ordinary carbon paper, you need not be afraid to touch these lest they rub off

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK **Carbon Paper**

can't be rubbed, either itself, or its copies. One sheet copies 100 letters, all distinct, clear, permanent. At one writing you can make 20 good copies on good manifolding paper.

Write for free sample—mentioning your name, firm's name and dealer's name, please. Use it for both tests.

MultiKopy is made in black, blue, purple, green and red, in six varieties with manifolding powers as follows:

Regular Finish: Lightweight, 20; Medium, 8; Billing, 6.
Hard Finish: Lightweight, 16; Medium, 6; Billing, 4.

Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons Guaranteed to make 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper.

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY 335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
Address letters to the Home Office

SALES OFFICES New York, 396-8 Broadway Chicago, 211 Madison Street
Philadelphia, 908 Walnut Street Pittsburg, 432 Diamond Street

THE KNAPP LINE

No. 1. What we do

We make Calendars

for business men—all kinds, annual and monthly, blotters, post-cards—all designed to build business.

Our advertising service is complete—forceful—based on advertising INTELLIGENCE.

This constitutes The Knapp Line

"The Line of Progress"

Way back before 1850 our fathers and grandfathers began to make reproductions of beautiful art subjects.

The quality was there then, and today The Knapp Company stands for all that is highest and most helpful in the printing art.

Look over The Knapp Line before deciding on your advertising campaign.

Want to see it? Send a postal.

The Knapp Company

Fourth Avenue at Nineteenth St., New York

Delicious flavor of *whole* wheat

'Ralston' tastes of the *whole* wheat—with all the nutriment *left in*. A rich, satisfying flavor that you can't resist—so *good* you want it *every* breakfast. A 15c package, when cooked, makes 50 dishes.

Purina Whole Wheat Flour makes delicious, nourishing bread, muffins, rolls, etc Try it too.

Ralston HEALTH BREAKFAST FOOD

TRADE-MARK

TRIUMPH HAND CARTS

Steel Round Bar Steel Gears Fine Finish

Will last ten years. We recommend our No. 2 cart for general use, but make a variety of sizes and styles. No. 2 has 4-in. steel tired wheels, 2-in. axle. Price $19.00. Any express agent will forward from us. We know freight cost of the Mississippi and Potomac Rivers.

Send for free catalog. Our Bill proposition, etc.

Swartwout Mfg Co.
100 Meadow Street
Clinton, N. Y.

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest styles. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, die stamped stationery at lowest prices. Write for delivery charges. Samples free. Charles H. Elliott Co., 1636 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

hunt we managed to converse rather fluently to somewhat the following effect, although we did not say a word:

"They, the other two, have gone up that way. They are going to hunt along the beach and watch the river?"

"Yes."

"We'd better go the other way, then along the island, where this bayou comes in."

"Yes."

"Some bears might have come down from those rough hills over there—don't you think so?"

"Yes; all right. I think so. That's good."

"What was that?"

"That was a rifle-shot."

"You think our people fired it?"

"Maybe; but maybe it was a miss. If they had hit the bear at all they would probably have fired more than once. I suppose it was running fast through the brush."

"Our people ought to come around this island and down the bayou before long—don't you think so?"

"Yes; but they don't come."

"Maybe they did kill that bear and are skinning it."

"Well, we've waited a long time. I think the bears are feeding here after dark. Something seems to scare them. We will move higher up—a mile or so."

"I'm getting a little hungry and it is nearly dark."

"All right; I believe, myself, we might as well go to camp. I don't believe any bears are coming down. I think, when our people passed on this side of the island, on the beach here, the bears that were feeding on the island—back of us here—smelled them and ran off into the hills. Three bears crossed the bayou just before we got far enough up to see them. They made that fresh sign all along there. We must have come very close to seeing some of them. Well, come on; let's go to camp."

Court Speech and Squaw Talk

Most of the foregoing was easy and obvious, of course, and might have been managed by two men who had never heard of sign talk—as indeed the Indian in question claimed never to have heard of it; but it gave very good proof of the quickness of the Indian to catch another's thought or to understand the significance of the slightest gesture or sign. It was out of situations such as these in wilderness life that there arose the sign talk of the natives, with its more elaborate and intricate system. In the older days it was part of an Indian's education to know this language; and so much differentiated was it that it had two forms or two sets of signs in most part. A warrior would be too dignified to use the crude and simple signs employed in "squaw talk." These two forms of the language were fairly distinct—the common or vulgar and the correct or court speech. An Indian might talk with his squaw in her language, but he would not converse with another warrior in the same set of signs.

Probably the best white sign-talker ever known in the West was old Bill Hamilton, a frontiersman of the old school who died at Columbus, Montana, a few years ago. Hamilton went to the Plains when he was a child and was a protégé of old Bill Williams in the very early days of trading and Indian fighting in the West. He was often used as a scout and interpreter by the United States army. Scientists also sometimes interviewed him; and to these Hamilton always said that, as far north, south and west as he had been, he had met no Indians with whom he could not talk in signs. One day he met a scientific man just back from Peru, Chile and the Andes, whither he had been to study the customs of the natives of that section. Hamilton and this man were able to converse fairly well in sign language, although the latter had never seen it done except in South America.

A few of the simpler and easier signs may be given, as follows:

Rain—The fingers held loose, pointing down; gently moving to show falling water.

Night—Both hands flat; one moved over the other, to say dark-all-over.

Sleep or Night—The head leaned against the folded hands, to say "one asleep."

A Tent or Tepee—Points of forefingers together, tent-shape.

Horse or Horseback—First and second fingers forked and put astride forefinger of other hand. This shows the clothes-pinned animal, the horse.

Have You Ever Smoked a Real, Fresh Havana Cigar?

A harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a string,
Combined as cunning and as silent as the sea;
Each will prove a paragon of courtesies true and tried,
With never a one of the fifty to meet at a rival bride.
Thought in the early morning solace in time of woes
Lesser than the lash of the twilight before my evenings close
This will the fifty give me, asking naught in return,
With only a *Suttee's* passion—to do their duty and burn.
This will the fifty give me. When they are spent and dead
(Forty times other fifties shall be my servants instead)

From Kipling's "The Betrothed."

WHERE did *your* cigars come from? Are they fresh? Are they fragrant? Are they youthful, or are they old and dry and stale? Are they soft? Are they mild? Are they cool, or are they hard and dusty and parched from shelf or show-case drought?

Tampa is the American shrine of the great god Nick O'Teen.

The finest cigars in the world are made in the heavily moist atmosphere of Tampa.

But the way the game of Commerce is played, they aren't given a chance to reveal their real character.

From the warm and humid climate of Tampa they are dragged inland either in sun-baked or in frigid freight cars.

They are thrown into warehouses to dry through the summer or to freeze in winter—frequently to do both with changing seasons.

In time they are transferred to furnace-heated stores and kept in an unnatural atmosphere until you pass your money across the counter.

Do you see one of the vital reasons why you should have Roberts' Admiral Cigars expressed *direct* to you from our factory in Tampa—sent to you *the day they are made*, sent from

The Largest Direct-to-Smoker Concern in the World

Of course, there are other elements to consider. When you buy Roberts' Cigars *direct*, you get *all* your money's worth—you don't contribute the larger part of your money to the support of jobbers, retailers and salesmen.

In actual value of *tobacco* and *workmanship*, a *fresh* Roberts Cigar that costs you 6⅔ cents is *superior* to the *dry* weed that you pay 15 cents for across the counter.

The Roberts Admiral
$6.50 a Hundred
(Actual Size)

Don't Send Any Money

Write us a letter on your business stationery. Tell us to send you a box of 100 Roberts' Admiral Cigars the day they are made.

You will receive them in one to four days, *charges prepaid*. Smoke ten. If they suit you, send us $6.50. If you are not entirely pleased, return the box at our expense. *You cannot lose.*

We have built and now operate one of the largest cigar factories in Tampa *because* thousands of good judges of cigars *who smoked ten Admirals* have become our regular customers.

Roberts' Admirals are *all* Havana—*filler* as well as *wrapper*. They are hand made by Cuban workmen who have come to us from Havana. They are made in the most sanitary factory in Tampa. They are tasteful and free smoking, 6 inches long. From end to end they are uniformly delicious, fragrant and satisfying—cigar money cannot buy more.

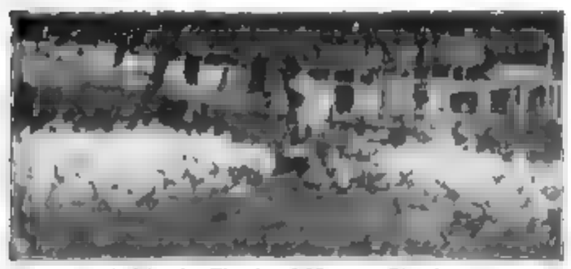
Every man who *tries* Roberts' cigars becomes a permanent patron. In six years our organization has grown from 10 workmen to 250 expert Cuban cigar makers.

Write to Roberts. Ring for your stenographer now, if you are in the office. If you are not in the office, dictate your *first* letter tomorrow morning to Roberts.

J. W. ROBERTS & SON, Tampa, Fla.

How I Make $18,000 a Year Raising Poultry

By Ernest Kellerstrass



A Lively Flock of Young Chicks.
Scene on Kellerstrass Farm, near Kansas City.

Last year I had 1,638 chickens on my farm and I made each one—including cocks, cockerels, hens and pullets—pay me an average *net profit* of $1.09 or a total net profit of $18,176.53 for the year. I expect to *surpass* this record in the next twelve months, for the biggest money-making opportunities in poultry raising are yet to come.

The secret of my success is in knowing how to breed and raise the biggest egg laying and meat-producing strain of chickens in the world—Crystal White Orpingtons.

Not only am I the originator of the Crystal White Orpington strain, but my method of breeding, hatching, growing and marketing is wholly my own. I get almost fabulous prices for my eggs and chickens yet it costs me no more to feed and care for them than to provide for the commonest kind of poultry.

On a lot 24 x 40 feet I made $3,60 in one year from thirty hens feeding them table scraps. Not long ago I sold a pen of four hens and a cock for $7,500. I am the breeder and owner of "Peggy," the famous $10,000 hen.

"Peggy," Mr. Kellerstrass' famous $10,000 hen—the only fowl that ever earned a salary of $250 a week.

The incontrovertible proof of these facts and figures will be given anybody for the asking. I am besieged with letters from people asking "Can I make a success raising poultry and if so how?" My answer is: "Any intelligent and industrious man or woman can make poultry raising pay well even on a city lot or in a back yard."

As to "How," that is a longer story. I tell in a book, in an interesting way, the story of my own success, and how those of little or no experience can follow my methods. My new copyrighted book tells—

How I raise ninety-eight out of every hundred chickens hatched.—How I make chickens eight weeks old weigh two and one-half pounds.—How I breed my big egg laying strain, getting as high as 264 eggs in 272 days.—How I run my incubator.—How I built my indoor and outdoor brooders for 85 cents each.—How I prepared my chickens for the show room so as to win over ninety per cent of all the blue ribbon prizes awarded in two years.—How I feed my chickens for egg production.—How I keep them healthy and free from disease.—How I tell the good layers from the poor layers.—How I break up my broody hens without injuring them.—I tell you how to pack eggs to keep them fresh.—How I mate my chickens for breeding and fertility.—I tell you all about broiler plants, egg plants, etc.—*In truth, I tell everything necessary to success in the poultry business.* I hold nothing back. I tell it all.

The Book Sells at Cost

This book, which I sell for a dollar, makes me no money. I do not want any profit from it. My sole aim is to popularize Crystal White Orpingtons and become universally known as the originator of this famous egg laying strain.

Write me a letter, or use the coupon below, if more convenient, pinning to it a one dollar bill. I will send you "The Kellerstrass Way" of Raising Poultry for free inspection. If it is not all you expected it to be, you may return it and receive full cash refund. Hundreds of these books are going out every week. If you act today, I can assure you that your copy will be sent by return mail. With the book I will send a beautiful three-foot panel photo of my farm, suitable for framing.

Ernest Kellerstrass

8189 West Port Road, Kansas City, Mo.

References—Any Poultry Journal, any Licensed Poultry Judge, any Bank in Kansas City. (6)

CLIP OUT AND MAIL

Free Inspection Coupon

Mr. Ernest Kellerstrass,
8189 West Port Road, Kansas City, Mo.
Enclosed find $1.00 for your new book, "The Kellerstrass Way," for free inspection. You are to refund my money if I am not more than pleased with my purchase.

Name _____

Address _____

Elk—Arms wide out above head, to show antlers.

Wolf—Two fingers erect each side of head. Same sign for Pawnee Indians—the Wolf Indians.

Buffalo—Forefingers crooked at each side of head, to show shape of buffalo's horns.

Bighorn Sheep—Hands and arms stretched at side of head, following curve of horns.

Snake—Forefinger waving forward, to show method of snake's progress. Same sign for Snake Indian.

Myself; Me; Chief—Forefinger to tip of nose.

To Shoot or Kill; to Fall Dead—Hands shut at knuckles and thrust down and forward.

Strong; Hard to Break; Courageous—Hands clenched, right on top; motion as of a stick hard to break with hands.

Fighting—Fists whirled about each other.

Ice—Sign of water, then sign of hard; one fist pounded on top of other, meaning hard water, hard to break.

Friends—Two forefingers laid parallel to each other, showing evenness of friendship.

Liar—Forked fingers thrust out from tip of tongue, meaning the double tongue.

Fire—Open hands held out in front, as if warming at fire.

Smoke; to Smoke a Pipe; to Want Tobacco—Fingers of left hand ringed to show pipe bowl; right forefinger crooked to push tobacco into bowl.

Cold—Shoulders drawn forward, sign of blanket drawn tight.

The Sun—Pointing to sky.

The Time of Day—The arm swept across, stopping at point where sun would be.

Rifle—Sign of sighting down gunbarrel.

Hunger—Fingers of right hand bent, tips rapidly motioning toward mouth.

Thirst—Fingers of right hand ringed and brought from mouth, as drinking from cup.

The Sign of the Cheyenne

There are many other simple and obvious signs which are picked up almost at once between people who cannot converse in spoken speech. Of course it is the pictograph of the idea which makes the impression on the mind. When an Indian points to the ground, then bends his fingers down, strongly hooked, you see at once that he means to say "Grizzly Bear," because that is the way the long claws of the grizzly look. But you must not think that all signs are so simple. For instance, if the Indian passes the edge of his right hand across his left forearm you could not tell what he meant. That was the recognized sign for Cheyenne, or "Cut-arm," among all tribes. The fingers rubbed lightly on the right cheek to signify "paint" meant one of the branches of the Blackfeet. The sign for Gros Ventre, or Big Belly, was more obvious, as well as that for Snake or Shoshone.

The sign for "Yes," or of assent, or of "I've got you," or "Go ahead" was rather obvious: the right forefinger clapped on the hand as the hand is brought down and in emphatically. The sign for uncertainty or doubt—the questions "What is that?" "What is the name of that?"—was almost as obvious: all the fingers of the right hand spread loosely and the hand shaken, as though indicative of uncertainty. The sign for "All right" or "Good" is not quite so obvious, but after all it is clear. It is made with the hand, palm down, sharply extended in front of the body—the gesture being positive, assured.

There are few more interesting occupations than a study of the sign language around the lodge fire in company with some old and courteous Indian, willing to put up with the whims of one he very likely takes to be a young and foolish white man. Perhaps the commercial value of this sort of education is not large, but there is personal profit to the average white man in taking a little education of the red sort, whether in sign talk or in Indian etiquette.

We so-called civilized Saxons are the most brutal and ill-mannered heathen in the world. The Chinese are far more dignified and polite; the Japanese altogether more polite and ceremonious. Even the American Indian has more formality in his daily life than we ignorantly think. Time and again we whites have trampled on many of the native customs with a rudeness that we ourselves would not tolerate at

Where Rubber Footwear is Sold the Red "Ball-Band" Trade-Mark Means Quality

In city, town and hamlet there are 45,000 progressive dealers selling "Ball-Band" boots and arctics year in and year out to an army of satisfied customers.

8,000,000 people wear them now. Hundreds of thousands of new wearers are being added every year.

And all because we have steadily maintained "Ball-Band" products at the top-notch of quality, no matter what it cost us.

The "Ball-Band" guaranty of quality is especially valuable to you now. For crude rubber has gone so high in price that the temptation to cheapen the product is strong to an unscrupulous manufacturer.

The Red "Ball-Band" trade-mark means comfort, warmth, wear, satisfaction. Go to your nearest dealer and ask him to show you rubber footwear with the **Red** "Ball-Band" trade-mark. If he can't supply you, write us, mentioning his name.

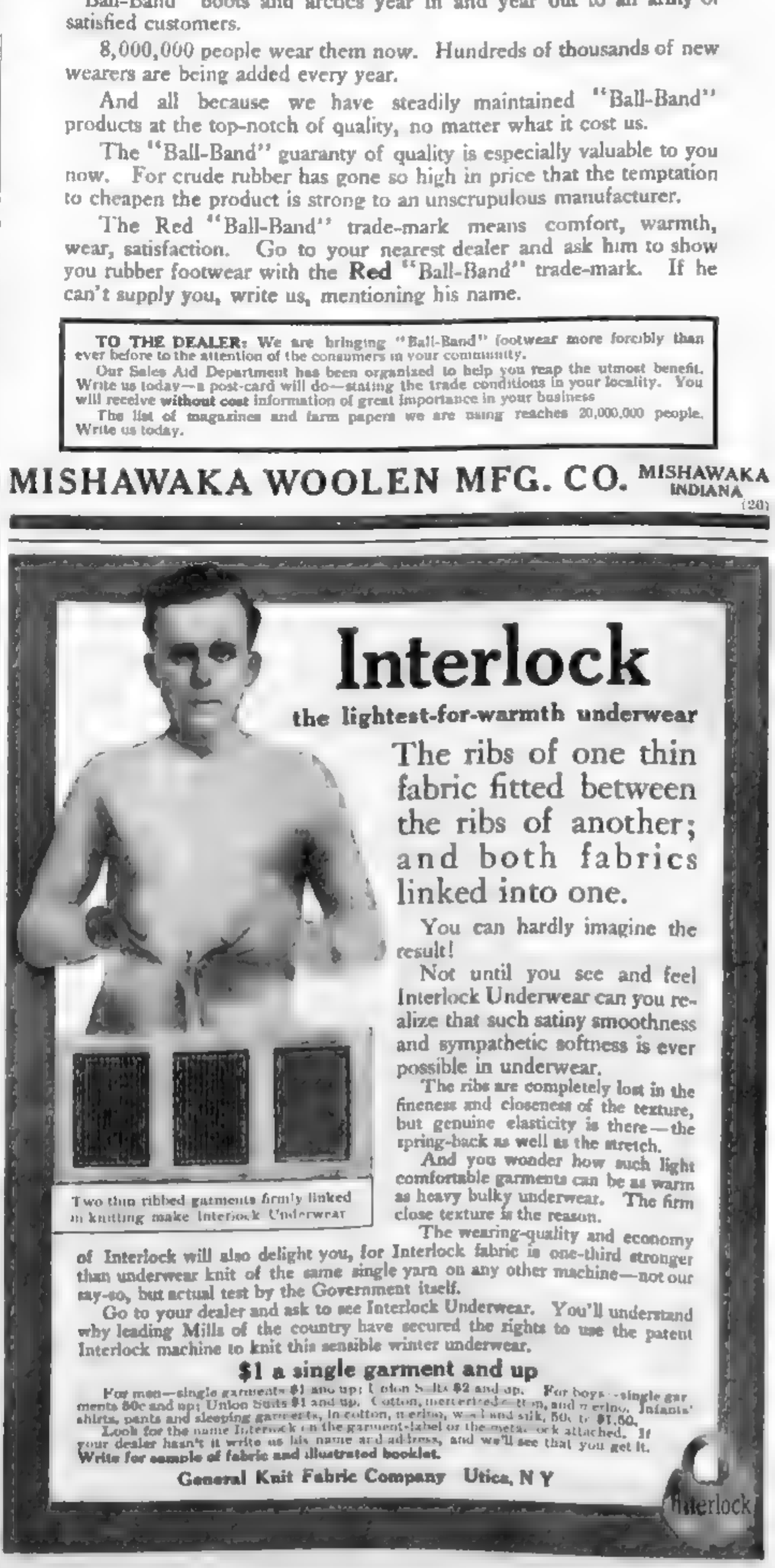
TO THE DEALER: We are bringing "Ball-Band" footwear more forcibly than ever before to the attention of the consumers in your community.

Our Sales Aid Department has been organized to help you reap the utmost benefit. Write us today—a post-card will do—stating the trade conditions in your locality. You will receive **without cost** information of great importance in your business.

The list of magazines and farm papers we are using reaches 20,000,000 people. Write us today.

MISHAWAKA WOOLEN MFG. CO. MISHAWAKA INDIANA

(20)

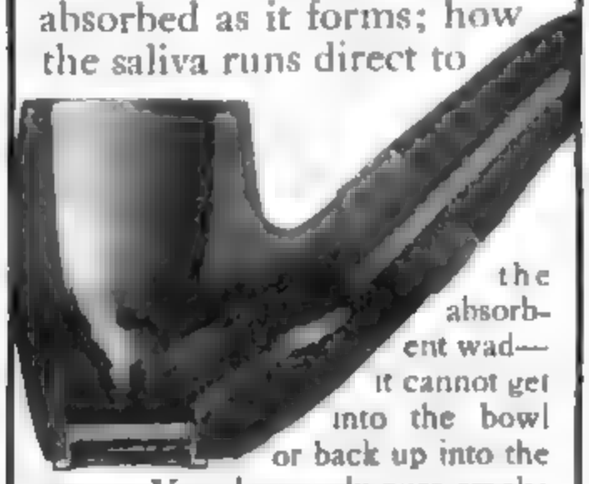

Interlock
the lightest-for-warmth underwear
The ribs of one thin fabric fitted between the ribs of another; and both fabrics linked into one.
You can hardly imagine the result!
Not until you see and feel Interlock Underwear can you realize that such satiny smoothness and sympathetic softness is ever possible in underwear.
The ribs are completely lost in the fineness and closeness of the texture, but genuine elasticity is there—the spring-back as well as the stretch.
And you wonder how such light comfortable garments can be as warm as heavy bulky underwear. The firm close texture is the reason.
The wearing-quality and economy of Interlock will also delight you, for Interlock fabric is one-third stronger than underwear knit of the same single yarn on any other machine—not our say-so, but actual test by the Government itself.
Go to your dealer and ask to see Interlock Underwear. You'll understand why leading Mills of the country have secured the rights to use the patent Interlock machine to knit this sensible winter underwear.
Two thin ribbed garments firmly linked in knitting make Interlock Underwear
$1 a single garment and up
For men—single garments $1 and up; Union Suits $2 and up. For boys—single garments 50c and up; Union Suits $1 and up. Cotton, mercerized cotton, and merino. Infants' shirts, pants and sleeping garments, in cotton, merino, wool and silk, 50c to $1.50.
Look for the name Interlock on the garment-label or the metal clock attached. If your dealer hasn't it write us his name and address, and we'll see that you get it.
Write for sample of fabric and illustrated booklet.
General Knit Fabric Company Utica, N Y
Interlock

New self-cleaning pipe

Dribole

Simple, practical, perfect

Study its construction. Note how the nicotine is absorbed as it forms; how the saliva runs direct to



the absorbent wad—it cannot get into the bowl or back up into the stem. You draw only pure smoke into your mouth

Always Dry, Clean and Sweet

Contains tobacco all the way down—no waste—no spattering—no sticky pasty liquid. The nicotine is absorbed without biting your tongue even before the pipe is broken in

Cleaned in a second with a match stick

Genuine French Briar with solid rubber bit. Two styles—straight and bent **50c**

Package of wads with every pipe
At your dealer or by mail

SHAW & LEOPOLD, 516 Montgomery Ave., Philadelphia

Gokey's Hand Made

Storm Shoes, Waterproof Boots and Moccasins

For over fifty years the GOKEY Boot has been acknowledged to be the best in the world. We guarantee every pair and make good out guarantee. The tops are made of the best "Moose" skin leather, the soles are "Rock Oak" oak tanned, and several other points are modern out-door boot specialties for comfort and wear. Makers of the original Gokey Moccasin and Shoes for Hunters, Fishermen, Prospectors, Civil Engineers and Street Pathfinders, golf players alike and for home wear. Send for Catalog showing and telling how to measure yourself at home and how to order.

Wm N Gokey Shoe Co.
10th St.,
Jamestown, N. Y.

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WRITE FOR IT

J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency, the largest in the world, furnishes Magazines or Newspapers, at Amazingly Low Prices, and gives quick, accurate, reliable service

Save Magazine Money

Our 1911 Catalog lists more than 3000 Periodicals and Club Offers. It's a BIG MONEY-SAVER.

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Send Us Your Name and Address NOW

J. M. HANSON'S MAGAZINE AGENCY
200 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our wonderful offers and marvelous factory prices on high grade bicycles and tires.

FACTORY PRICES: Write for our large Art Catalog and sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS Everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, parts and sundries at half usual prices. Do not wait; write today for our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H-55, CHICAGO

The Prize Collection of Post Cards

Made of selections from sixteen different series of finest embossed cards produced in America. Enclosed in beautiful Illuminated envelope. Sample set sent for ten cents. Agents wanted

W. E. RUDGE, 216 William Street, NEW YORK

the hands of any one else. The etiquette of the fire, of the place of honor, of the household gods—many things scrupulously respected among the Indians themselves in their daily life—we treat with ignorance and contempt, because we call ourselves their superiors.

In the old days, for instance, if old Bill Hamilton went into a friendly village some woman would come out and lead away his horse to take care of it. He would not be very polite to the woman or take much notice of her, because that would be beneath a warrior's dignity. When he entered the lodge of his host, however, he would not sit down on the blankets close to the door, because that is the woman's place in the lodge, where she can get at wood and throw out dogs. It would not be dignified to sit there any more than it would be for a man to wear the wide leather belt, which belongs to women and not to warriors. The spear of the master of the lodge, bearing his shield, would be thrust into the ground in front of the lodge his heraldic symbol; his crest or coat-of-arms. The master himself would be seated at the post of honor, which is at the back of the lodge, back of the fire, out of the draft and out of the road of persons passing.

Perhaps the guest and his host would shake hands if warm friends; perhaps greet each other with a dignified word of the sort which the average playwright thinks is a grunt and the average actor makes foolish on the stage, not knowing that the Indian "Ah" means "Yes" or "Good." The clenched fist of the host put down upon the blanket beside him would mean that the guest was to come there and sit down in the place of honor. The well-posted guest would know that, once there, it would be bad form for him to pass between the fire and the place of honor or to take any liberties with the fire itself, which is a sacred thing, requiring a certain ceremony even in the removal of the ashes.

Indian Etiquette

A tenderfoot tourist, spying a little oblong bundle of rags or fur hanging to a lodge-post near the seat of honor, might grab at it and say, "Hello! What's this?" That would be as much desecration as if he grabbed at a carved saint on the altar of St. Peter's. These bits of skunk-fur or weasel-hide, or simple little bits of this or that, make the "sacred bundle" of the Indian. Perhaps it has been handed to him by his father, perhaps given him by his priest, perhaps set aside by himself as symbolical of some purpose or ambition, some longing or impulse of his inner or spiritual nature. No person of his own color would think of touching it; for a white person to do so is desecration and sacrilege. Such sacrilege has been committed often enough. It is a small part of our many misdeeds of theft, robbery, falsehood and deceit.

In a white man's house an Indian is silent, but his eyes see everything. Obliged to make their living by their keen faculties, all the native tribes are far more observant than we are. An Indian in your home does not wish to offend you; will watch carefully everything you do and will make few moves of his own unless he is sure of himself. Perhaps, when he leaves you, he will not say goodby, but will get up and go out; that is because it is the custom of his own people and is held to be dignified. Few tribes have any word for "Goodby" and there is no sign for it.

At heart the Indian is considerate of the forms and ceremonies of other people. He wants to show himself well bred. He wants to observe your etiquette, although he knows but little of it. He will not even smile or rebuke you when you follow the absurdities of playwrights and say, "How!" or even call him "John." In short, he will try harder to be gentlemanly with you than you will try to be with him.

Today the old tribal sign speech is rapidly passing away. The Indians are confined to the reservations and do not travel here and there among other tribes. Their blood is mingling with that of the whites; they are learning the whites' speech and taking on shame for their own old ways. Before long we whites will have reduced all our sign talk to one gesture. It was practiced by the Romans of old and given to the gladiators in the arena—the thumb turned down. It meant, "Woe to the fallen," which is about what our civilization means, much as we pride ourselves upon it

Remington AUTOLOADING RIFLE

Big Enough for the Biggest Game
Quick Enough for the Most Dangerous Game

Make assurance doubly sure. Combine the quick, sure, hard-hitting Remington Autoloading Rifle with the quick, sure-fire UMC Cartridges.

The Remington Autoloading Rifle, Solid Breech, Hammerless,—is the rifle that's built to handle with greatest accuracy and safety the heavy big game ammunition—to deliver the full effect of the high power cartridges. Ejects, reloads and cocks by recoil, without loss of an ounce of shocking power.

Deals a one ton killing blow—with four follow-up shots of equal power, either lightning quick or deliberate fire, as need be. Each shot under your absolute control. The only rifle which locks the cartridge in the chamber.

UMC Big Game Cartridges are known to big game hunters as the unqualified ammunition standard. Their mushrooming power—hence their shocking and killing effect—is equalled by no other cartridge.

Try the new UMC Hollow Point Bullet—the greatest mushroomer yet devised. Made in various sizes.

If the dealer you visit does not carry UMC or Remington

UMC and Remington—the perfect shooting combination.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Dept. 11G, Bridgeport, Conn.
The Remington Arms Co., Dept. 11G, Ilion, N. Y.
Agency, 299 Broadway, Dept. 11G, New York City
Same Ownership Same Management Same Standard of Quality

UMC

BIG GAME CARTRIDGES

Sure-fire, Accurate Hard-hitting

Short Cuts and Money-Making Methods

Get a Copy of this $1.50 Book FREE

Here is a Book Written by 512 Big, Broad-Minded Successful Business Men

"Short Cuts and Money-Making Methods" was compiled from actual methods hammered out through years of experience by red-blooded, up-to-date managers and executives in 240 distinct lines of business. These men need no introduction. They have faced a thousand times the same kind of problems that have puzzled you. They have had long lists of names that grew with every day. The same difficulties of getting accurate, up-to-date addresses; the same difficulties in the auditing department of prompt, correct, get-it-out statements; the same perplexities in your pay and shipping departments that you are dealing with today, these men have dealt with and eliminated at a profit by the money-saving short cuts explained in this book.

Examine this table of contents:

PART I. How to Compile a Mailing List. How to Make a Prospect Card, How to Make a Prospect List, How to Keep Lists Correct.

PART II. Handling Lists. How to Make Up an Accurate List, How to Correct Lists, How to Keep Prospect and Customer Lists.

PART III. Getting In The Money. How to Make Out Statements, How to Arrange Statements for Rendering, Statements, How Public Service Companies Handle Statements.

PART IV. Handling the Pay Roll and Miscellaneous Lists. How to Make Up and Handle a Pay Roll, How to Handle Stock and Bond Lists, Making Up Lists to Receive Special Quotations for the Addressograph.

PART V. Special Appliances for Special Lists. Operating the Addressograph, Special Attachments for Special Work, Addressograph Supplies.

Tells how to cut Expenses and Increase Efficiency in

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Sales
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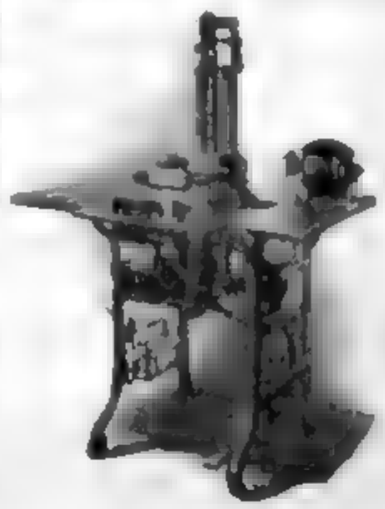

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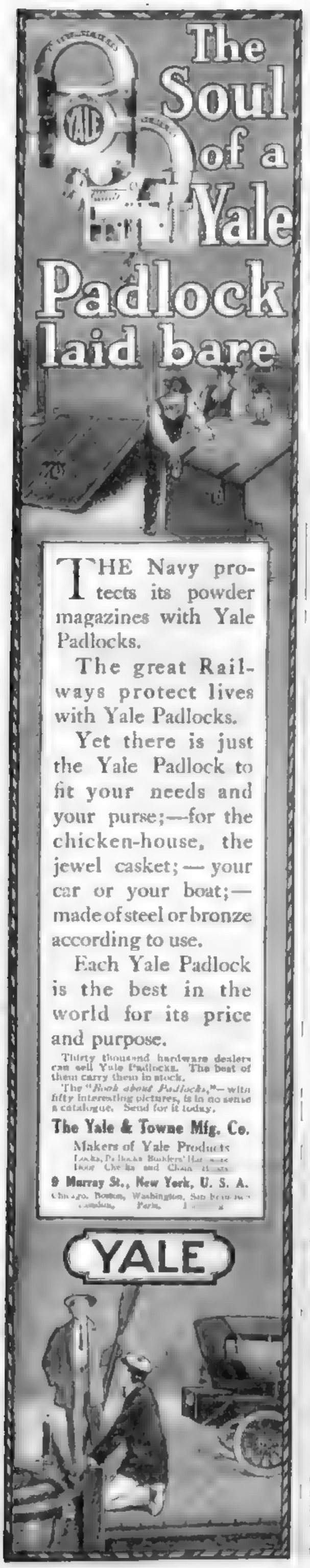

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YOUR SAVINGS

Patience and Investment

NOT long ago a young Wall Street broker asked James Stillman if he had a recipe for financial success. The great man said that he did not know any, but added:

"One thing is certain—patience is a bigger asset than brains in money-making."

Once, when I asked Edwin Hawley why and how he had succeeded, he replied laconically:

"I have worked and I have been patient."

You would get the same kind of answer from a score of other moneyed chieftains. In it is embodied one of the big fundamental rules of safe investment. Now if patience is such a virtue among the millionaires, who can well afford to take chances, why should it not be equally valuable and helpful for the man and woman with savings who cannot afford to gamble? As a matter of fact, more people have lost their hard-earned surplus through impatience and a mad desire for impossible returns than in any other way.

When you go into the analysis of safe and sane moneymaking you find that patience and safety go hand in hand, and the sooner you cultivate patience the quicker will be your start on the road to a real competency. In the explanation of this rule lies a useful lesson for the average investor everywhere.

Many people make the costly mistake of thinking that because they have a comparatively small sum of money they should take risks. A concrete episode will illustrate the popular state of mind in this matter. A woman went to see a New York investment banker. She had a few thousand dollars to invest.

"How much return do you expect on your money?" asked the banker.

"Well, you see," answered the woman, "I haven't much and I naturally must get a good deal out of it."

When the banker pressed for a specific answer she said:

"I think I ought to get at least twenty per cent."

Of course such a return, save by a miracle, was impossible. The banker told the woman that just because she had a small sum of money it ought to be conserved and safeguarded in every possible way. He had great difficulty in persuading her to buy some gilt-edged public-service corporation bonds that yielded five per cent.

This woman would have been a very easy mark for the first get-rich-quick promoter that came along. He would have played on her impatience to get big returns. He would have used the alluring bait, "Why wait all your life to amass a fortune? Get it in a hurry!" and she, like many others, would have fallen for it.

Women Born Speculators

This leads to the very interesting fact that the average woman is a born speculator and in her impatience to get swift returns on her money she often loses all she has. Ask any broker and he will tell you that his women clients will take the longest chances; but many of them will add the ungallant qualification, "They are bad losers." This is one reason why many conservative houses will not take women's accounts for margin trading under any condition.

The result is that women who like to gamble turn to the bucketshops, where they get all the gambling they want and nothing else. When a certain bucketshop was raided not so very long ago it was found that about forty per cent of its customers were women. Many of them did business with the house by mail. Some were trading in stocks without the knowledge of their husbands, and one of their principal injunctions to the brokers was: "Don't let anybody know that I am doing this." It gave the bucketshop operator just the weapon he wanted, because, when he closed out her account without giving her a fair run for her money, she could not appeal to anybody and was absolutely at his mercy.

The only instance where a woman got the best of a bucketshop happened in this way: She was good-looking and was a born speculator. She dropped her savings in this particular shop and then haunted it, seeking redress from the owner. Finally she met him; he fell in love with her and married her. In less than a year she got a divorce from him and big alimony. Later she is reported to have said to a friend:

"It was the only way to beat him!"

Every individual and institution engaged in the business of separating people from their money plays on the universal impatience of women to get rich in a hurry. Here is an illustration: A New Jersey woman inherited twenty one-thousand-dollar bonds. Her husband had been a very thrifty and conservative man and these bonds were in standard railroads and of the very highest type. They had a face interest rate of four per cent. The woman had other assets and was in no want, but she began to get literature from a mining company that was floating some copper stock on the New York Curb. She was promised a chance to get in on the ground floor and was given the "privilege" of buying the stock at ten dollars a share. Without consulting her husband's bankers she took half of her bonds to a small house, sold them and invested the proceeds in this stock. Then the stock went to smash. In her despair she went to her husband's bankers and told of her plight.

"Why didn't you come to us first?" they asked.

The woman hesitated and then said: "Because I knew you would advise me against it and I thought it was such a good chance to make a lot of money quick."

Selling at the Wrong Time

This incident is cited because it reveals a very common condition. Both men and women shrink from going to sources of conservative advice when they are stung with the desire for big returns. They fear the truth. When they do go it is often too late.

Hand in hand with impatience goes the feminine tendency to become panic-stricken. The average woman finds it extremely difficult to understand how and why perfectly sound stocks can decline in price during periods of depression or widespread financial disaster. Here is an episode which illustrates a very common and costly happening: One day during the high tide of the 1907 panic a woman rushed to a big Wall Street brokerage office. She was very much excited and insisted upon seeing the head of the firm. She owned considerable real estate, was considered well-to-do, and among her assets were one hundred shares of General Electric stock that she had bought at one hundred and eighty-five the year before.

"You must sell that General Electric stock," she declared.

"Why?" asked the broker. "The stock is as good as it ever was. It will go back to its former price."

"But it's down to ninety and I don't want it any more," she insisted. Despite every protest she held to her determination to sell it and thereby lost exactly ninety-five hundred dollars. Had she waited she could have witnessed the return of that stock to its normal price well within a year. Meanwhile she would have received her usual return from it.

This emphasizes two very important facts that the woman investor may well keep in mind: one is that the time to sell stocks is when they are highest and when everybody else is buying; the other is that, unless she has excellent investment advice and knows a good deal about the game herself, she should not buy stocks that are subject to market manipulation, the quotations of which appear prominently in the newspapers. One reason for this is that, without a proper knowledge of financial matters, she is apt to be deceived by the changes in price. Most people do not stop to consider that the market quotation of a stock is not always a guide to the real value of the security.

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clever manipulation this stock was forced up to ninety-two and a half. The average woman—or man either—who saw this quotation may have jumped offhand to the conclusion that there was enough value and business behind the stock to justify this high price. As a matter of fact, when the members of the pool fell out—as they usually do—and the deal was exposed, the stock crumbled.

Therefore the investor should never be guided by the market price in trying to determine the real value of the security. The real, uncompromising test is the earning power over a long period of years.

Then there is the emotional side. A woman who buys stock that figures prominently in the news lays herself open to endless anxiety. No matter how confident she may feel, the moment she reads in the papers that her stock has gone down even two points she becomes alarmed. She will wait eagerly for every market report and have periods of great mental agony. Under such stress she is liable to order her stock sold at great sacrifice. It may be worth noting here that some very sound stocks never appear in the newspapers at all. They are often the stocks of small municipalities or of small manufacturing concerns underwritten by reputable houses. These stocks may be had through these houses or through specialists.

The effect of newspaper reading on the woman investor has produced some amusing episodes. A woman who had come into the possession of five thousand dollars invested it in the bonds of a fairly good-sized city. This issue had been underwritten by the firm of brokers who handled the woman's money. A week after the transaction had been completed she appeared at the office in a state of great excitement.

A Panic-Stricken Investor

"All is lost!" she said and fell to weeping.

When the broker had calmed her she said:

"I have been watching the financial papers every day and I can see no quotations of my bonds. A friend of mine told me that if securities are not quoted they are no good."

The broker assured her that, with the exception of bonds of the city of New York and the bonds of a few other cities, municipal bonds are not listed on the New York Stock Exchange. She would not listen to the explanation and to give her peace the broker exchanged her bonds for some railroad securities which cost more and yielded her less.

The significance of loss by speculation is not merely that the man loses his money. It goes much further and deeper. The man gets the universal feeling that he will "hit it the next time"; he puts his next batch of savings into a speculative enterprise and once more he loses. Like the man who loses on a horserace, he keeps on trying to get even and never does.

Patience as an asset in investment is not confined to stocks and bonds. It is universal in its application. Take real estate. The one reason why the great Astor estate in New York has grown into a vast financial stronghold is that the Astors knew how to be patient and to wait until all the rest of the property around their holdings was built up. Their land became more valuable each year. Many others would have seized the first big boom to sell out and thereby lose profit, but the Astors have simply waited.

In a smaller way any man or woman who owns a house or a lot in the path of progress of a city should not get excited over the first increase in value and, impatient of profit, sell out at the first offer.

On the other hand, a man may wait too long and lose his profit; and thus timidity joins with impatience as a menace to money. Therefore, with this phase of investment, as with all others, it always gets down to a question of the kind of money employed. A man with savings invested where it grows safely—surely, but slowly—should not change it the first time it appreciates in value. He should be content with slow growth and take no chances on a speculative reinvestment. If he has a good income and an anchor to the windward, in the shape of good bonds or mortgages stowed away in a safe-deposit box, he can devote his surplus to enterprises that fluctuate and take his profits whenever possible; but let him observe this rule: In every new transaction keep out a sum to be invested in a bond.

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THE RAILROAD PASSENGER

(Continued from Page 11)

A man in Buffalo boarded a "pay-as-you-enter" with a transfer, handed it to the conductor and quickly passed inside the car. The conductor soon after discovered that the transfer was void and entered the car to demand a cash fare from the passenger. After some argument the passenger surrendered and proffered a nickel. The conductor refused to accept it and demanded that the passenger go to the rear of the car and deposit it in the box. The passenger argued that that would humiliate him and cause him to lose his seat in the crowded car. The case came quickly to the Public Service Commission. After a fair and judicial hearing in the matter it sustained the traction company in the action of its conductor.

The street-railroad system in Albany has close connection with the system of the neighboring city of Troy and through cars are operated from one town to another. For many years it has been customary to carry through passengers on this route for a ten-cent fare, with the privilege of a single transfer—that is, a man with a transfer from an Albany connecting line would be carried through to Troy with the payment of an additional five-cent fare, but he could not then have a transfer good on Troy connecting lines.

On the other hand, if he was able to board a through Albany-Troy car at first he was entitled to a Troy transfer on payment of his ten-cent through fare. But—a man could pay a five-cent fare on an Albany line, and by transfer ride on a through Troy car as far as the line that separated the two cities. He could then board the next car bound in the same direction, pay a five-cent cash fare and—in accordance with New York law—receive a free transfer to any connecting line in Troy. In other words, by stopping over a car at the city line a man could receive the through ride with two transfers for ten cents, a privilege for which the company sought to charge fifteen cents. It did not permit passengers to step off the car at the city line and immediately board it again there, with the idea of beginning a new transaction.

That was certainly a mooted point and in course of time it came to the Solons of the Public Service Commission. They puzzled over every phase of the question and finally upheld the railroad, under the ruling that fifteen cents was not an unreasonable fare for a twenty-mile ride from the farthest limits of Albany to the farthest limits of Troy and for the accommodation of through service. That, however, was an extremely unusual case. As an almost universal rule, the through fare between points is as low or lower than the combined local fares. Sometimes on the steam railroads it is not. An interesting case was that of Kurts against the Pennsylvania, when the Interstate Commerce Commission ruled that the railroad must accept on the same train two local tickets which together sold at a less price than the through ticket between two points; but that it could not be forced to sell a through Pullman ticket on such a combination.

Love Laughs at Motormen

On the other hand, if a man buys a Pullman ticket from New York to Rochester for two dollars he cannot change his mind and force the railroad to carry him in its sleeping car to Buffalo on that ticket, even though the Pullman fare from New York to Buffalo is also but two dollars. In such a case he must pay an extra thirty-five cents—the Pullman fare from Rochester to Buffalo. The commissioners ruled that a railroad passenger cannot change his mind that way.

The commissions were hailed with glad acclaim by every man with a grievance—real or fancied—against a carrying corporation. They were accepted with something more than complacence by the carriers, who saw in these new functions of government barriers against the attacks upon them by politicians and agitators of high and low degree.

A case well suited to try the judgment of the wisest of commissions is being ripened at Centerville, New Jersey. A little electric line runs from that bustling metropolis through Skelpenton to Macieville. A certain young man of Centerville has a sweetheart who is employed there, but who lives in Skelpenton. On Wednesday and Sunday nights he has been in the habit of accompanying her home on the last car, which leaves Centerville at ten o'clock in the evening. If there are passengers for Macieville, which is two miles farther on the line, the car proceeds there, giving the young man ample time to say good night to his girl and catch that last car returning.

But there have been Wednesday and Sunday nights when there have been no passengers for Macieville—and there comes the rub. The conductor and the motorman, being hard working married souls, with the romantic in their nature somewhat dwarfed, have turned the car at Skelpenton and hurried home to the barn, regardless of any one who may be waiting for them at Macieville and regardless of that bi-weekly farewell.

Meantime the young man from Centerville has been showing genius. He has not prated loudly of his assaulted rights, but he has made a contract with a small boy in Skelpenton who is fond of trolley riding. The small boy is on hand on Wednesdays and Sundays when the last car pulls in, his fare is given him by the bright Centerville merchant and he embarks for the trip to Macieville. The car crew look daggers at their passenger and make sinful threats, but the small boy continues the even tenor of his way.

The Public Utilities Commission is a comparatively recent thing in New Jersey, but there are Centerville folks who feel that they have an ideal candidate for membership upon its board.

A Regular Extra

The A. B. & C. railroad leads from a group of steep mountains—thickly populated during the hot summer months—down to the busy trunkline of the X. & Z., one of the well-known steam railroads of the country. The A. B. & C. is a law unto itself. Its stock is largely held by a single family and that family is a political factor throughout the entire state. In C——, the point where the two lines intersect and transfer passengers and freight, it is an absolute power. The X. & Z. is forced to maintain gates at every grade-crossing in C——; the A. B. & C., with twice the number of crossings inside that same municipality, has never been forced to put up a single gate at any one of them. So much for the setting.

A few years ago the two railroads placed a joint train in service over their lines—between a great city at tidewater and the heart of the exquisite mountains. It was a high-class train—all Pullmans—and it was advertised to make no intermediate stops, much to the disgust of C——, which clamored for an increased express service on the X. & Z. The X. & Z. people pleaded their helplessness in the matter. The A. B. & C. people had placed rigid limits on the length of that crackerjack train because of their steep mountain grades and there was no room aboard her for C—— folks.

A few miles nearer tidewater than C—— was B——, a bustling place of thirty thousand souls, with metropolitan ambitions, and it jabbed the civic pride of B—— too to see that gay green and gold train go flashing through it without even hesitating down at the depot. B—— was more resourceful than C——. Its corporation counsel dragged out the moth-eaten charter by which the X. & Z. had been permitted to cross through it, and found a provision by which the railroad, in exchange for a franchise to run lengthwise through a public highway, agreed to stop all trains at B——.

The corporation counsel was in high glee and dreamed that night of some one urging him to accept a nomination for the Supreme Court.

But the railroad was resourceful too. It dropped the mountain limited from its local timetables and sent it each summer day as an "extra." Still it whizzed unceremoniously through the B—— street and past the B—— Union Depot. Then B—— almost lost its civic temper. A municipality's rights were in danger. A committee went scurrying up to the state capitol, the commission convened in solemn judgment, the "best train" was ordered back on the timetable and to stop at B——. It has

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I have ceased to get excited or enthusiastic about any new things, but I must express my joy and greatest satisfaction in the use of Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap. With it, shaving is a refreshing and luxurious performance and is as far superior to previously known shaving soaps as the automobile is to the horse-car. The lather does not dry on the face; it speedily softens the beard and leaves a cool sense of comfort after the shave.

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The above testimonial is one of the tens of thousands, unsolicited, we have received from ordinary business men. We have thousands of such that came from physicians, lawyers, politicians, men of science and other professions.

The Lather's the thing

JOHNSON'S
Shaving Cream Soap

brushes up instantly and luxuriously; softens the toughest beard without mussy finger rubbing; doesn't dry, smart nor irritate; leaves the face smooth and comfortable, requiring no emollient after the shave.

It is put up in a hermetically sealed germ-proof collapsible tube containing 150 shaves—one-sixth of a cent a shave.

Every druggist sells it. Price 25c

Send us name and address with 2c stamp for 20-shave trial tube.

Johnson & Johnson

Dept. 2-Z, New Brunswick, N. J.

Over 60,000 Merchants Are Ahead of You

To-day over 60,000 merchants in the United States and Canada are protecting their credit accounts from leaks and losses by using the *one-writing*, total forwarding McCaskey Account System.

Every detail of their business is handled by the McCaskey. Every account kept posted up to the minute. Every sale charged and every cent of profit saved.

What the McCaskey has done for others, it will do for you.

It will run your business without any attention on your part, without a book-keeper. It will prevent mistakes, prevent failures to charge—and increase *your* profits.

The McCASKEY SYSTEM

insures that every sale—cash, charge, C. O. D. or approval—will be handled without possibility of loss to you.

With one writing it does everything accomplished in three to five writings in day books, journals, ledgers, etc., and pays you a profit out of the money it saves. *It automatically limits credit and flags the merchant at every danger point.*

Every day you delay installing the McCaskey Gravity Account Register in your store, you are losing money.

Ask for Demonstration

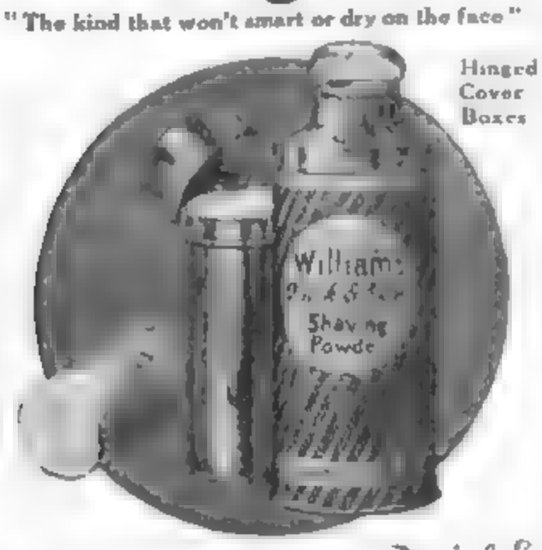
or send for booklet which tells how 60,000 merchants protect their credit accounts from loss and increase their profits.

The McCaskey Register Co., Alliance, Ohio
Dominion Register Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.
18-21 Queen Victoria St., London, E. C., England.

THE convenience of a nickeled, hinged-top, sanitary box,
the luxury of rich, creamy, abundant lather,
the comfort of a face refreshed and soothed—
these are the reasons that prompt men who know to ask for

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



Hinged Cover Boxes

Williams' Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

offers the same convenient, sanitary box, the same luxurious lather and the same face comfort—in fact the same Williams' soap quality but in powder form which many men find an added convenience.

Both Williams' Shaving Stick and Williams' Shaving Powder are put up in the Williams' famous Hinged-Cover Box. A sample of either mailed on receipt of 4 cents in stamps. Address

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Any man, every man, all men would appreciate the

Krementz Gift Box

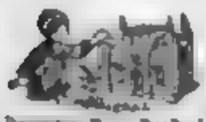
A set of four of the famous 14-K Rolled Plate Krementz Collar Buttons (that will last for years without losing lustre). A new one free for every one broken or damaged from any cause. Packed in an attractive ribbon-tied box

One Dollar the set of four. If not found at your haberdasher's or jeweler's, a set will be sent postpaid on receipt of price

KREMENTZ & CO., 49 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.

I won the World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you Free one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Penmanship Journal.

C. W. Ransom, 728 Ransom Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



TOYS OF STONE Marvelous Toys that are Wonderful Dr Richter's Anchor Blocks

Free Book

F. AD. RICHTER & CO. American office, 215 Pearl St., Dept. 4015, New York City

stopped there ever since and civic pride in the municipality runs high.

C—— had no such saving clause in its franchise contracts. It had little save one determined citizen, who decided to test his rights to use the limited down into his home town. It struck him as being ironical that the train should stop there—at a safe point down in the freight yards—while the two separate roads exchanged crews and motive-power, and then ignore the rights of a town that was in actual need of increased service. He decided to put the question to test.

The opportune time came a little later when he was returning to his home at C—— from D——. It was absolutely necessary that he be in C—— by five o'clock in the afternoon and the prohibited limited was the only train that made that possible. He went into the ticket office at D—— just before the exclusive express was due and demanded a ticket to C——.

"Can't sell it to you," said the A. B. & C. young man behind the screen, not impolitely.

The passenger simulated surprise and the agent explained.

"This train don't stop at C—— and they won't let me sell tickets on it to that point."

The man stood politely but firmly on his rights.

"You have no right to assume that I am going on this train," he said. "You have no right to refuse to sell me a straight ticket to C—— when I produce the money."

The agent was obdurate and the man from C—— finally produced a mileage-strip of the X. & Z.

"You cannot refuse to sell me a ticket to C—— to be used in connection with this strip through to B——," he said.

"If you give me your word of honor that you will use the C—— ticket in connection with that strip I will sell it to you," the agent finally said as he reached toward his rack.

"I will give you my word of nothing," stormed the passenger, "and you'll give me that ticket—P. D. Q."

A Fruitless Victory

He was a square-jawed citizen, also, and he got his ticket—the agent shaking his head as he stamped it, for he feared that the unbottled wrath of his general passenger agent might be poured out upon him for the transaction. When the passenger got on the train and presented it trouble began again. The Pullman conductor refused to sell him a seat for any point short of B—— and the man waived that point—one at a time was enough for him. The train conductor took his transportation with a rueful expression.

"This train doesn't stop at ——" he began.

"Cut that out," said the man, who in his zeal for his rights was beginning to lose his politeness. "I live in C——. You don't change engines and crews at forty-five miles an hour. I'm going to follow you out there at the freight yard."

The conductor's gloom deepened.

"Don't do that!" he said in a low voice. "The last time a smart chap did that they gave me ten days for it, and the boss said it wasn't a marker to what would come next."

"I'll not cost any man his pay or his job," said the man from C——. A little later the porter of his car came to him and whispered that all the vestibule doors were kept locked while they changed engines at C——, but he could climb out over the observation platform. Others did, but the man from C—— proposed no such skulking exit as that. When the train was stopped in the freight yard he stood at a vestibule door and demanded of an X. & Z. brakeman, who was scurrying through the train, that he unlock it.

"Sorry. Can't do that, boss," grinned the brakeman and started to hurry away. The passenger, a big upstanding man, as the novelists say, gripped him by the shoulders and read him the riot act. He hinted at his right to be discharged in a safe place when the train was at a full stop; hinted also at the dire fate that awaited corporation servants who imprisoned patrons against their will. The brakeman weakened and opened the door. The man alighted in comfort and ease at his own town.

He was a man with a keen sense of justice and he prepared to take the enture

INDUSTRY

HOUSTON

Texas, is different—

It is not like the great majority of Cities. In Houston the streets are always thronged with wage-earners—Everybody is busy—Everybody has a smile—Everything is hustle and bustle—Enterprise—Industry—Progress—Effort is the program of the day.

¶ Houston, being the center of a great and growing consuming population—

¶ Houston, where the demand is far in excess of the supply—

¶ **Where Seventeen Railroads Meet the Sea,** assuring, on account of water competition, low transportation rates to all points.

¶ These are conditions, which combined make Houston the most attractive City in America for manufacturing, distributing and investment purposes.

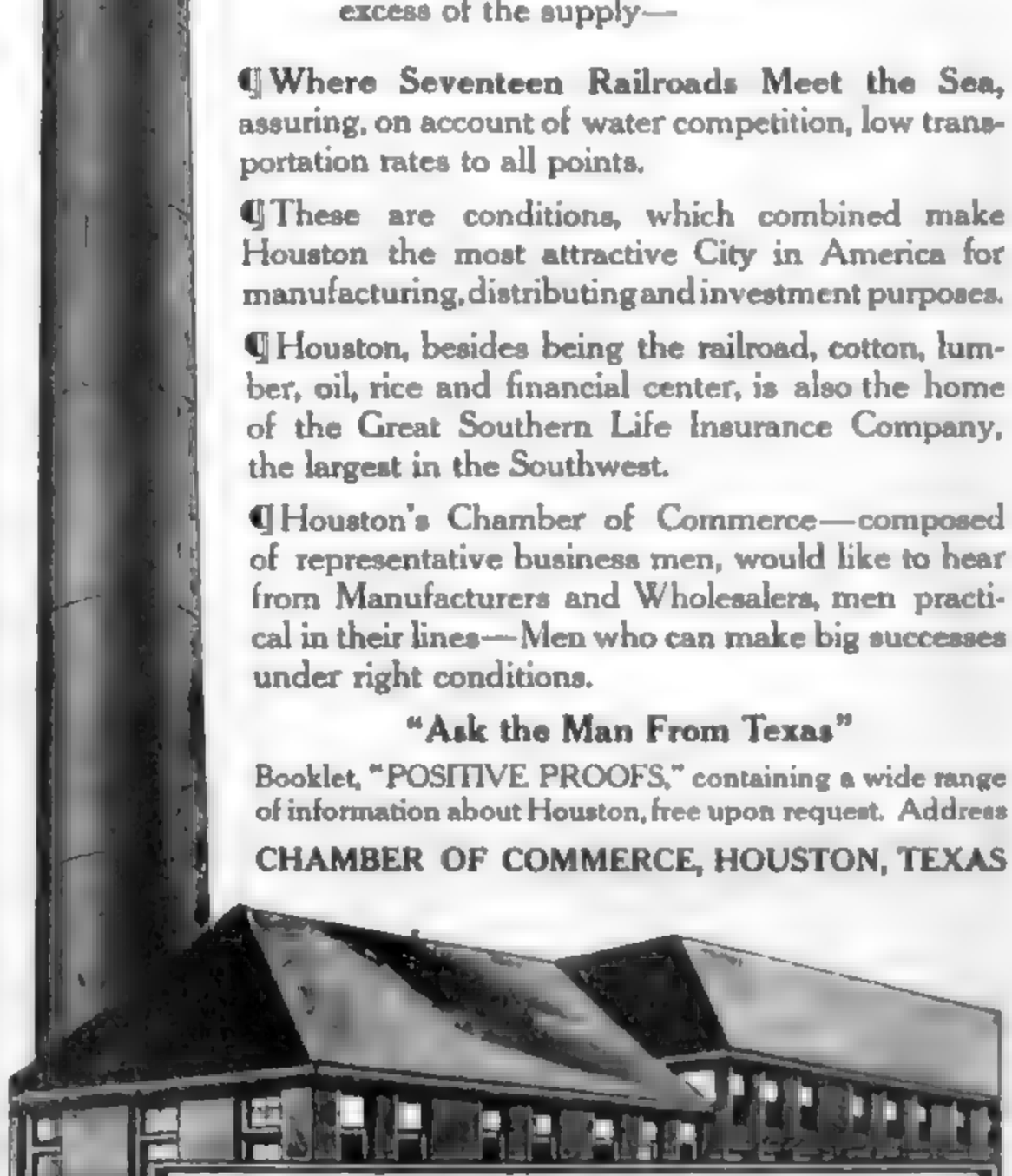
¶ Houston, besides being the railroad, cotton, lumber, oil, rice and financial center, is also the home of the Great Southern Life Insurance Company, the largest in the Southwest.

¶ Houston's Chamber of Commerce—composed of representative business men, would like to hear from Manufacturers and Wholesalers, men practical in their lines—Men who can make big successes under right conditions.

"Ask the Man From Texas"

Booklet, "POSITIVE PROOFS," containing a wide range of information about Houston, free upon request. Address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, HOUSTON, TEXAS



The Best Way to go is via the Katy

Houston is best reached through St. Louis or Kansas City via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway.

From both points there are two splendid fast **Katy** trains—**"The Katy Flyer"** and **"The Katy Limited,"** with through sleeping cars and chair cars to Houston.

"Katy all-the-way."

For cost of tickets, schedules and any information regarding the trip to Houston write

W. S. ST. GEORGE, General Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry.
143 Wainwright Building, St. Louis, Mo.

M K T

Marion Harland's Christmas Message

"I BELIEVE no more wonderful gift could be bestowed upon the women of America at this Christmas time than the benefits which result from the use of a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner.

"To the woman doing her own housework it offers the priceless boon of relief from drudgery—of hours saved for happier things.

"To the woman with servants it offers a means of securing and retaining *satisfactory* servants.

"To every woman it offers the opportunity for sanitary cleanliness in her home, otherwise impossible.

"It means protection from dread disease for every member of the household and especially for the helpless little ones.

"It has been my lifelong theory, founded upon tragic facts, that dust is a deadly enemy in our homes. With the advent of the Duntley Cleaner dust is banished, with all its attendant evils, and no woman need be without the Duntley another day. Mr. Duntley has developed a plan which places his cleaner within the reach of you all.

"I can wish you nothing better at this beautiful season than the gift of a cleaner, happier, more healthful home, which the Duntley will surely bring you. Won't you write me for all the information I can give you about it?"

Marion Harland

Domestic Director

A Free Demonstration of THE DUNTLEY in Your Home

Communicate with our nearest dealer and have the Duntley demonstrated on your own rugs, curtains, clothes, mattresses, furs, chairs—anything in the house. Use it yourself and see what it will do. It is practically noiseless and costs but about two cents per hour to operate. Can be had on easy monthly payments if desired. If there is no dealer in your town fill out this coupon and mail to us.

Duntley Manufacturing Company
Harvester Building, Chicago

Please send me further information about the Duntley.

Name.....

Address.....

I have electric current in my home.

matter up with the commission. He let one or two of his closest friends know of his plans. Then there came an upset. The same family that owned the A. B. & C. had pressure on his bank and his bank held his paper—he was financing a big new enterprise. That cause never went to the judge and jury.

Exactly reversed was the case of a barrel-shaped New Yorker who took the wonderful trip up the Pike's Peak cog-road last summer. The fat citizen from tidewater enjoyed the ascent of the old monarch of the Rockies tremendously—Nature's tragedy of the timberline was not lost upon his sedulous soul. When the last struggling tree was passed and real wintry weather began to envelop the little train the conductor came around and rented overcoats at fifty cents each to the shivering passengers. He had no coats with a waist measure of forty-eight inches and it was impractical to fasten two together.

At the summit of the Peak the order came for all passengers to get out, even though a heavy fog had settled down upon everything.

"The train will not be unlocked until five minutes before leaving time," announced the little conductor through his megaphone. The passengers alighted to be ushered into the curio store—a part of the time-honored program of the Peak. The fat man from Harlem refused to budge—he was already shivering. The conductor urged him.

"The observatory's up there," he said.

"I'd rather have a conservatory than an observatory," responded the passenger. "I'll stay put;" and he wedged his three hundred pounds hard upon the little plush seat and caught its arms stoutly with both of his hands. The train-crew argued, the train-crew threatened; but the fat man stuck it out in solitary glory until the time came for the descent—forty-five minutes later. His defense of his rights was contagious among the other passengers.

Part of the program of the Peak includes the photographing of the trainload of passengers before they reëmbark at the Summit House. You are snapped by that camera whether you will or no, for the car is not unlocked until the photographer has done his worst. On the day that the bulky Harlemite journeyed up into the clouds the fog turned to hail. The party hurried to the seclusion and comfort of the little car as soon as the train was backed into position—and found the doors locked.

As they struggled up on the car's platform a megaphone announcement came to them from behind:

"Please look pleasant and face the camera for the group picture."

That was the finishing stroke. The New Yorker, from within, grinned at them. Something of the spirit of the Boston Tea Party took hold of that little group of excursionists. The camera needed time for a group picture in the storm and the men of the party refused to stand still. The official photographer's brow blackened.

"I'll see to it," he said, "that you stand there till you've posed for this picture. The train won't go till I say the word."

The Chicagoan's Ultimatum

That was a "leetle tew much," as Mr. Artemus Ward used to say, for freeborn citizens. There was a tall bony man from Chicago who took his cue from New York and he made a grave announcement.

"If you don't have those doors unlocked," he said solemnly, "we'll smash them in."

The doors were unlocked forthwith. The crew saw that every man of the party was ranged on the side of the Chicagoan. The defense of individual rights is quickly contagious.

Still, the cog-road officials remember one woman who came as a member of a tourist party from Brooklyn. The excursionists had paid an inclusive price for their tickets and included upon them was the five-dollar round trip up Pike's Peak. The woman succumbed to the thin air of the excessive altitude—some folks do. By the time the little train had reached the summit her respiration and heart action had sunk to the danger-point and the railroad officers took no chance. At no little trouble and expense they made a special trip to take the sick woman down to the low, safe altitude at the foot of the mountain, where she promptly revived. She had no thanks for the courtesy of the railroad people; simply made an insistent demand for the refund of five dollars. The pleasures of a trip to the summit—included in the price of her circular ticket—had been denied her. She wanted her rebate.

When you come to consider the rights of a railroad passenger the commuter takes no back seat. Ask any passenger-traffic man handling the affairs of a road serving large suburban communities if the folks who use his trains twice daily are zealous of their rights and privileges and he will reply by asking you if a man grows baldheaded without cause. You can trust the commuter to look out for himself—the influence of the Woman's Club of Lonesomehurst does not go for naught.

Some years ago a group of the railroads that link the New Jersey commutation zone with metropolitan New York ruled against the rights of the suburbanite to convert himself into a sort of human express wagon. It might have been the express companies who put the first note of unrest into the heads of the railroad managers, for it was certain that they looked upon the privilege of the commuter to freight himself each evening as an invasion of their own vested rights. Then there was a general passenger agent who dreamed that the busy little trains that ran out to Newark and Montclair and Paterson might be made to look as dignified and as respectable as a limited express. As it was, each car of each outgoing local at night resembled the shipping room of a department store—turkeys and peach-baskets filled the racks, lawn-mowers and garden hose cluttered the floor and aisles.

A Bloodless Victory

So, after consultation, the railroad folks ruled against the packages. No more could the Jersey commuter fall to the wiles of the fascinating stalls in Washington Market on his way to the ferry and so cheat the village grocer in his home town out of his profits. If he bought food in New York, hardware in New York, drygoods in New York, he must express them home. The railroads attached express cars to each commuter train, the express companies dived into their pockets to uniform gayly a new force of messengers—suburban expressage looked like a thriving institution. As a further aid to the new institution one of the railroads made a faster move and removed all the racks from its suburban coaches.

But the commuter, too, has vested rights. He rose in all his mighty wrath against the new institution. For a week before it went into effect it was the sole object of spirited conversation in that mighty forum—the smoker of the five-eighteen—and in every other forum that nightly went scurrying over the Jersey marshes. When the day came for it to take effect the ticket choppers at the ferry houses in Manhattan were ordered to stop all commuters with packages. They might as well have tried to stop all redheaded men from crossing the Hudson River. On that night, every commuter, his heart beating quickly as he thought of his own heroism, had a package—two packages—three packages.

Another element entered into the battle. A large army of folks who live in Jersey City or Hoboken cross the railroad ferries; they use the suburban trains once in a lifetime and knew nothing of the new order. Stout ladies who engaged in the laundry profession in Manhattan objected to an embargo being placed upon their washbaskets; Poles, Lithuanians, Scandinavians—all that sturdy army of simple folks who cross Hudson's mighty river twice each day—became allies of the commuter in the battle for his rights.

There was a little delay, a little objection on the part of the choppers—then they were lost. The army was charging past them—boxes, bundles, more boxes, more bundles—the waiting room of the ferry houses began to look like the night before Christmas. There was a little fighting—desultory—but on the whole it was a bloodless campaign and a tremendous victory. That night the bright new express cars ran empty, the bright new uniforms of the messengers were unsullied; but the rest of the train looked like a shipping room again.

The battle was lost—the railroads were quick to see that. The road that had sought to enforce the rule by practical suggestion put the racks back in the coaches. With a decent generosity it did more—it substituted racks running the whole length of the car for the miserable little package-holders of other days.

Young Man *go to the* Pacific Northwest

IF you have saved a few hundred dollars—if you are **ambitious**—if you are not afraid to work, and work hard—if you are persistent—if you mean to **succeed**—the **Pacific Northwest** offers you a splendid **opportunity.**

THE **Pacific Northwest** offers you an **opportunity** to make your mark in the world. That great **Northwest country** is dotted with thriving towns and cities. It isn't crowded—there is plenty of room for you who will work. The **Northwest** needs men who will work with their hands as well as with their brains—**young men** especially. For faithful work the **returns** are **large.**

YOUNG man—grow up in that **wonderful** land of **opportunity,** and grow up with it. The **Pacific Northwest** is **rich** beyond imagination. A few acres of ground will make you **independent** in a few years if you will go out there and develop it. You can go into the **orchard business** or the **poultry** business, or **garden truck** farming and make **money.**

BESIDES making **money** you will live in an **ideal climate.** No severe cold in winter. No excessive heat in summer. They are a contented, **prosperous** and **independent** people who live in **Oregon.** Out there the small farms make **big profits.** There are plenty of **markets** and you will be paid the **highest** prices for everything your little farm will produce.

OPPORTUNITY knocks at every man's door once. **Opportunity** is knocking at your door now. The **Pacific Northwest** is your opportunity—if you are a worker. Go there now if you have a few hundred dollars saved. Buy a small farm. Ten acres will be plenty. You can make yourself **independant** from these ten acres, but there is no reason for not enlarging your farm as you gain in knowledge and experience.

THE different towns and cities in the **Pacific Northwest** have their commercial clubs and other development organizations. 148 of these bodies are banded together under the **Oregon Development League** and the **Southwest Washington Development Association.**

THESE 148 clubs are in daily communication with the **Portland Commercial Club.** Each of these clubs represents a certain section or town. The **Portland Commercial Club** acts as a clearing-house of **opportunity** information.

YOU young men who are anxious to be up and doing—who have been waiting for **opportunity** to knock—write to the **Portland Commercial Club.** Whatever information you receive will be **authentic, impartial** and **real.** None of these organizations has any connection whatsoever with any private enterprise or interest. Your communication will be held in strict confidence. Write in detail, telling how much money you have saved—what you are now doing—whether you have had any farming experience, etc., etc. Address all communications to

Opportunity Secretary
Portland Commercial Club
Portland, Oregon

A New ARROW *Notch* COLLAR

Sits snugly to the neck, the tops meet in front and there is ample space for the cravat.

15c., 2 for 25c. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers

Most Adaptable of All Razors

NOTE THE ANGLE STROKE

The stroke that you use with the Gillette is a matter of individual preference. The big fact is that the razor is adjustable to any face or any beard.

Many a Gillette user with a wiry beard prefers the sliding or angle stroke.

Once over should show the way for you. One thing is sure—the Gillette is the most adaptable of all razors—the most responsive. It does what you want it to in the way you want it done. Easy, clean, quick, safe! No stropping; no honing.

You can buy a standard set at $5.00; a pocket edition at $5.00 to $6.00. Combination and travelers' sets at $6.00 to $50.00. There are now two sizes of blade packets—12 double-edge blades, $1.00; 6 double-edge blades, 50 cents.

Write and we will send you an illustrated pamphlet.

King C. Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 22 W. Second Street, Boston

New York, Times Bldg. Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal

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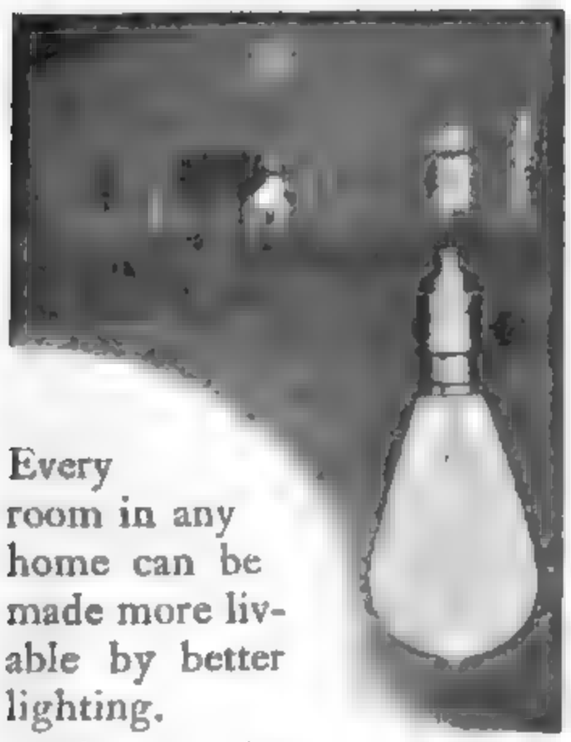


Every room in any home can be made more livable by better lighting.

Next to daylight electric light is best—

AND NOW

Mazda Lamps

make electric lighting better and cheaper than ever before.

Don't ignore—investigate. Old ideas of what electric light costs have been overturned. These new lamps deliver over twice as much light for every dollar's worth of electricity.

Electric light users find their lighting more than doubled with no increase in their "electric light" bills. That is what G-E Mazda lamps do for thousands today. They will do as much for you.

Ask your electric light man or dealer to furnish you the proper sizes. Begin with the rooms you want brightest. Get ready now for the long winter evenings.

We have prepared for you a helpful little booklet on the question of better lighting. Includes suggestions for wiring and lighting an eight-room house, cost of lighting, cost of lamps and the best ways to use them. Send for your copy today

General Electric Company
Dept. 33 Schenectady, N.Y.

Biplane 2½ in.
Monoplane 2⅜ in.

The current style—only in

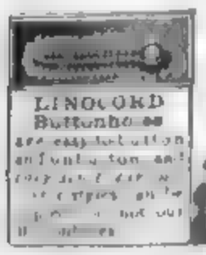
2 for 25¢ *Silver* BRAND ¼ Sizes

Collars

In canada 2 for 50c

with LINOCORD Buttonholes

that retain the style, set, fit and size of the collar after continued wear and laundering



Write for our booklet "A Little Talk" and "A Half a Hat" — the encyclopedia of correct dress.

GEO P IDE & CO., 491 River St., TROY, N.Y.

IDE Shirts—$1.50 and upward.

THRIFT

Boys to be Proud Of

THE son of a blacksmith in a small town was so slow at school that he had advanced only as far as the third reader by the time he was fourteen, though his four sisters, all younger, had gone far beyond him. The whole town considered him a numskull. The blacksmith, however, had a good deal of faith in his boy, and when it was decided to put him at a trade he took him to the town photographer, a man well known for fine work. Before the lad had been there a fortnight he began to develop. His father was very slow and thorough and the boy had inherited these qualities. He never hurried and everything had to be learned one detail at a time, but what he absorbed stuck with him. In three years he had thoroughly mastered the art so far as his employer could teach it and was earning ten dollars a week—his father earned only twelve.

During his second year he began saving money, putting away all his earnings except five dollars a week. When he was twenty-one he possessed seven hundred and fifty dollars in cash. It seemed that the time had come for him to find a wider field. Before going away from home he bought a house for his parents, paying eight hundred dollars on the property and carrying nine hundred dollars on a mortgage, which bound him to pay nine dollars a month. He then obtained a job as Government photographer at one hundred dollars a month and held it three years, saving money in addition to what was sent home. By-and-by he had enough capital to open a gallery for himself in a big western city, and his new business thrived for ten years. When he sold it and came East he had ten thousand dollars in cash, and besides this he had bought his father a blacksmith shop and had paid for his sisters' education. Today he is one of the most widely known portrait photographers in this country, and is said to be worth half a million.

A Scientific Farmer Boy

A farmer in New York has a wife, seven children, a fifteen-hundred-dollar mortgage and a malady that frequently keeps him in bed six weeks at a time and makes it difficult for him to do hard work. The oldest boy, now fifteen, has been the mainstay of the family since he was nine years old. His first enterprise was gardening on shares. By this arrangement he did the work and took one-fifth of the produce, and attended school at the same time. Later this arrangement was extended to chickens and turkeys. When he left school—at thirteen—he interested his father in getting together a herd of Holstein cattle on the same basis. A separator has been installed and cream is made into butter. The boy gets one-fifth of the profits and each fifth calf that is born. The lad feels that he and his father have still many things to learn about the dairy business, and so he keeps a close record of each cow, setting down the yield of milk and butter, cost o keep and so on. Ultimately he hopes to take an agricultural course at Cornell.

Last fall h's share of the turkeys—all fine birds—netted him sixty-four dollars and twenty cents. His share of the chickens sold came to thirty dollars. A first year's trial at ducks did not turn out well except in a yield of experience, but his share from those sold came to seven dollars and twenty cents. Out of this total of one hundred and one dollars and forty cents he put one hundred dollars away in the local building and loan association. His share of the potato crop bought clothes. Last spring he also got a Holstein calf which sold for thirty-five dollars, and within a year he expects to have enough to begin his college studies, as the dairy herd is developing handsomely. At the local fair recently five of the herd were exhibited and took several prizes.

A newspaper man in the city of New York has one son, for whom he began planning a college course in engineering as soon as he was born, putting away five dollars a month for an educational fund. When the lad finished high school at seventeen, however, he rebelled against further study and insisted on going to work, much to the father's chagrin. For some time he worked

The Howard Watch

Mother and the girls ought to know that a HOWARD Watch means more to a man than any other Christmas gift they could choose for him.

Every man knows the HOWARD Watch—its history and traditions—the names of the leading Americans who have carried the HOWARD and made it their own.

He is pleased with their recognition of him as the kind of man who ought to own a HOWARD—the finest *practical* timepiece in the world.

The HOWARD Watch is a source of pride to any man among his friends—not alone in its accuracy and reliability, but because of its distinctive position among timepieces.

It is the last word in a fine watch, and no other gift, however high in cost, could more surely reflect the idea of quality.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Boss or Crescent gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid-gold case at $150—is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

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Every woman will fall in love with this chrysanthemum design cut glass, heavy silver-plated lined fern dish. It is eight inches in diameter and richly cut all around and *on the bottom*. The glass foot raises it about one inch above the footed Mirror Plateau. The Plateau is heavy beaded edge glass, mirrored, with white metal base of quadruple plate, ten inches in diameter.

Dish and Plateau Complete, $5.00
Express prepaid to Mississippi River

Practically every page of our General Winter Catalog contains suggestions for Christmas Giving, and 32 pages are devoted especially to that purpose. If you haven't a copy, ask us for it.

Our Special Christmas Catalog

of selected Gift Items, and 1,000 illustrations of toys and games, the latest novelties of foreign and domestic manufacture, will be ready November 25. Just write us on a postal, "Send me Christmas Catalog No. 41." We pay postage, anywhere, on mail shipments of $5 or more.

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SHIRT STUDS
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THESE are the most sensible, convenient, and easy-to-put-in studs and buttons made. For any style shirt, including the coat shirt. They are adjusted automatically and cannot lose out of eyelet or buttonhole.

Every Larter Stud or Vest Button bears this trade mark to identify it, and is sold with the Larter guarantee—If an accident of any kind happens to the back of a stud or button, a new one given in exchange.

Larter Shirt Studs and Vest Buttons have been sold for years by jewelers everywhere. If your dealer can't supply, write us for name of one who can.

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It illustrates many of the almost infinite variety of Larter designs and settings, shows the proper studs and buttons for all occasions.

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Frisbie Collars

THE "Frisbie Curve" makes Frisbie Collars *lie close* to the shirt-band. Made *by hand* by the most skilled *"hands"* in Troy. *"Cadillac"* is a form that's *good form.*

At Most Good Shops.
25 cents for Two

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Chewing Gum [illegible] Clean. [illegible] Write today for [illegible]

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part of the day as clerk in a neighboring store, and then one day he visited a printing office and was so struck with the linotype that he insisted upon learning it. He could think of little else. His father got him a place in a printing office.

The lad's education helped him greatly. Within a year and a half he was earning eighteen dollars a week as a linotype operator, and then he began saving twenty dollars a month in a building and loan society. At the end of the third year he was getting twenty-four dollars a week. His study of the machine had been altogether toward accuracy instead of speed, careful work being worth more in a printing office than excessively speedy botchwork requiring costly corrections of proof. Much of his spare time was spent studying fingering and keyboard combinations that would yield the greatest amount of clean work, and ultimately this began to bring him speed, too, so that he could, in linotype parlance, "hang the machine" for an hour at a time—that is, make it do all of which it was capable.

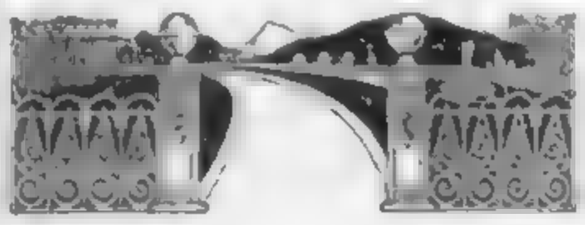
When his savings amounted to seven hundred dollars he invested them in two lots in a growing section and went on putting money away regularly until he was depositing not less than sixty dollars a month. About a year ago there came an offer of a thirty-five-dollar-a-week job in a Western city, which he took. Before leaving home he told his father that his savings and lots aggregated four thousand dollars. As soon as he has five thousand dollars in clean cash he means to start in business for himself.

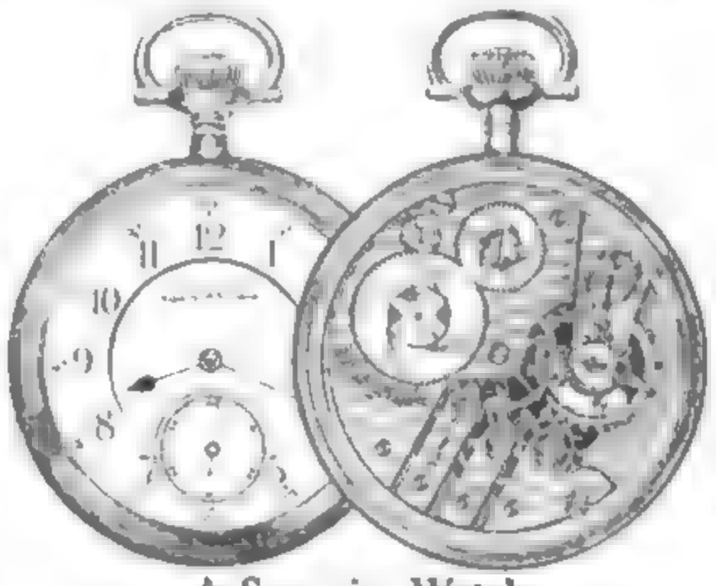
The Boy Who Could Spell

The second oldest boy in a Western farmer's family of five youngsters was eternally studying the dictionary. At farmwork he was of no use whatever and in general studies he was the laughing-stock of the school; but when it came to spelling he was the superior of even the teacher—no polysyllable was so obscure or involved as to down him. He was also skillful in debating contests, being noted for a style of speaking that was not showy, but exceptionally clear. When this lad outgrew the village school his father gave him up so far as farming was concerned and arranged to place him in an academy ten miles away. Every Sunday night the farmer drove his son over to this school and went for him every Friday. Through the interim the lad had a room that cost him a dollar a week and lived on pies, doughnuts and cold chicken brought from home.

After a year of this the druggist in the academy town, noticing that the boy was studious, took him into his home and paid him ten dollars a month in addition to his board for working after school hours. This gave him a bent toward medicine. From that time the father had no expense and the boy even saved a little money from his wages. In two years he was far advanced and the druggist got him a job in a town thirty miles away, where there was a state normal school. For sleeping in the drug store and answering night calls he was paid twenty-five dollars a month. Calls being few, he lost little sleep and could study hard.

Later, a secretaryship was found which increased his earnings to six hundred dollars a year. Every cent possible was saved for college and in three years he had one thousand dollars put away. This was not enough to take him through, and the college town where he proposed to study offered few opportunities to earn money; but he borrowed five hundred dollars from a philanthropic woman, giving his note indorsed by his father and paying four per cent interest, as well as insuring his life for the amount of the principal as additional security. That enabled him to graduate with high honors. He went back to the academy town to practice, making it a rule to set aside a quarter of everything he earned. Success came after a little waiting—his debt was paid off; and today, after sixteen years, he is one of the leading physicians in his state, with a fine practice and at least one hundred thousand dollars in property.





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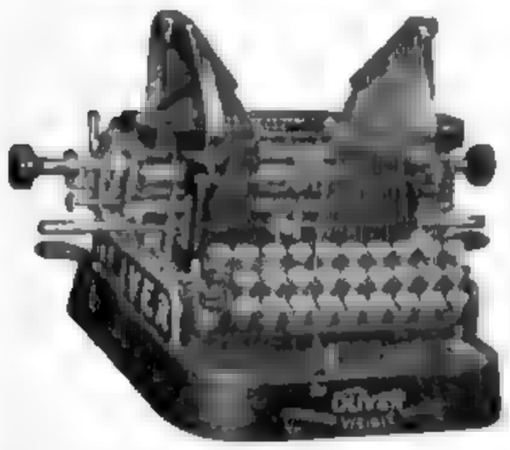

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FRAPPÉD FOOTBALL

(Continued from Page 8)

raved—he was an imported product, with no sense of humor, and was rapidly getting congestion of the brain. "Don't hit in the clinches!" yelled some joker. For five minutes the teams gossiped. Then our quarter gave his signal—the first two bars of Love Me and the World is Mine and passed the ball to Wilson, who was fullbacking.

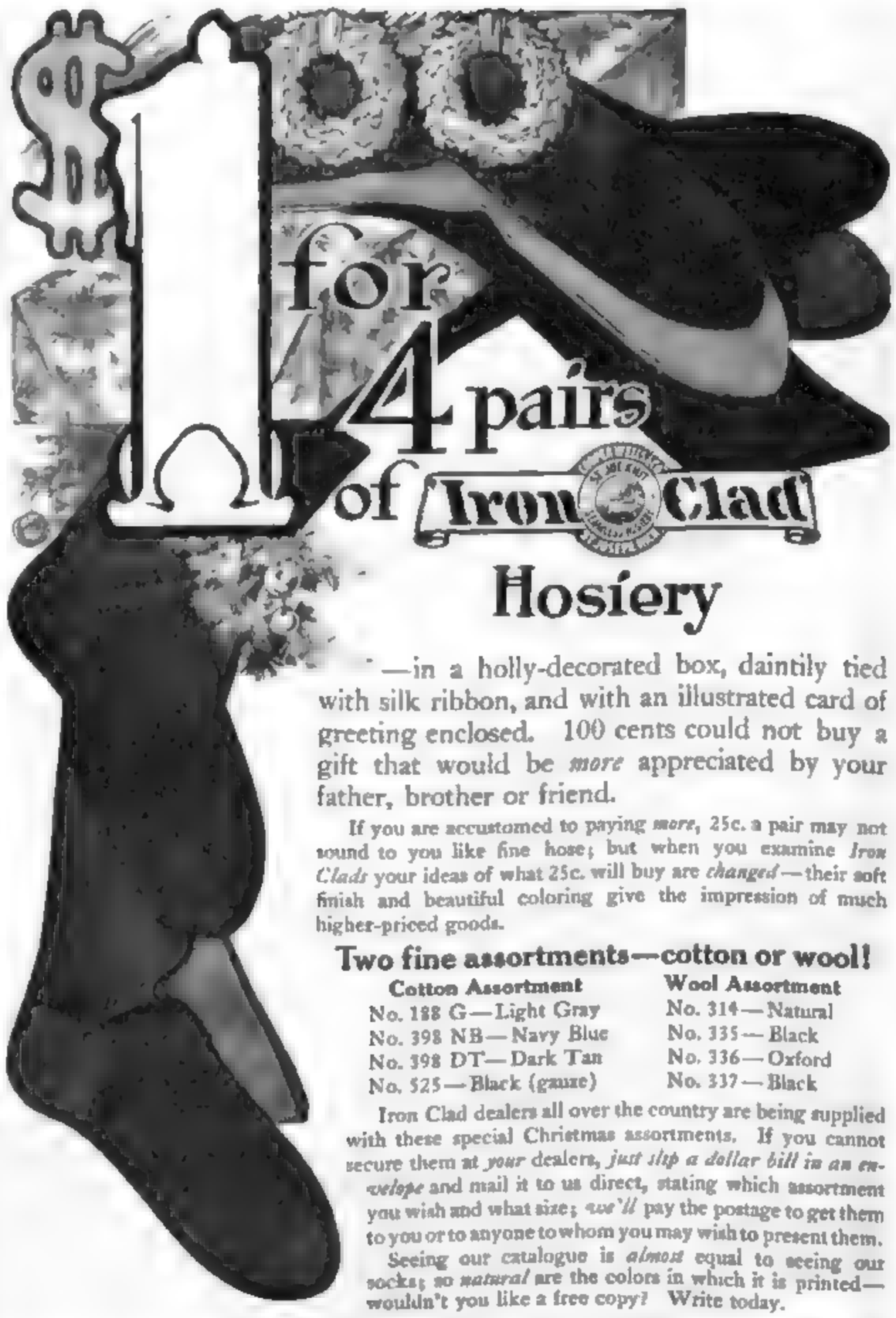
It was twice as interesting as an ordinary game because nobody knew what Wilson would do; in fact, he didn't seem to know himself. He stood a minute dusting off the ball carefully and manicuring his soiled nails. The Kiowa team and our boys strolled up, arm in arm. Wilson still hesitated. The Kiowa captain offered to send one of his men to carry the ball. Wilson wouldn't think of causing so much trouble. Our captain suggested that the ball be taken to our goal. The Kiowa captain protested that it had been there twice already. Some one suggested that they flip for goals. The captains did it. Siwash won. Calling a messenger boy, our captain sent him over to Kiowa's goal with the ball, while the two teams sat down in the middle of the field and the Kiowa captain set 'em up to gum.

By this time people were being removed from the stadium in all directions. There was a sort of a purple aurora over the Faculty box that suggested apoplexy. The learned exponents of revised football looked about as comfortable as a collection of expiring beetles mounted on large steel pins—that is, all but Professor Silleocks. He was beaming with pleasure. I never saw a man so entirely wrapped up in manly sports as he was just then. Evidently the new football suited him right down to the ground. He clapped his hands at every new atrocity; and whenever some Siwash man put his arm around a Kiowan and helped him tenderly on with the ball, he turned around to the populace behind him and nodded his head as if to say: "There, I told you so. It can be done. See?"

When the Kiowa center kicked off for the next scrimmage he introduced a novelty. He produced a large beanbag, which I presume Rearick had slipped him, kicked it about four feet and then hurriedly picked it up and presented it to one of our men. All of our boys thanked him profoundly and then lined up for the scrimmage. Immediately the Kiowa captain put his right hand behind him. Our captain guessed "thumbs up." He was right and we took the ball forward five yards. Deafening applause from the stadium. Then our captain guessed a number between one and three. Another five yards. Shrieks of joy from Siwash and desperate cries of "Hold 'em!" from the Kiowa gang. Then the Kiowa captain demanded that our captain name the English king who came after Edward VI. That was a stonewall defense, because Rearick had flunked two years running in English history. Kiowa took the ball, but the umpire butted in. It was an offside play, he declared, because it wasn't a king at all. It was a queen and it was Siwash's ball and ten yards. That made an awful row. The Kiowa captain declared that the whole incident was "very regrettable," but the umpire was firm. He gave us the ball; and on the very next down Rearick conjugated a French verb perfectly for a touchdown.

All of this was duly announced to the stadium and the excitement was intense. I guess there were as many as two hundred Chautauqua salutes after that touchdown. Both teams had tea together and our rooters' chorus sang Juanita, while old Professor Grubb got up, with rage printed all over his face in display type, and went home. He never went near the stadium again as long as he lived, I understand.

It was a most successful occasion up to this point, but somehow college boys always overdo a thing. The strain was telling on the two teams; for, when you come right down to it, no Siwash man loves a Kiowa man any more fervently than a bull pup loves a cat. The teams lined up again and began playing "ring-around-a-rosy" to find who should make the next touchdown, when something happened. Klingel, the two-hundred-and-ten-pound Kiowan guard, started it. He was just about as good a fellow as a white rhinoceros, and an hour of entire civilization was about all he could possibly stand. He had the beanbag and he was tired of it. Beanbags meant nothing



—in a holly-decorated box, daintily tied with silk ribbon, and with an illustrated card of greeting enclosed. 100 cents could not buy a gift that would be *more* appreciated by your father, brother or friend.

If you are accustomed to paying *more*, 25c. a pair may not sound to you like fine hose; but when you examine *Iron Clads* your ideas of what 25c. will buy are *changed*—their soft finish and beautiful coloring give the impression of much higher-priced goods.

Two fine assortments—cotton or wool!

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Iron Clad dealers all over the country are being supplied with these special Christmas assortments. If you cannot secure them at *your* dealers, *just slip a dollar bill in an envelope* and mail it to us direct, stating which assortment you wish and what size; *we'll* pay the postage to get them to you or to anyone to whom you may wish to present them.

Seeing our catalogue is *almost* equal to seeing our socks; so *natural* are the colors in which it is printed—wouldn't you like a free copy? Write today.

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England Sends You Another Discovery—More Vital, More Important Than Any Since Sir Walter Raleigh First Learned of Tobacco—It Adds to Economy, Convenience and Health—It Means a BETTER Smoke. England's Wise Pipe Smokers Taken By Storm!

Inserting a cartridge of tobacco into your pipe for a cool sweet—free burning—dry drawing—delicious smoke.

Baron's Pipe Filler

revolutionizes pipe smoking—makes an entirely new thing of it—makes *every* pipe-smoke better than the one *best* smoke you ever had in your life.

Here's the idea—you can see for yourself without buying it or trying it that Baron's Pipe Filler *multiplies* your pipe-zest and gives a "great" smoke *every time*.

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Baron's Pipe Filler scientifically loads into your pipe a "cartridge" of tobacco in such a way that each shred of tobacco *stands upright* in the bowl and *burns lengthwise*—as freely and sweetly as in the very best of cigars. You'll never guess what pipe smoking really means until you smoke with Baron's Pipe Filler.

Every bit of tobacco burns down to a *dry, white ash*—avoids nicotine accumulation and nicotine poisoning—keeps the pipe *free and sweet*.

Besides, the "cartridges" hold the *blend* intact, instead of allowing it become *disarranged* as in a jar or pouch. Thus, in each pipeful, you get all of the delicious richness and flavor of the mixture.

And It Saves You Money

No wasted tobacco. None wasted in filling—none wasted in "shorts"—none wasted in that poisonous, saliva-laden residue at the bottom of the pipe-bowl.

Two fine, old, world-famous mixtures are now put up in "cartridges"—"*Craven Mixture*" (1¾ oz. 30 cents) and "*Black Cat Mixture*" (Mild 1¾ oz. 25 cents). *You'll like them!* The Pipe Filler itself costs only 30 cents.

Nearly every better-class tobacco store can supply you. If you don't find it in your city, remit to the American Agents—ADOLPH FRANKAU & CO., Ltd., 151 West 23rd Street, New York.

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are your protection against such happenings. Stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking, have patented hold-fast tips, and every pair is

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10 cents per pair black or tan, in four lengths for men and women's high shoes. Sold only in individual sealed boxes. At all shoe, dry goods and men's furnishing stores. Write for booklet showing all our laces.

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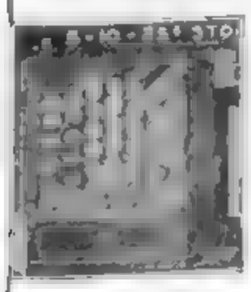
Makers of the famous Nufashond Silk Oxford Laces and Corset Laces

An Opening for a Retail Store



If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc. in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

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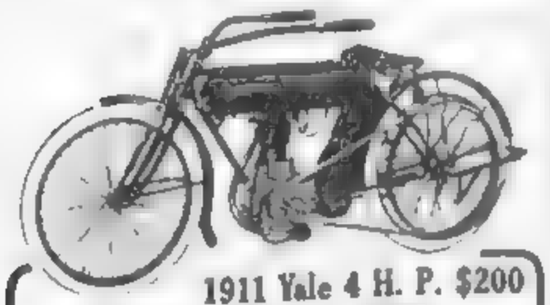

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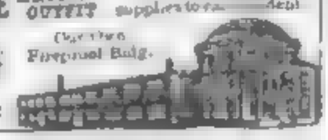

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References: Kensington Trust Co.

to him. He couldn't grasp their solemn beauty. He offered it to Petey Simmons. Petey declined, with profuse thanks. Klingel insisted. Petey bowed very low and swore that rather than make another touchdown on Kiowa he would suffer wild horses to tear him into little bits. Then Klingel began to get offside.

"You hear what I say, you little shrimp!" he said politely. "If you don't take this thing and quit your yawping I'm going to make you do it."

"Listen, you overfed mountain of pork!" said Petey, with equal cordiality: "If you don't like that beanbag eat it. It would do you good. You don't know beans anyway."

Then Klingel, without further argument, hit Petey in the eye and laid him out.

Wow! Talk about irritating a hornet convention. Klingel was a great little irritator. The whole game had been torture for our real team, cooped up among the ruffles in the stadium; and when they saw little Petey go down they gave one simultaneous roar and vaulted over the railing. It was a close race, but Ole Skjarsen beat Hogboom out by a foot. He hit Klingel first. Hogboom hit him second, third, fifth and thirty-fourth. Then the two teams closed together and for five minutes a cyclone of dust, dirt, sweaters, collars, arms, legs, hair and bright red noses swept up and down the field. The grandstand went crazy. The five hundred Kiowa rooters grabbed their canes and started in. They met about seven hundred Siwash patriots and then the whole universe exploded.

The police interfered and about half an hour later the last Siwash student was pried off the last Kiowan. It was the most disgraceful riot in the history of the college. I don't think there was a whole suit of clothes on the field when it was over; and the Siwash man who didn't have two or three knobs on his head wasn't considered loyal. The girls all cried. The Faculty went home in cabs, the mayor declared martial law and the Kiowa gang walked out of town to the crossing and took the train there to avoid further hard feelings. We were all ashamed of ourselves and I think the two schools liked each other a little better after that. Anyway, we regarded the whole affair as only logical.

The Faculty held a meeting that lasted all the next day. Then it adjourned and did absolutely nothing at all except to pile upon us more theses, themes and special outrages that semester than any body of students had ever been inflicted with in a like period. The profs wouldn't speak to us. They regarded us as beneath notice. But when the real Kiowa game was scheduled by mutual consent, two weeks afterward, there wasn't a remark from headquarters. We played Kiowa and spread them all over the map—and not a Faculty member was in town that day.

I understand Professor Sillcocks is not yet thoroughly persuaded that his style of football wasn't a success. "But for that unfortunate riot, which comes from playing with less cultured colleges," he remarked to a Senior the next spring, "that would have been the most successful exhibition of mental control and inherent gentility ever seen at Siwash."

True, very true.

St. Lawrence Sport

TO TROLL for muskallonge on the St. Lawrence River, where the prey is one of those giant black-spotted savages, is very keen sport indeed. To troll for the same fish in some far-off Wisconsin or Minnesota lake, where the forests come down to the edge of the water and there are no visible signs of civilization, is also a delightful sport, not without its savage aspects if the sky be dark and the waves running high—precisely the conditions most apt to give success. The strike of a giant lunge, say in November, when your line freezes as you reel it in and when your boat bids fair to be swamped in the whitecaps, is something to give even the reddest blood a thrill. In one such occasion the boat capsized and a friend of the writer went overboard, a mile from shore. He and his oarsman were in the water for an hour and a half, and when finally rescued had almost perished. The muskallonge, a thirty-five pounder, was still fast, and the angler had never let go of his rod. So after all the man was as game as the fish, as well as just a little bit wiser than the fish; which is what one must be if he is to come home with a clean conscience and a good catch.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin

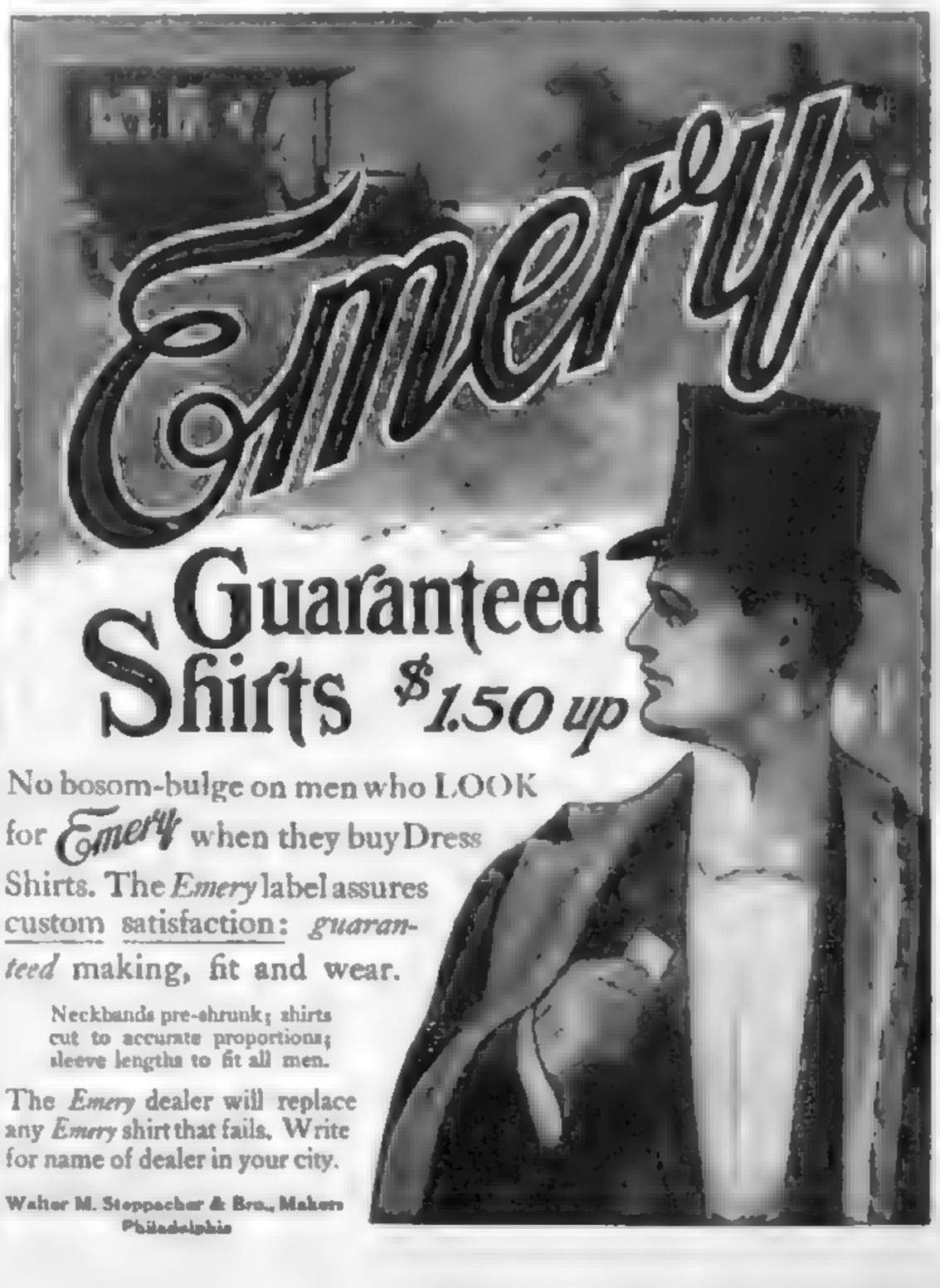
OPENING OF THE GREAT PENNSYLVANIA STATION IN NEW YORK

With its fall change of schedule, on Sunday, November 27, full train service will be inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Railroad to and from its new station at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street, New York City.

The location of the **Pennsylvania Station,** one block from Broadway, two blocks from Fifth Avenue, is in the heart of the hotel, club, and theatre district of Manhattan. Within a short radius are located the majority of the big retail stores and restaurants. The Seventh Avenue surface cars and the Eighth Avenue surface cars pass its doors; the Thirty-fourth Street surface cars (crosstown) pass its Thirty-fourth Street entrance, and stations of the Sixth Avenue Elevated and Hudson and Manhattan Tubes are a short block from its main entrance.

Time tables showing the service to and from the **Pennsylvania Station** are now being arranged, and may be obtained at Ticket Offices before the opening of the Station.

Connections will be made at Manhattan Transfer (near Newark) with local trains to and from the downtown stations by way of Jersey City, so that downtown New York passengers who desire may continue to use the Cortlandt and Desbrosses Street Stations and the Hudson Terminal Station of the Hudson and Manhattan Tubes.



No bosom-bulge on men who LOOK for *Emery* when they buy Dress Shirts. The *Emery* label assures custom satisfaction: *guaranteed* making, fit and wear.

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110 DAYS

$650 UP
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January 28th, by the S. S. Cleveland, 17,000 tons, 80 days, $325 and up. Finest trip ever planned. Strictly first class. Nile trips by the Hamburg and Anglo-American Nile Company's superb steamers.

South America *Across the Andes, Straits of Magellan*
January 21st, by the S. S. Bluecher, 12,500 tons, 74 days, $350 and up. Only opportunity to see South America right without delays and vexatious changes of steamers.

West Indies *Panama Canal, Venezuela*
January 24th and February 25th, by the S. S. Moltke, 12,500 tons, 30 days, $150 and up. Largest ship going to the Caribbean. Ideally adapted and specially constructed for service in the Tropics. Also March 28th, Spring Cruise of 16 days, $85 and up.

Around the World *2 Cruises*
By the S. S. Cleveland, 17,000 tons, from New York November 1, 1911, and from San Francisco February 17, 1912. 110 days, $650 and up, including all necessary expenses.

Cuba, Jamaica, Panama, Hayti *Colombia, Costa Rica*
To Havana fortnightly after November 30, by the S.S. Hamburg, 11,000 tons. Finest and largest ship to Cuba. Weekly by well-known "Prinz" and other steamers of the Atlas Service. Superb trips at moderate rates. 23 and 25 day cruises, $135 and $150. Also tours including hotel expenses.

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is issued twice each month, twenty-four issues a year. By doubling the number of issues, the Editors will be enabled to make THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL even more helpful than it has been in its practical departments and in its entertaining general matter.

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Like the perfume wafted from sweet violet meadows.

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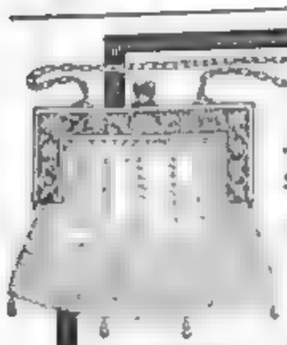

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THE CAREER OF FARTHEST NORTH

(Continued from Page 17)

excellent spirits, and when he left Edith herself was radiant.

"As soon as I asked him if he'd as leave take us over to the Springs," she told her husband eagerly, "he said, 'Why, certainly; that will be tiptop.' So he'll be here with the car by half past ten. I'll get a fine lunch of things he can eat, and I just know he'll enjoy getting out in the woods. We can fix it so it won't tire him a bit, and come back quite early. Do you know, Frank, I'm sure he's getting better every day. I believe it's nothing in the world but being over here where it's nice and quiet; where he can do little things that amuse him, and have nice, quiet, healthy people around who are fond of him for his own sake and are not thinking about his money. Don't you believe he feels that, and it sort of gives him more interest in living?" she inquired.

As she herself, in fact, was the nice, quiet, healthy, disinterested "people" who surrounded the invalid, she wished the support of her husband's opinion.

Farthest assented heartily, but regretted that he would be unable to make a superfluous one on the little picnic party. He had discovered that a gentleman from Philadelphia, whom it was important that he should see, was to be at Avignon on the morrow. Edith was disappointed, but deferred to her husband, as always.

So it was settled that Edith and Mr. Hubbard should make the picnic party; in fact, everything seemed settled. Yet Farthest lingered and hesitated a moment like one who has something on his mind; in fact, he would have liked mightily to have his wife write a little note for him, but he knew it wasn't right that she should, and virtue so far triumphed that he wrote the note himself on the inn stationery and signed her initials. It was brief, merely signifying that the writer intended taking a certain drive the next forenoon and would appreciate certain company.

Having written and directed this note and put it carefully in his pocket, Farthest betook himself to his faithful typewriter, with which he wrote a message upon the telegraph blank that he had provided for that purpose. He even laid a sheet of damp tissue-paper over the message to give it an official air of having been copied. Directing a telegraph envelope with the typewriter, he inclosed the message in it, sealed it and stowed it away in his pocket beside the note.

Quite early next morning he drove over to Avignon, having, indeed, weighty matters in hand. The first matter was to give the boy in the Avignon Courier office a dollar bill, a note and a telegram, with careful instructions regarding the delivery of the two latter. The next duty was to watch for the departure of Mr. Hubbard from the cottage, which occurred promptly at ten o'clock. Farthest then had little more than time to shift his base of observation before he experienced the great satisfaction of seeing the Earl of Esk sneak out of the cottage stable and betake himself to the château livery, from which, ten minutes later, he cantered away on a chestnut mare with a certain note, Farthest suspected, in his breast pocket. A quarter of an hour afterward a boy delivered a telegram for Mr. Hubbard at the cottage. Mr. Hubbard being absent the telegram naturally was handed to Elvira, who did not scruple to break the seal. This is what she read, under a New York date line:

"Self and lady must apply personally for license. Have made all arrangements; so there will be no delay. Have engaged captain's cabin on Valuria, sailing tomorrow. Doctor W. consents to accompany you. Also have engaged stateroom on same boat for E. E. Will meet you at train as requested."

This was signed J. A. C.—who could be no other than James Aldice Campbell, while E. E. undoubtedly meant the Earl of Esk. As to what the "license" that must be personally applied for meant, that was all too clear.

Elvira's frantic inquiries disclosed that Mr. Hubbard had been driven away from the house in his car at ten o'clock and the Earl was not to be found. She was aware that by running twenty miles to Middleford they could catch a train for New York

HALF the money spent for Winter Underwear would be saved—if everybody bought *Lambsdown*.

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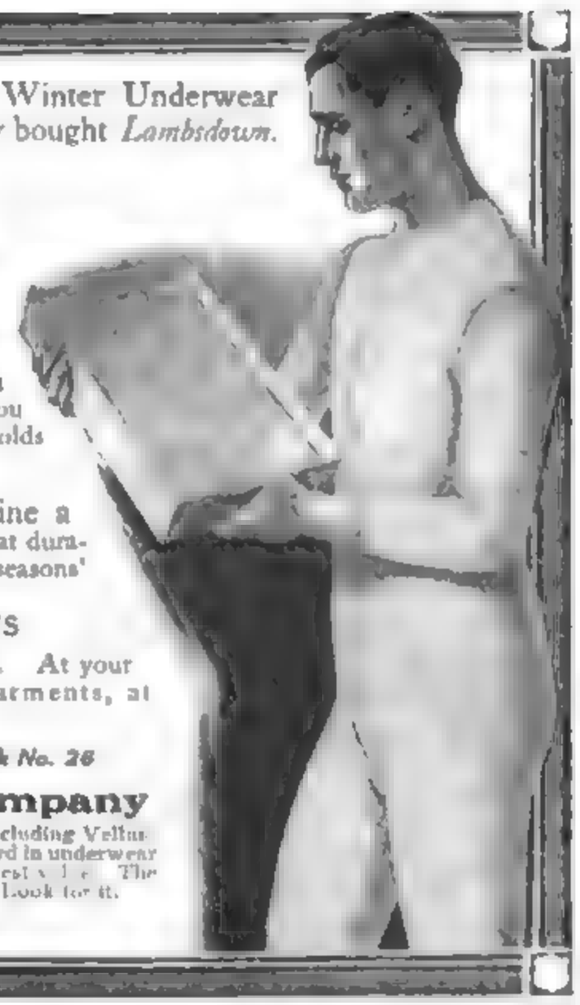

is a warm and luxurious protection to the body. Your physician will tell you that its heavy, fleece-lining wards off colds and promotes good health.

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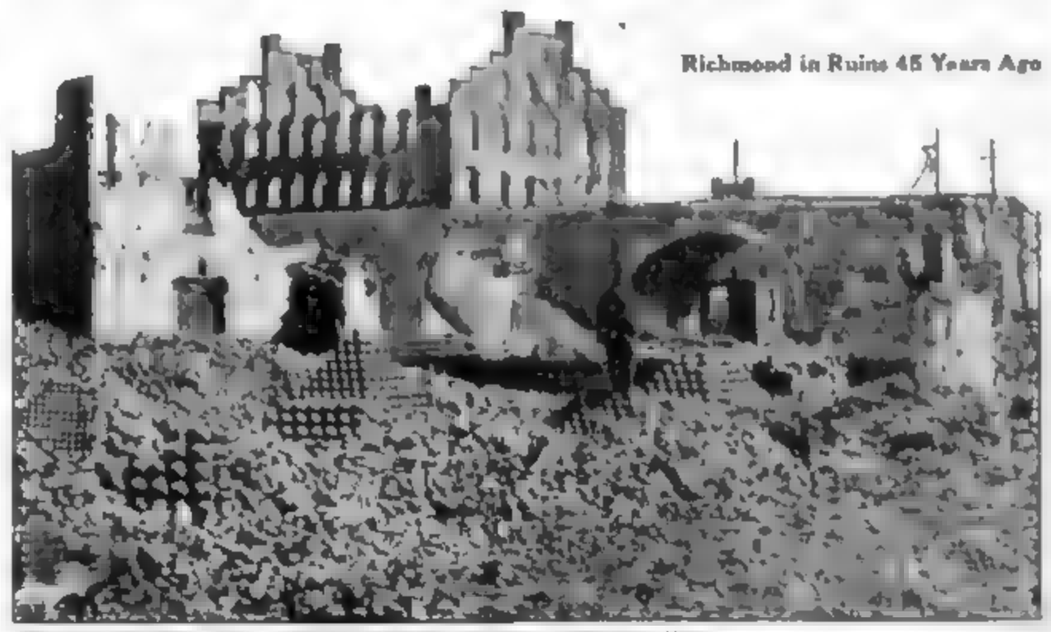
The One Everlasting Witness of the Great War



Richmond in Ruins 45 Years Ago

Photograph copyright 1910, by Patriot Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.

In the last half century the men who fought in the Civil War have grown old and many of them have died. The torn-up battle-fields are covered with cotton and wheat. The old ships have gone to the bottom of the sea or to the junk heap. The guns have rusted, the fortifications have rotted away, the ruined cities have come back to more vigorous life; even the bitter feelings that caused brother to fight brother have faded away.

But there is one eye witness that will never grow old—that is as clear, as reliable as it was fifty years ago. And thereby hangs the most amazing story of our history.

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THE name of Mathew Brady should be blazoned high in our history, for Brady was the famous photographer who followed the armies and navies through the mighty conflict which tried this nation fifty years ago. Four years of hardship brought him 3,500 photographs. One set of these he sold to the United States Government for $30,000. This set was buried in the War Department. General Grant said it was worth $1,500,000. The other set was lost for nearly fifty years, until recently it was found again, and now it has been put in such form by the REVIEW OF REVIEWS that it is within the reach of every American home.

This is the one witness of the war that will never die. It will be true for all time, for the camera cannot lie; it will tell you the story of the war you never heard before, for under the protection of the Secret Service Brady and his camera penetrated the most unexpected places—prison and battlefield, fortress and camp, hospital and warship—*even to the grim scene of execution that was the end of the great tragedy.*

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The whole story is too long to tell here. We have put it all in a handsomely illustrated book which we will send you free if you mail the coupon at once. At the same time we will send you superb reproductions of 12 of these unique photographs which you can frame and keep. They are valuable in themselves and they will give you some idea of the wonderful interest of the complete collection.

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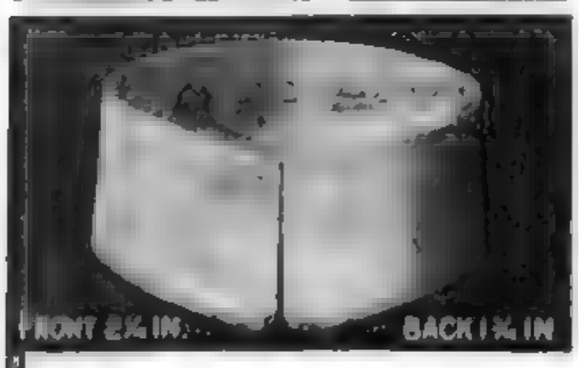

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE

on a different road. Yet all was not lost. A train for New York left Avignon at noon; the Valuria did not sail till the next morning.

About four o'clock that afternoon Mr. and Mrs. North stood in the kitchen of the inn, peeking through the window at some object on the back porch. Edith seemed very happy, yet held up a finger warningly to her husband.

"Don't you make a noise," she whispered, with fond authority. "He's been asleep over an hour."

What they were peeking at, in fact, was Wesley Hubbard, stretched on a cot in the porch's shadiest corner, his hands folded peacefully upon his breast, sound asleep. Perhaps their presence subtly disturbed him. At any rate he opened his eyes, blinked a moment at the porch ceiling; then turned his head and smiled as he saw Edith laughing out at him and clapping her hands as though she had invented the sleep. He lay luxuriously smiling a minute, then beckoned to her and sat up on the edge of the cot.

"This is the right medicine, my dear," he said, nodding his head to indicate the porch and the shady old garden, wonderfully peaceful. As she had obeyed his indication and sat down beside him, he took her hand, twinkling at her and chuckling: "You're the right medicine yourself. And I'm just thinking—I'm just thinking"—meditating rather quizzically, he plucked his white chin-whiskers with nervous energy—"I'm just thinking, by George!—if I know the right medicine why don't I take it?" He seemed to lay that before her as a question; but, as she couldn't understand it, she only smiled. "I'm just thinking I'll stay till Friday if you can keep me," he added briskly.

"Really!" she cried, delighted. Of course they could keep him! And five minutes later he was instructing the chauffeur in quite his old decisive manner to return to the cottage, tell the valet to put some necessary things in a bag, tell the Countess where he was and that he would remain till Friday, leave word that Doctor Schiller was to come out in the morning, and return as soon as possible. Having done that the old gentleman took two or three deep, long breaths, as though he had just got out of a strait-jacket, and laughed out loud.

Ere the chauffeur returned Mr. Hubbard found himself on the front porch with Mr. North, listening quite attentively.

"H'm!" the old gentleman meditated. "So you want to turn this into a sanatorium? What's your system? How do you propose to cure people?" he demanded.

Farthest braced himself and looked Mr. Hubbard straight in the eye.

"Just peace and comfort," he said firmly; "a friendly, homelike air and good cheer; good cheer from me and my wife."

"H'm!" said the old gentleman. "Well, that's a blamed sight better system than most of them have got. You can cure some with it. Take the old boys that have lost their grip, given it up, haven't anything to interest them." He nodded his head briskly, laid his hand on Farthest's knee and chuckled. "They'll be interested here; they'll all fall in love with your wife."

Farthest smiled brilliantly, appreciating the old gentleman's penetration.

"You'll need to fix the place up a bit," Mr. Hubbard commented. "Say, twenty-five thousand. Have you a telephone?"

Farthest conducted him to the newly installed instrument; heard him ask for the cottage, and for Walter, the valet.

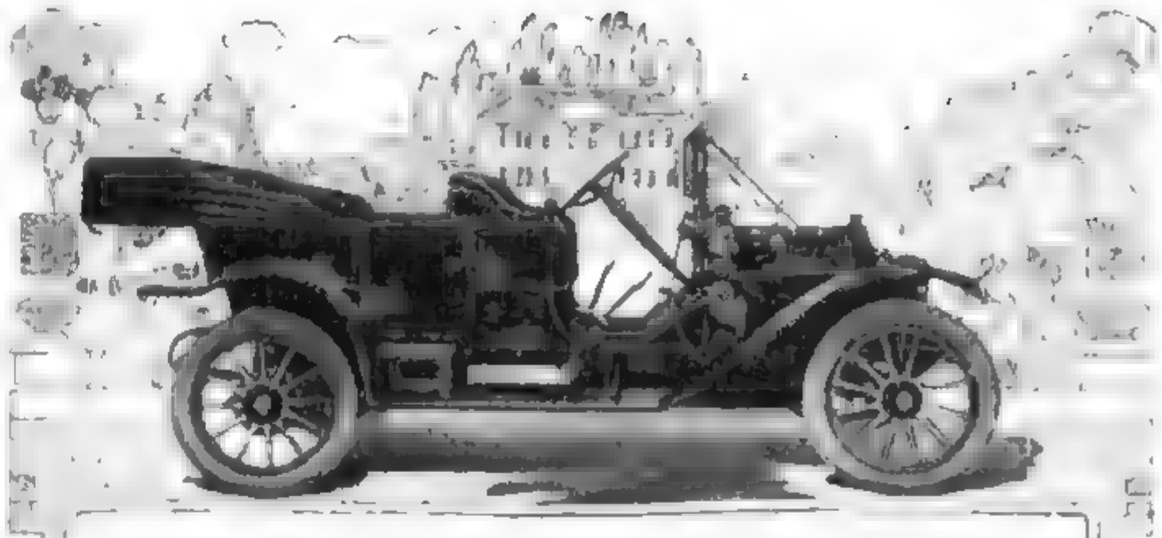
"Walter," he said authoritatively, "James is coming back to get some things for me. Put them in the bag for him. And, Walter, see that he brings my checkbook too. What's that? What's that? Gone, you say? She left on the noon train! What did she say? That she would sail on the Valuria tomorrow, eh? H'm!—H'm!" Plucking his whiskers, the old gentleman considered a moment; then said very bruskly: "Oh, very well; very well. Don't forget the checkbook."

Leaving the telephone he walked absently back to the porch like a man immersed in thought.

"What is it, Frank?" Edith whispered. "Did he hear anything to make him sad?"

"Oh, no, dear!" Farthest assured her under his breath. "Quite the contrary. Elvira has blown up; that's all."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Mr Payne relating the adventures of Farthest North. The seventh will appear in an early issue.



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The Superb Haynes

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The first class is represented by those who could easily pay *two or three times* two thousand dollars, and who are only concerned in getting a car of reputation, proven merit and refinement.

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The price of $2000 includes *complete* equipment, of the best grade obtainable. For example, a big Type B Prest-o-lite tank is furnished instead of the customary small size, and the famous Warner Auto-Meter is put on *every* car. (Only a speed indicator of this quality is entitled to be used on a Haynes.)

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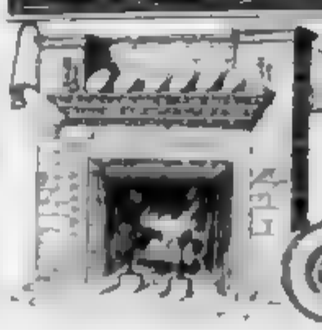

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Talking Over Today's Record Helps Tomorrow's Business

The National Cash Register Way Is the Modern Way of Building Business

Bright Clerks Welcome This System

Clerks like to show their ability. They want to get ahead—to earn more money. If each one sees that you have a way of comparing his record with other clerks, of giving him credit for his own good work, or relieving him of the responsibility for other people's mistakes, you get his best work. He soon realizes that courtesy to customers, attention to every customer, big or small, rich or poor, pays him—and that real salesmanship in selling goods that the customer cannot see to ask for—gets its reward. With this Register each clerk stands on his own record.

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PETTICOAT PROFESSIONS

(Continued from Page 19)

However widely the work of the different specialists may vary, they must all have the same ability to judge character, to know how it has been affected by adversity and what influences are needed to build it up. A social worker must have a definite sense of the importance of each person with whom she deals. She must see ahead and all around; she must understand the community life out of which the individual has come. She must be not only the investigator and the umpire, but the teacher and the interpreter.

The doctor studies conditions primarily as to their bearing on health; the business man studies conditions as to their bearing on earning power. The social worker must study conditions not only in regard to health and earning power but also in regard to their effect on character. The work of doctor and minister has become specialized; the social worker in one way is a specialist; but she is more than that. Just as in the old days the priest taught and nursed, gave and preached, and even led in industrial and state activities, so must the social worker tend and teach and lead; in short, she must give expert and general service. The doctor and the educator depend upon her and she must depend upon them; for, as a great socialized physician has said, at bottom medical ills are largely social and social ills are largely medical, and both the doctor and the social worker must depend on education.

The oldest phase of social service is settlement work, into which safe and tried field many competent women prefer to go. This life takes advantage of the neighborly and domestic instincts. When settlement workers have democratic relationships and real sympathy for people differing sharply from themselves in inheritance, education and habits, they are often able to reconstruct a whole neighborhood. They know the streets on which their people live and the municipal departments upon which they must lean, and very often they give the valuable information and the impulses that lead to the making over of civic administration. So fully has the settlement field belonged to women that sometimes one feels as if a man head worker—of whom there are eleven out of the forty-seven settlements in New York—is not in his own sphere. The great majority of such institutions in our own country have been organized, maintained and conducted by women.

Social Work Among the Sick

A proof that some doctors have seen the need of socializing their work lies in the fact that for about four years various hospitals have been trying the plan of having social workers to connect them with the environment of their patients. In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore there are now some thirty hospitals, with from one to eight workers, where the plan is being tried with much success. The doctor refers certain cases to the social worker who is in touch with the other charities of the city. She finds out the home needs of the patients, does her best to overcome their rooted prejudice against hospitals, and tries to arrange that when such patients leave the hospital they shall not be left half cured, staring blindly at the door that has been shut against them, but may be sent somewhere to convalesce. As there are very few convalescent homes her task here is often difficult. She tries to supervise and help the poor who are sick or diseased and yet must work—those with weak hearts, or rheumatism, or a tendency to tuberculosis. She sometimes follows up a patient in his own home to see that the doctor's directions are being carried out, and instructs his family as to how to care for him. She connects patients obviously needing further assistance with the proper relief agencies. Above all, she provides the element of friendliness and personal interest that is so likely to be crowded out in the haste of routine and hospital work. Since of late years hospitals have increased in greater ratio than any other group of benevolent institutions, it is clear that here the social worker has a field of growing importance.

Another phase of social work that has come into life in recent years is the function of the welfare worker. In the progress and development of American business methods, welfare work in the larger sense of profit-sharing, insurance and pensions is a vital element in the relations between capital and labor. The woman or man who acts as welfare worker is the human link between the employer and his people, often leading them to real coöperation. There are some people, socialists and near-socialists, who are not believers in such welfare work; who call it a mere sop.

Any such generalization, however, tends to be unfair. There are undoubtedly employers who use their welfare work as an advertising scheme; there are others who, because they have it, justify themselves in paying smaller wages than their fellow manufacturers. Yet even a girl who does not get a living wage may by a welfare worker be taught valuable lessons that will help her to get the wage later. Many a girl who has plenty of hot water and towels in the comfortable lavatory of a factory has thus more luxury than she ever gets at home, and is getting some good lessons in hygiene. It is not always safe business to scorn half a loaf. And the majority of employers who furnish a welfare worker do so, quite frankly, to combine humanity and business, considering that they can get better work out of their people if they surround them with proper sanitary conditions and if they look somewhat to their mental health.

The Welfare Worker

In nearly all large establishments that carry out this plan it takes one person's entire time for the work. It has been found that if an employer trusts its direction to any official already charged with special duties the pressure of daily business routine pushes the welfare work into the background. It is only successfully carried on when responsibility is concentrated and all of the branches are put under the direction of one person.

The welfare worker must have tact, executive ability, common-sense, knowledge of local jealousies and understanding of racial prejudices, to say nothing of a knowledge of the industrial subjects involved between employer and employed. It is her duty to raise the employee to a higher grade of efficiency. She must see that the sanitary conditions are right; that the employer furnishes a rest room and, if possible, baths; a gymnasium, and even a doctor. She must try to educate him to a keener interest in profit-sharing devices and in provident funds such as insurance for the employees, covering sickness, accident, death and old-age pensions. She must be prepared to handle mutual benefit organizations, savings and loan departments, to give advice about investments, houses, rooms and systems of coöperative buying. Besides that, she must look after the mental well-being of the employees, seeing that they have clubs and classes and lectures and concerts and libraries. Her business is to manage so that the welfare work shall pay a dividend both to the employer and to the employee. One of the main factors instrumental in developing the welfare worker has been the National Civic Federation, that great force striving for industrial peace, which tries to adjust labor matters without the intrusion of class consciousness.

A large proportion of social workers prefer to find their work in the child-helping agencies as matrons of temporary homes or supervisors of placed-out children, or as assistants in homes for delinquent children. In some women the maternal instinct is so strong that they are happy in putting on a baby's shoes and washing its face, no matter to whom the baby belongs. Others have not only given up the hope of having families of their own but have so far generalized their feelings as to wish to help children without necessarily coming into contact with them at all.

"I went into this work," said a Chicago woman doctor whose vocation it is to save babies, "because I have an ideal of the state. It grieves me to see the degeneracy of our political ideals and I believe the only way to overcome this is to make good citizens. They can't be good morally if they are not good physically. The method of keeping a great state from being rickety is to prevent its babies from having rickets. We cannot depend on healthy immigrants forever; we have got down to the

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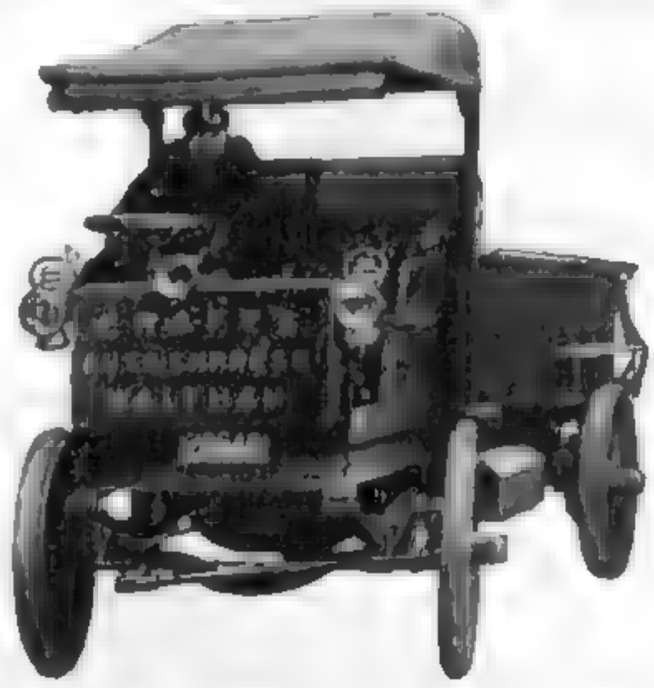

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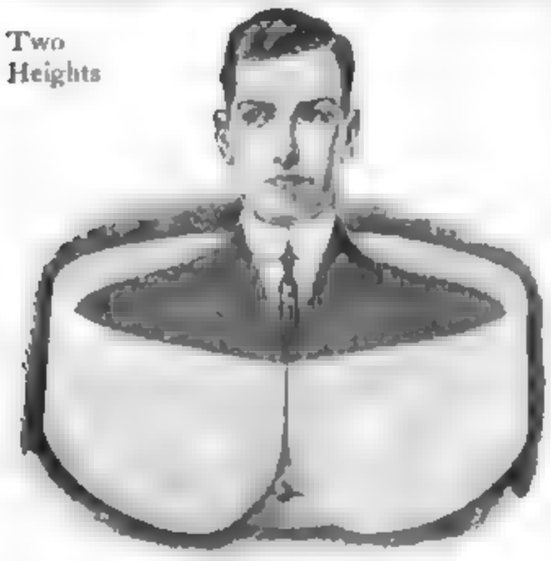

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Galicians now, and beyond them we can't go. We must see that those we have assimilated are what they ought to be. We must train their mothers not to put coffee in their bottles and not to feed pickles to an eight-months-old child. Half the babies who die could be saved by a more thorough application of sanitary science.

"It's hard to teach ignorant women. 'That is what my mother gave me,' they say when we object to something indigestible. But to eat all sorts of queer, pickled food when you are born of people living in the open air, and when you live in it yourself, is a very different thing from eating the same stuff when you are born in the stockyards and of a mother who has been living in unsanitary tenements for ten years. The mothers are pretty conservative, and then they distrust us because most of us are unmarried. I have seen a mother with a sick baby come day after day to my tent hospital and stand at the gate with her child in her arms, her heart torn to pieces with its wailing. And still she will turn away, unable to trust it to me because I have never had one of my own. But we are teaching them, and the clergymen help us and warn them from the pulpit that they must throw away long-necked nursing bottles. By the time we get all the ministers in line we'll be cherishing plenty of hope for good citizenship."

Other women like institutional positions, which give them work with the dependent, the defective and the delinquent—reformatory work in connection with the juvenile courts and reform schools. Their maternal instincts take the form of loving the morally sick. They like to lead a forlorn hope to victory.

Saving Children

"One wants especially to save the delinquent boys," said one of these women. "I'd rather take them at an early stage than be one of the seventy police matrons of New York, for example. So many of these wretched little boys and girls that steal have not the psychology of the thief at all. A girl of fifteen borrows a dress skirt from her mistress without her knowledge, and wears it once or twice to a dance-hall so as to look nice in the eyes of some boy. Then she begins to feel that it is hers and forgets to put it back, and then her mistress hales her to the juvenile court. Maybe we find that she has been overworked and has had wrong food. She is sick in body and uninstructed in mind, but she is not really bad.

"You have to consider the motive. We had a boy in court once whom the judge sentenced to the reform school for a deliberate theft. He didn't look vicious, and he told us frankly afterward that he had no one to take care of him and had stolen on purpose because he wanted to get schooling and to be fed and clothed at the same time. When you think of the children that do not get proper schooling the wonder is that more of them do not go wrong. There are hundreds of children who follow their parents for a part of the year to the canning districts and construction camps and stone quarries, where they are badly housed and allowed to run wild because the local school boards will not assume responsibility for them. In their case the compulsory education law becomes a mockery. If they get five out of the required ten months' schooling they are lucky.

"The feeling of the public is slowly changing toward people who are technically guilty but not real sinners in soul. Just as we don't treat the insane any longer as aliens, but simply as insane, so we study the environment of the delinquent, seek out the causes that made him go wrong, and then give him the proper environment.

"It's all a great problem—social work. You find some foreign parents who candidly look forward to being supported by their children in their middle age. Again you find the children of foreigners despising their alien parents, the family life going to pieces and nobody able to prevent it. Oh, it's a great problem! and all a sympathetic woman can do is to seize on the little bit of work she feels herself especially fitted to perform and shut her eyes to all that is not being done in the world. America is a great problem."

A great problem indeed! There is something wrong with our democracy. Our municipal governments and many of our institutions deal but meagerly with the social needs of the people. There are those

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who actually think of the public of the United States as consisting of Americans and immigrants, not realizing that in a country made up of highly differentiated people there is necessary a unity deeper than the unity in a country where the people are all more or less of the same blood. We have failed to work out a democratic government that should answer to the experiences and efforts and hopes of the varied races among us.

We say our government is for the people, and yet our laws often fail to protect not only the people of today but the people of tomorrow. Fourteen European nations guard their women from nightwork of any sort and from excessively hard daywork, because they want healthy children in their kingdoms. So far, however, there has been no fusing power in America that has made the citizens demand better working conditions so that a large proportion of our children shall not be born weaklings. It takes hard fighting with us to get the ten-hour law for women and to regulate their nightwork, and at that the law is often violated. It seems almost impossible to get an employers' liability act that will protect properly the widow and the fatherless. At least one of our cities, we are told, spends twenty per cent more in provisions for the conviction of youths than for their education.

The social workers are doing their share to help America to a sadly needed progressive and developing democracy. With their preaching, and their search for justice and kindness in human affairs, they are a large element in that religion of humanity that may once more make us a high democracy. And here woman is coming into her own. Slowly, perhaps, but still certainly, she is enlarging her traditional activities. Through this new profession, as well as through other phases of the great woman movement, she is expending her maternal instinct and is taking her share in the housekeeping of the city and of the whole country, and in the fostering of the poor and the weak and the sinful for the sake of all the children of all mothers in the coming generation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Maude Radford Warren on Professional Women.

Vegetable Gems

AMONG the oddest of vegetable curiosities are the pearls—sometimes of large size—that are occasionally found in cocoanuts. They are pure white, composed of carbonate of lime and greatly prized in the Orient as amulets; but nobody has ever been able to explain their origin.

In like manner, opals of value are occasionally found in the joints of the bamboo, embedded in the woody structure. They are real opals, being in fact concretions of silica formed in a series of layers of the mineral so as to be iridescent. Their occurrence being somewhat rare, they fetch high prices as "lucky stones." Sometimes they are ground to powder by the Chinese and utilized as medicine, much faith being entertained in their efficacy as a remedy for various complaints.

A most remarkable discovery of valuable pearls of molluscan origin was made only a few years ago along the muddy shores of certain lakes in Arkansas. Here, for some reason unknown, "gems" of that kind were scattered about as if left behind by departed mussels. A fisherman, in Walker Lake, in the course of half an hour picked up a dozen from the bottom, merely reaching over the side of his boat to get them. Another man, while digging postholes in Cypress Bayou, came across several at a depth of a foot and a half below the surface. They were as large as .44-caliber rifle-balls.

In another instance a young man from St. Louis, sitting idly on a log on the shore of Murphy Lake, saw a bright object on the ground and picked it up. When divested of more or less mud it proved to be a very beautiful and perfect pearl. The young man acquired several others by looking about. Suspecting them to be of value, he sent them to a jewelry concern in St. Louis, which promptly returned a check for a handsome sum in payment. The firm also dispatched to the scene an agent, who found the picking so profitable that he forwarded his resignation and went into the pearl-collecting business on his own account.

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Its use gives a feeling of security that is priceless.

It gives the skin the aid it *must have* and keeps it healthy under the conditions that all skins are exposed to today.

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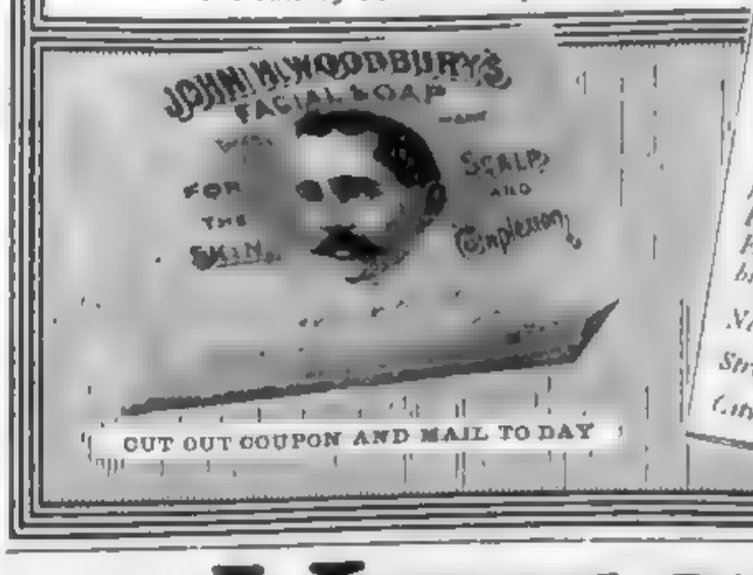

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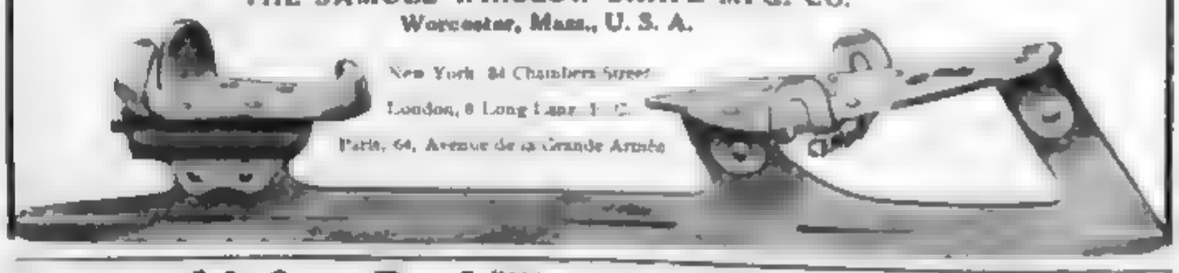

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MAKING INSURGENTS

Continued from Page 5

look sideways. "Will you come along now?" he asks again, and glances back at the fifteen-dollar showdown.

By now I was too hot altogether to trust myself to speak. Instead, I only grunted and went out with a bang of the door. None the less, however, he tried it again a week or thereabouts later.

"You're only hurting business," said he, and pulled out another packet of bills. Now they were all five-spots, as I could see when he turned the edges up. After slipping six of them into a pile, for a third time he asked me whether I would come along.

But I was that sore enough at him then to blurt out a little of my feelings. "Put up your dirty pin-money!" I growled at the fellow, my fist clenched to hand him one; and you'd have laughed to see the expression in his face.

"What!" says he; and then: "Oh!—I'm on now!"

Quick as a flash he pulled out still another flat bundle, all tens and twenties now, and began to paw it over. To make matters clear, it was his idea that I was not a cheap one, after all; that, instead, I was holding out for a regular price above what was paid the "rats." However, he was still mistaken, as I had yet to name my price to any one—to stick up my number among the others.

Instead, I'd made up my mind to walk straight—or, anyway, for a while I had the resolution. Now, to make clear why this was so, let me say here that not every man in the councils was a dip, a grafter. Indeed, a good number of the one hundred and fifty-five members of the Select and Common Councils were strictly on the level; they worked faithfully for their voters, as I had seen; so that I had it all figured out to cast my lot among them. Maybe by doing so I might somehow make myself a power and in this way get into some good job that would honestly pay me for my time and trouble and nurse back the thirty-five hundred dollars I had blown.

Well, I might as well have spared myself the trouble. In politics—or, at any rate, in the game as it is run off here today—there is little for any honest man. A living may be had from it and some honors, maybe—but honors pay no rent money for a man with a wife and family to support. What's more, as I soon enough learned, these honest councilmen were kept hemmed in always between the devil and the deep sea, for, if they wanted anything for their voters, they never got so much as a smell unless, in exchange, they helped the grafters put through some graft deal.

Reformers Helpless

Nor was it of much moment to the machine gang how forcibly the citizens had voiced their wants. In one section an issue was made over the damage created by a certain iron furnace; for every time a "slip" took place in its stacks a cloud of flue dust sprinkled all the neighbors' carpets and furniture. Then again, there was a district that wanted the city to clean up a big nest of tumbledown tenements and shacks that belonged to another interest. There were dozens of these rookeries, all foul with vice and disease. Or, more than this, there were times when the whole town was rotten with typhoid on account of the sewers and water supply.

Needless to say, when the reformers tried to get air for their measures outside the committee room they were promptly given the laugh. Of course this was a sort of political murder; for if these straight councilmen failed the voters would turn them down. Sure!—and the regular machine knew it too, so that before the session was over some of the reformers were offering to fall for any old kind of a deal if the grafters would only let these pet measures come out and make no more than a little noise.

In this, I judge, will be found a hint of why many reform movements blow up so soon in city politics. Aside from what I've already told, there is the other fact—and it is first and foremost, too—that few men elected cleanly for clean purposes understand the tricks of dirty politics—or should I say the dirty tricks of politics? And even if they do, but a few of these few ever care to play them. Indeed, with a bunch of reformers in the council, it was with us grafters the best time of all to make a killing, inasmuch as the new hands were seldom wise to the flimflam, to the jokes and jokers in legislation. As for the public, it is rarely or never wise, because, as a mass, it is rarely or never on the job, whereas the politician and the interests behind him stay by the works always. Very seldom does the politician sleep—the big corporations never.

And right here I would say, too, that the honest man in politics is never allowed to rest. If they can't get him on the inside they'll take a crack at him elsewhere. If he's a big man, one that can't be greased, they'll go at him through his friends, his social wants, or likely enough his ambitions. With the cheap dump like myself they'll flash him the coin till he's blinded; or, that failing, they'll turn ugly and pinch him against the wall. It was in this way they got yours truly, and how and why I fell gives a good line on the way the trick is turned.

Trouble With the Mill

I've neglected to say that when I ran for office the boss arranged with the mill people to carry me on the timecards whenever I was off my job. Sure!—and they agreed to it on the plan that I was to do them little favors. Anyhow, after I'd made my play against the "boodle flirter" and was going to join in with the straight ones, I got a sudden call from the paymaster's office.

"I don't know about this," says the pay boss, referring to my empty timecard. "You're away more time than you're working."

I saw what was coming and had scarcely the heart to stand up to him. "They arranged I was to be away," I said.

"I know—I know," he answers, shrugging himself.

Before he could say more I cut in on him. "All right. Let me think it over," said I, and went straight back to the council chamber.

I saw, if I wished to make even a living in the town there was nothing left for me to do but to turn round and square myself. So, when the next deal was on the carpet I went along with the herd.

Let me say, too, that I first fell in the way that almost all grafters first must fall. By this it is meant that few men go to the grease until they have found some fact that fans their conscience asleep. In my own case I bolstered myself against the jolt by the old idea that what many were doing regularly would be all right for me.

As it framed up, my first graft was in still another of those real-estate deals, only now there was the difference that a couple of the par y's big men were in behind the grab. This being the case, they were rewarding the faithful by letting them buy small lots of the real estate at rock-bottom prices. Indeed, in some instances they were even lending them the purchase money; so that when I got wind of the deal it seemed to figure out like one of those I'd heard the ward boss talk about—the little affairs, you know, in which the big bugs helped you turn an honest penny.

But I was not numbered among the faithful, nor had I found out that the "rats" seldom got a look in on these speculations. Instead, they were stood off with a new hat or a few five-dollar bills.

All the same, I broke in on their tea party. "Count it off the bundle," I growled when their angel of charity came round. Giving me a grin, he pulled out a packet of bills—they were all twenties now—and peeled off five.

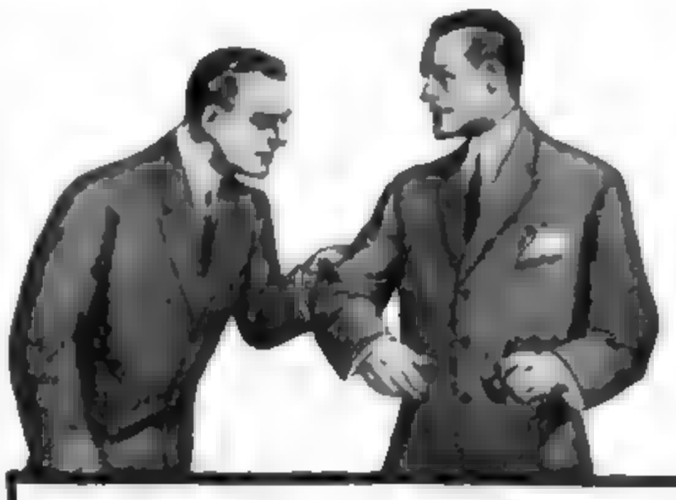
"Count away," I told him when he looked up inquiringly.

Without speaking, he drew out a bundle of tens and stripped off ten of them. They made a pile twice as large as the five twenties.

"Go on," I ordered, and stuck out my jaw. I was not a cheap one; I made up my mind to have him know it too; but after he had added four or five more to the pile he looked up suddenly.

"Ain't I ever to stop?" he snapped sharply. "Say, you've got a real big idea of your label, haven't you?"

"I have that!" I shot back at him and brushed the bills to the floor. "None of this for me," I told him plain; "for I want



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real estate in place of dirty paper before I'll come along."

Well, I got it, too! The fact that it was real estate and not greasy bankbills did a heap to salve my conscience. Afterward I went along with the gang regularly, and found it easier and easier to poultice up my conscience against the bumps and jolts.

Once I was on the inside, I got a clear view at all the lay of the land. At the time—and now, too, for that matter!—all the game was laid out in regular commercial style; in fact, our graft was slipped to us as regularly and almost as openly as if handed across the counter of a shop. Besides this, each politician had certain sources of income that were graded according to his class.

This, however, is the only strong-arm graft I know about, and among us councilmen it was left entirely to the "rats." In place of it we got ours from legitimate business concerns—manufacturers, real estate people, banks and local corporations; but let me say that in each and every case they came to us; it was never that we went out gunning for them. Indeed, as I've told already, there was always a flock of their "fixers" around the door, all trying to buy some privilege that would give them the upper hand of their competitors.

Where the Money Came From

It is to be said, however, that many interests never came near us. Among these may be mentioned the ones that are under the ownership or management of our party leaders' friends. As a rule, they maintain regular monopolies, so that many a time I've heard our citizens howl over the prices gouged out of them for even the necessities of life. But, leaving these out of the case, there were and still are plenty of others looking to the council for favors, so that the grease is never wanting. Sure—that is so! Little, for instance, knocked down thirty-five thousand dollars in the year they got us with the goods—and yet this must have been as nothing at all to what the big men on top fanned out of their power to deliver the goods when required.

Our party rulers, as is known, dealt directly with the fat, heavy corporations—rolling mills, blast furnaces, railroads, public utilities and such. If these and their kind wanted privileges they never looked to us penny-whistle dips of the council room. Instead, they went direct to our leaders. Or, if by chance the big interests did need something here in town, we merely got orders about it and had never a smell of the graft.

Aside from all this, it will be evident that before long I found my own fingers well smeared over with the grease. Sure!—and it even got into my blood. It was in the blood of all of us. Graft, like a ball the lads toss, was always in the air; and so wild was the game to catch it that we had little or no time to give away from it, even to the routine of the council chamber. That's the truth now!—for it's a matter of public record, too, that whole blocks of needed legislation were laid over from session to session. Wild, eh? Indeed, we were all like beasts in a zoo that live only for the taste of meat.

To show you, I'll give a little incident. It concerns the franchise of which I told in the beginning.

At the time Little, our regular angel of charity, was out flirting on bigger deals; so a new man was on his job. Williams, we'll call him—and with this fellow on one side playing with the fellow on the other side, it was a sure case of dog eat dog.

Here was the proposition:

One of the big interests got the hunch of running a line betwixt our town and one of the neighboring burgs. It was a big grab—a hot one, in fact, since it meant condemning a lot of streets and real estate and because of this the big money men behind it made every effort to keep it secret till all the strings were ready to pull. In some way, however, the news leaked, so that an outsider—Grow, let's call him—soon got wind of the job. Accordingly, Grow doped it up to nab the franchise first and then to sandbag the interest into paying him a heavy bonus; but, in turn, when Grow laid pipes to put it over, the dump was soft enough to show his cards to another crook that was just as busy as himself. This fellow we'll call Cornwall—though that isn't his name either. Grow was to give Cornwall seventy thousand dollars, and Cornwall was to take it to the council and bring back the franchise.

Right here there was a slip-up. A reform mayor had just broken into office; he had his eye on our bunch of dips; and so for the moment we were a little cozy about putting too raw a deal through the works. Still, the graft had made us wild; we hated to lose this money, and after a long talk back and forth in the committee room we finally framed up the clever brace of taking the cash, dumping the franchise bill into the waste-paper basket and giving Cornwall the laugh. Of course if we did this Cornwall might make a squeal; but, as we had it figured out, he wouldn't dare—unless he wished to go to jail with us.

Well, it all looked fine and dandy—a regular scream. Sure!—only Cornwall never meant to slip the coin to us jokes. Instead, his idea was to fool us into granting the franchise, when the laugh would be on ourselves. Afterward he would knock down the seventy thousand dollars, deliver the franchise to the shortcard boob from the outside and never even say boo about the money.

So when we demanded the flash beforehand Cornwall refused flatfooted.

"No, sir," he announced to Williams; "you and your friends have got to send out the goods on the wagon before you get your money."

However, he was ready to make a proposition. To show he was on the level he offered to let Williams buy a box in any safe deposit he chose and lock up the money in that until the franchise was passed; but, until it was, Williams was to take his Bible oath that he wouldn't disturb the money. For safety's sake, the key to the box would be turned over to the cashier to hold until they jointly released it by signing a paper together.

Williams refused. If he signed anything it might be used against him, and, bee des, he wanted possession of the key. In short, Cornwall agreed. Together they bought a box in a safe deposit that Williams himself selected and the bundle was put inside.

"Understand, now," said Cornwall as they parted on the bank steps, "you've taken your Bible oath not to disturb it till the franchise is passed."

Sure, Williams understood! After bidding Cornwall good-by he streaked it back to the chamber. There he showed the key he had and told what had happened. At that a bunch of us, Williams included, made a wild break to get to the safe deposit before the vaults were closed.

The Key That Didn't Fit

Well, when Williams tried to open the box his key wouldn't work. It wouldn't, and for a very simple reason. This was because Cornwall, before giving Williams the choice of safe deposits, had bought himself a box in every vault in town. By this means he was supplied w th a key that looked exactly like the one he used to lock the money box, so that when the seventy thousand dollars was put away he pocketed the right key and palmed off the wrong one on Williams.

After fussing and fuming ten minutes with the lock the rube came out and reported to us other rubes. We nearly fainted. After a few drinks, however, we decided that Williams must stand on his rights. The box was in his name; so he could go back and order the bank people to send out for a locksmith. Meanwhile, we would await developments and at the same time hurl in a few more drinks to keep up our hopes.

Well Williams did it. He ordered in the locksmith; it cost him eleven dollars and sixty cents to break into the box, and—well, he might have saved himself the bother and expense. For the box was empty. It was empty for the plain reason that Cornwall, during Williams' trip to the council chamber, had returned to the bank to empty it.

Now this is not fiction. Instead, it's the plain gospel truth. If you doubt it the whole matter is to be found spread in detail on the records of the court. I tell it all only to show you how the graft gets into your head—that and how it makes a fellow wild. For even after this throwdown—one broad enough to warn a child—we took on the game again! Sure, we did! On the morrow we sent Williams to see Cornwall—yes!—to try and string him along once more.

Says Cornwall: "I knew you were not to be trusted. That's why I gave you the wrong key and took away the money."

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LAME PEOPLE

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Thereupon Williams made a proposition. He was ready for anything now, no matter how dangerous it would be. He offered, in fact, to accept Cornwall's first suggestion that the money be put where neither could touch it until together they signed for its release. He insisted, however, that the place must be some regular bank and not just a safe-deposit company.

But by now, as I believe, Cornwall himself had grown fierce to get his hands on the swag. At all events, he fought off the proposition quite a while, and then all at once gave in.

"Have you the cash with you?" inquired Williams.

Cornwall flashed the brick of banknotes and stepped across the room to get his coat. "Ahem!" says he, and it must have been a signal. At any rate there was a knock on the door, it opened and a third man came in. "Watch the office," says Cornwall. "I'll be back shortly."

They were back, indeed, much sooner than Williams expected. At the bank door Cornwall stopped suddenly, gripped himself by the coat and let out a terrible yell.

"I'm robbed!—robbed!" says he, and began patting himself all over. "My money's gone!"

Well, so it was. The seventy thousand dollars was gone indeed—and a good deal farther than he thought. In getting his overcoat he had dropped the money into a bag behind the chair, the idea being that the pal he had called in would look after it all right. And so he had—my! my!—for he was nothing but another hungry mouth in this play of dog eat dog. As I understand it, he tried to flit with the seventy thousand dollars, and even when caught hung on to a cool five thousand dollars. Anyway there was a wild howl all round; the detectives were called in by Grow, the outsider, and both Williams and Cornwall were pinched.

Slipping Up on the Grease

And was this the end, you'll ask? It was not, by a long shot. In the midst of it—sure, right at the time the scandal was growing thickest—up bobbed this line of bankers and wished to put through their little deal.

I was against it. Here was Williams in the crib and threatening to split on the game unless we took care of him and his family. Nor would he wait long, he said, for us to lend a hand; but I was flat, stony broke, and so were most of the others. You can't lay by easy money, you know. It's easy come and easy go. It slips through your fingers like the grease it is. So I said we must all raise the hush money quietly and then lie low till the flutter passed.

Instead, the cash was scraped up hurriedly—almost openly. There was about thirteen thousand five hundred dollars in the pot; and, to show you how graft and grafting gets into you everywhere, let me say that only fifteen hundred dollars of all this ever got to Williams. The rest was knocked down somewhere along the line.

Once Williams was gagged and quiet, the whole mob was fiercer than ever for the bank graft. Nothing could stop them now. In simple, the deal was to turn over to these institutions the handling of the city's daily balance. At times this amounted to as high as nine million dollars, for we had issued large batches of bonds for city improvements and put the money into the banks instead of into the improvements. As I say, however, the banks had now begun fighting for the privilege; so that, in the end, they bid up the graft to no less than one hundred and two thousand five hundred dollars.

We put through the deal. Litt'e shot it across, and for seven days he walked the streets with the whole bunch of money in his clothes. As he will tell you now, his only regret is that he handed us our divvy. Instead, he should have salted it away.

Well, they got us. A little entry on a bank ledger gave the snap away. It was found by the bank examiner, and when he put it up to the president and cashier they first fanned themselves and then gave up to their boots.

Divorce politics from business? Sure!—only, if you do, it might be well to keep an eye on business. Otherwise it won't be long till it will be round at the back door of politics again, offering to pay out alimony.

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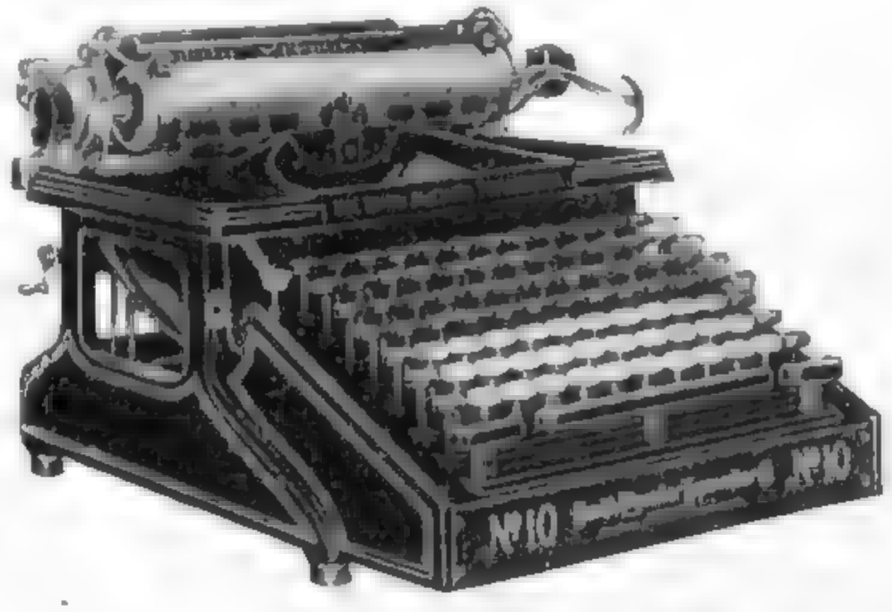

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FAIR PLAY

(Continued from Page 16)

a veranda stanchion and consulted the broad starlight roundabout, he knew—better than if he had seen—what was happening in the room.

Janet sat alone, her arms rigid on the table, her eyes downcast, as though she read the crumpled sheets of Sai Gai Yat Bo and found there a tale of disaster—her own disaster—irrecoverable, published in letters of flame.

VII

REFLECTED brightness filled the room, striking upward from below like sea-dazzle in a ship's cabin, but milder and more steady. Outside, a whole flat world lay astream with splendor. The back yard shone, a little Sahara of gold-dust; beyond it, a whitewashed barn, glaring, pained the eyes like snow. In a green alfalfa field a regiment of cattle came straggling fenceward before sunset, moving slowly, diminished by distance, their dull red or white spotted hides appearing, in this late afternoon glow, like horse chestnuts scattered on a billiard cloth. Two tiny horsemen followed them at a walk, calling to each other in the frailest of shouts.

Far beyond them a vagabond tramped the long, low rim of a levee, crawling as a mere insect of a man, though at every stride a piece of tin somewhere in his accouterment flashed like a heliograph. Beyond him again the prospect abruptly closed in dusty-green willows and cottonwoods that prolonged their wall raggedly before a hidden river, and edged the bright sky with tufts, bald branches, or clots of mistletoe. The Coast Range floated above them in the likeness of a brown vapor.

All this Janet saw through an open window. All these things were hers, from her chair to the cottonwoods and the sky. The day had come when she could take no pleasure in them. She sat looking out over this vesper glory as Crusoe might have watched his ocean.

The spark winking on the levee caught her eye, where the "hobo" trod his rectilinear path toward no earthly good or purpose.

"Poor man!" she thought, and was frightened at their kinship. "Poor fool—like me! Going on, on—for nothing. No sense. No power; no power!"

This chiefly rankled in her—that, until the disclosure of last night, she could so grossly deceive herself, could sweep along the highway with such peacock vanity, to come such a cropper into this ditch; her own workmen—what horrid phrase was that the Sikh had used?—"all people" standing by to nudge and grin. Last night the silliest flattery had caught her: she could picture herself then as raining influence, judging and impelling men, when all the time her own egregious pride was played with, reckoned upon, laughed at. No power; not even common-sense!

On the levee the vagabond's traveling spark went out. The tiny horsemen hailed each other and seemed to laugh. This pair, thought Janet—this pair following their bright-colored herd across the field, perhaps but now had been discussing her. All laughter, even at long range, might naturally have her in mind.

One toy rider waved at his comrade, wheeled and began to canter. Some familiar trick in his movement called out to Janet like a far signal of startling import. The horseman was Dan Blake.

"I was wrong," thought the girl, and felt a twinge of remorse oddly mixed with comfort. "He never laughed at me."

On the heels of that followed a strange reaction, which confused and presently alarmed her. Dan would never laugh. Mockery was too far beneath him. Last night, and through it all, he had been so constantly—— Constantly what?—she wondered. The fitting praise evaded her, but in pursuing it she found herself, as by a strong light, dazed with the vision of her own abasement and Dan's exaltation. Power!—he had the truest power, this quiet, rather lonely man, who felt neither fear nor envy, took buffets and rewards alike. He belonged to the great fortunate company. In suffering all he suffered nothing: he would never laugh at her; but what was he thinking?

Janet swung her chair about, apparently to escape the outdoor glow but really to forget her question and the distant picture of Dan riding. These last, however, she could not turn her back on. What was he thinking as he rode? Perhaps not of her at all, she dismally concluded; perhaps of the cattle, of his horse, or whatever else might form the stuff of honest, wholesome thought out there in the sunshine. Janet, staring into the fireplace, might not guess that Dan, afield, was even then straining his eyes toward the veranda and hoping for another glimpse of her in the doorway.

Ignorant of this, and indeed of any solace, Janet continued her brown study. Against the soot of last winter's fire there glinted a bit of brass—the empty cartridge which Dan had tossed away the night before, and which now, like an ugly symbol, focused her mind upon the very last event she cared to remember.

At this unlucky moment a visitor chose to arrive. Somebody came trudging up the steps.

"Anybody to home?" called a hearty voice.

Janet, with no great show of welcome, turned her head.

In the doorway her neighbor, Mrs. Watt, bloomed like a tiger lily—freckles, gaudy color, rampant pose and all. It was an affliction merely to see her great hat nodding, to feel so much rude energy gathered on one's threshold.

"Yes, I am here," said Janet. "Won't you come in?"

Mrs. Watt sniffed the battle and tossed her green plumes.

"I can't stop, for I must move along, thank you," she volleyed. "I thought I'd see how things was going as I passed." She took a commander's view of the room and found them going badly. "I never dreamed you'd still be here, for last time your nose turned up so high at everything, if you'll excuse my saying so!"

Poor Janet rose and made an effort that, for heroism, was worthy of Alcestis.

"I never knew it turned up, Mrs. Watt." Accusations were pouring in from every side; she faced them and tried meanwhile to do the honors of her house. "Won't you stay and rest?"

The lady shook her hat.

"Jus' came to see my friend, Mr. Blake," she replied airily, and stood, a beaming malignant, to watch if her words went home. "I won't leave no message, because you wouldn't get it straight. But you might tell him," she added in a manner between archness and pity, "that I wanted to talk about them prunes. He'll know what I mean."

Janet was very humble.

"I'll tell Mr. Blake," she promised.

"You'll be going away soon, I s'pose?" demanded the Tiger Lily with a cunning look. "I thought so. Learned all there is?"

Janet could smile at last.

"I've learned—something."

Mrs. Watt nodded vigorously.

"If you'd stay," she cried, "we could teach you! Me and Mr. Blake, we're practical. Stay here long enough and you'd—well, you'd grow!" She waved an arm. "It's the soil. Practical folks; it's the soil. Well, goodby, Miss Woolgate, for some of us has things to do and I'm 'way late now. Pleasant journey, I'm sure! Glad to see you can run a smile round your face! Goodby."

The lady gave a parting wag of her body, bounced away and swept across the yard, gaining at every stride in the dust more of her autochthonous power.

Janet saw her go, and sat down and was thankful. Yet this visit, though luckily short, left all worse than before. Janet laughed weakly. Dejection was a pit far deeper than she had fancied, or at least the bottom could fall out.

"Ah!" She clenched her hands and trembled with the vehemence of a new discovery. "That is his kind! 'Some little tendresse'—I'd forgotten. 'A good home waiting for Number Three.' That is his kind of man! Oh, horrid!"

Disdain might warm her. She tried it, but managed only to feel smaller, more alone among the bugbears of circumstance. Her scorn of Dan refused its channel somehow; flooded back upon her. And this reflux became alarming; for why should her thoughts at any time rebel against fact on a young man's behalf? Why now, above all, should they fly with such painful eagerness to his rescue?

She knew his step at the door, and turned in fright.

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Dan, a peaceable though stalwart figure, stood looking at her uncertainly, as if the glare still troubled his eyes.

"Good evening," he said; and after a pause: "You're going away, I hear, Miss Woodgate. Your mother—spoke about it this noon."

Janet returned to her contemplation of the empty hearth.

"Yes, we shall be going," she answered. Her voice could seem indifferent: but a vague diffusion of excitement, a turmoil as though her courage ebbed and flowed, rising and sinking without intermission, told her that the present moment was a crisis. Why, she did not understand. "We'll remember your kindness, Mr. Blake. Visitors are a nuisance, I know, to a busy man. You must feel it—a relief."

Dan was finding new defects in his old hat. He revolved it slowly and critically.

"No," he replied, laying it on his desk with great deliberation. "No; this place won't be the same, Miss Woodgate. Never quite the same, I guess, without—you and your mother."

The interval, after his words, prolonged itself into a kind of danger. Janet roused, and summoned all her skill for the defense. Then, smiling oddly, she recalled that there was no need—no room, in fact—for anything like absurdity.

"Your friend was here just now." Mischief awoke in the brown eyes. "Your neighbor. She left a message—if I could 'get it straight.'"

Dan faced her steadily, as a man awaits an enemy or bad news.

"Oh!" said he. "That!"

Janet might construe these interjections a hundred ways, but she had seen his face darken, and sat convinced.

"The lady wanted to talk"—Janet hesitated; then magnanimity failed her—"'about them prunes.'"

Dan gave an angry start and turned away.

"She thought," his tormentor added, "that you'd know what she meant."

Dan jerked one arm, as if throwing a piece of rubbish on the floor. He muttered something inaudible and suddenly, without so much as glancing back, marched into his office.

Janet watched the door close after him.

"At any rate," she reflected, "he had the grace to feel ashamed."

Small gain in that, she discovered. Her meddling had accomplished nothing except to confirm an ignoble scrap of knowledge and to lose the friendship of a kindly, serviceable man. She had taken revenge where he gave no affront. Her punishment now came suddenly, in a fit of overwhelming desolation.

"What a pity!" It was her verdict on matters in general. "What a pity!"

While she sat there the reflected glory shrank from walls and ceiling, and faded out of the room. Yee Tau punted open the swinging door and brought in dishes. Evening drew on, and with it the hour for the men's supper. As he came and went, setting their table, the weazened cook turned his little slant eyes craftily toward the girl in the chair—this young woman of a golden life. He admired her, thinking about luck and the Giver of Luck, and the mysterious allotment of things.

Janet became conscious of him, crossing and recrossing the background. She turned her head with a listless air. Tau halted, intent for speech. His attitude, rather than any remnant of interest, tempted her to put a question:

"Who that lady, Tau, come here all time? Mrs. Watt?"

Tau's yellow mask became a face, lighted, wrinkled with humor.

"Olo Turkey-Egg! Heh-heh!" He dotted his cheeks with a lean forefinger, denoting freckles. "Olo Turkey-Egg! Allo time she come see Misto Blake. He ron 'way! Heh-heh!"

Whatever Janet might have learned, she had still to know that a Chinaman is a perilous source of information, because an overflowing.

"Misto Blake he thinkee damn-fool!" Tau bent double in a spasm of creaking starch. "She wantchee mally Misto Blake! Heh-heh! She no can catchee! He ron quick; she walkee duck-foot!" The small rascal puffed himself and, exerting all the mimicry of his race, waddled across the room with a swelling port. "She walkee duck-foot so! Misto Blake ron! She not catchee! Heh-heh!"

He passed into his kitchen, reverberating laughter like a goblin.

Janet, when he was gone, laughed also; but gradually her merriment took a strange bent, struck in and turned on her like Prince Arthur's dogs tearing at their masters. She stood up, on the verge of tears.

"That woman!" Janet looked about the room as though it were a new place just meeting her eyes. "That woman!"

Jealousy! It had been jealousy—nothing better—which but now had seemed a fine and general desolation; envy of this ridiculous woman—the Tiger Lily, Dame Turkey-Egg, who walked duck-foot. And she had shown it openly to Dan himself!

Janet ran out into the veranda and disappeared there, carrying her laughter with her before it could change.

The room stayed vacant for a while. Then Tau, his gravity restored, scuffed in with a dozen plates, laid them, peered round wisely and retreated. After a time the opposite door quietly opened. Dan came forth from his den, cheerful, ready to redeem his late display of temper. He, like the cook, found the long room empty, but met a greater disappointment. He stood still, then went moping aimlessly about. The right moment was gone, the breach irreparable. Dan's face grew overcast; for here in a pet, in a boy's freak of anger, he had broken their final interview. Janet and he should have parted friends, at least; but he had spoiled even that chance.

"Might have been civil, anyhow," Dan ruefully considered.

Behind him, Yee Tau returned with a double handful of cutlery, hurled it clashing on the table and, after dealing it round with a wild dexterity that shot each knife and fork to the proper place, went slowly back toward his kitchen.

The door swung to, but did not shut. A gap remained, in which, as in a pillory, Tau left his head sticking. His weasel eyes followed his master. The yellow snub nose twitched like that of a dog who scents a profitable adventure.

"She outside," said Tau, ejecting the words with sudden determination.

"Who?" Dan kept his back turned, and spoke mechanically.

"Boss-woman." Tau grinned, safe and unseen. "Boss-woman. She outside. Welanda."

Dan did not move.

Tau hesitated. A lively grimace of disappointment crinkled his saffron visage. If his young master could be such a moon-calf—— He began sadly to withdraw his head and go about his own business. Fate hung for a moment in the balance of a Chinaman's decision and a San-Ning view of ethics.

The shaven forehead almost disappeared, then bobbed in again through the chink.

"She likee you." Tau's grin was full of sheepish cunning. "She plenty cly outside. She likee you too much. Heh-heh!"

Dan whirled on him. The grin popped out of sight, the kitchen door sprang trembling into its frame. This was Dan's turn to see the room transfigured, and get his bearings afresh.

"Crying?" He smacked one fist on the other. "Can't have that!"

Turning, he discovered the veranda door, pulled himself together with a shake of the torso and, as if starting to follow an inflexible straight line across country, marched out. Once over the threshold, some new force pulled him at a right angle; and the last motion of Dan's exit seemed the beginning of a run.

Outdoors, evening was fallen. The world beyond the walnut branches now slowly fused into a plain of umber; willow and cottonwood and tops of clotted mistletoe formed a gray embankment on the horizon, like a solid mound of twilight frayed and scalloped along its crest; above this, where of late the brownish vapors were floating, now lifted sharply the iron-red silhouette of the Coast Range, heightened with hot mirage and sheared into keen volcanic profile.

Inside the room, shadows were assembling for the conspiracy of night, when the door of the little passageway opened. Mrs. Woodgate came in, found her daughter's chair empty by the empty hearth, the supper-table half set for the laborers, and no presence but the visual advent of evening, the light glimmering mystically from without, like a timid ghost waiting at the door.

Mrs. Woodgate paused midway in the room to listen.

Somewhere, through a chintz curtain, she had caught an interchange of voices—two voices, low and hurried. Mrs. Woodgate moved on. Then, at something

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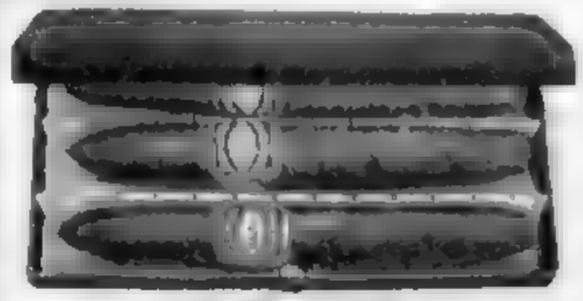

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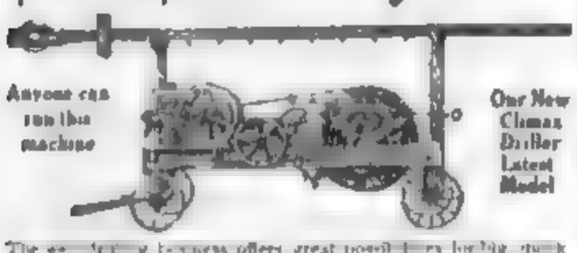

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clearer in their tone, she halted, as though they had cried an electrifying order; but no separate words came into the room.

She reached her daughter's chair very slowly and sat down. For some time she remained looking straight before her, alone in the dusk, seeing a whole pageant of lighted memories go by. She smiled at last; and the sad, humorous twinkle returned to her eyes as she herself returned to find life speaking in its old voice, repeating its ancient history of youth.

Janet's voice became articulate.

"There go my Sikhs." The girl laughed with a pride that was not the pride of ownership. "Blessings on their ragged heads!"

Mrs. Woodgate turned in her chair. Across the glimmering space of the door, through the twilight in the yard, filed three tall, dark soldiers, all alike but for the dim colors of their turbans.

A silence followed in the veranda. Mrs. Woodgate sat thinking, till suddenly she raised her head.

"Mr. Blake!" she called, turning again. "May I speak with you?"

A clutter of hurried movement passed behind the chintz curtains. Dan appeared hastily on the threshold, guilt written large over him, even by twilight.

Mrs. Woodgate fastened on him a long look, without mercy.

"Well?" she inquired. "Shall I take my daughter away?"

Dan gripped the door-casing on each side, hung his head; then craned back into the veranda, imploring help. It came; for Janet appeared beside him and took his hand. Together they came forward before the judgment-seat.

"I—I tried hard not to tell her," said Dan. The hearthstone failing to prompt him, he lifted his eyes boldly. "Honest! I couldn't help it."

A wonder still remained in this night of wonders. Dan saw the lady of his admiration rise and abdicate her throne. She laughed and quickly took his hand.

"I like you!" said Mrs. Woodgate.

Then all three laughed, standing thus; and their laughter found an echo; for the kitchen door creaked open, and Yee Tau stuck in his shaven forehead, like a Chinese Punch peeping round his booth.

"Men come supper!" His bead eyes missed nothing, but diabolically snapped. "All lite now? Heh-heh!"

(THE END)

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THE following facts about an errand boy who "made good" may encourage other youthful toilers to save their money. A widow in a suburban town near New York brought up a son and daughter on a Government pension, her husband having been a Civil War soldier. When the son was old enough to leave school a relative who owned a clothing store in New York set him to delivering packages. He soon became a clerk, and ultimately was able to sell more goods than any other employee.

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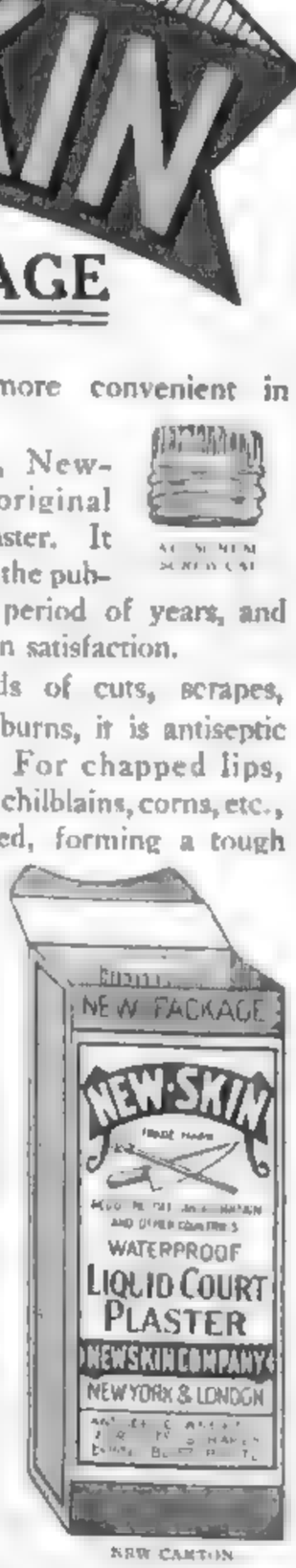

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Made of sun-boiled dressed [illegible] and Asphalt Mastic, and surfaced with sized cardboard; is cut at the factory into uniform sheets, 4x8 ft. sq. and three-eighths of an inch thick. These sheets delivered at your station are easily and quickly nailed to studding. Used for dwellings, pleasure, health resort and factory buildings, new partitions in old buildings, finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages.

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BISHOPRIC SHEATHING saves 75 per cent. in material and labor. Same material as Wall Board but finish not necessarily so fine, therefore costs less. Quickly nailed to studs with laths and asphalt exposed forming dead air space between laths and weather boards. Makes smoother and more solid job than lumber, no holes, no shrinking. Does away with building paper. Proof against heat, cold and dampness. For cement or stucco work it has no equal in economy and satisfaction. Space between laths forms excellent key for cement. Moisture cannot penetrate asphalt body. Our free booklet explains everything. Also used with excellent results as cheapest and best lining for dairy barns, poultry houses, stables and all other outdoor buildings.

Price $2 per square of 100 sq. ft. or $5.12 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

Write for Booklet and Free Samples of Wall Board, Sheathing and Roofing. Dealers, Write for Proposition

The Mastic Wall Board & Roofing Mfg. Co., 22 East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

150 Little Round Red Rubber Fingers Beat Your Own

DON'T BLAME YOUR RAZOR

when the fault is your face. The beauty of your skin may depend upon the kind of lather you use. Only the finest lather, made from the purest ingredients, with the softening massage quickly develops a new, healthy skin, proof against shaving troubles.

LUXURY LATHER BRUSH

prevents blackheads, stops ingrowing beard, fingers of softest Para rubber. Brush of [illegible] bristles.

One Cent a Shave For a Year Pays for a Luxury Lather Brush

BOOK—"Well Lathered is Half Shaved"—FREE

[illegible] Only a cent a shave a year.

LUXURY SALES COMPANY 302 River Street, Troy, N.Y.
104 E. T. Bank Building, Montreal, Canada

Go See the Hudson "33"

Howard E. Coffin's Masterpiece

The one *different* automobile for 1911 can now be seen.
It is the HUDSON "33."

You remember, it is Howard E. Coffin's masterpiece. This is the car for which orders for more than 10,000—a year's output—were received before a single model was shown. The dealers—the shrewdest automobile buyers of America—deposited hundreds of thousands of dollars and cast their business future with this car, just because of their confidence in Howard E. Coffin's ability to add his fifth great advancement in motor car designing.

It is not surprising that they did this.

No man is better known for the successes he has produced. No designer ever built more famous cars. Four, before the advent of this, his greatest car! Each marked an epoch in motordom. Each pushed standards up and brought costs down.

He designed race cars that have *made history* in speed contests. He built cars that *successfully* went through the most severe reliability runs without a penalty. He learned by these tests. He devised new and simple, *inexpensive* ways for building better cars than were known before. That experience has resulted in the HUDSON "33"—a car without any *"bugs"* or *"kinks"* that must be *"ironed out,"* such as are *common* to most new models, as time develops an unexpected weakness or an overlooked detail.

Such skill and such experience as Howard E. Coffin possesses made possible the HUDSON "33."

It was the confidence of the trade that has seen each of his cars take the lead of others in their time, that inspired them to buy *"sight-un-seen,"* as it were. It was just such knowledge of his ability that sent other cars—that for two and three years had held popular positions without material change or improvement—into a lower price class.

First Cost Practically Last Cost

But the greatest advancement is in the provision made for keeping down *operation* cost. This is a much talked about subject. The funny papers have joked about it, and the average motor car owner has *felt* its seriousness. Repairs, constant adjustment—all the annoying and expensive attention *usually* required has to a material degree been eliminated in the HUDSON "33."

First, this has been accomplished by *reducing* the number of parts used in the chassis of the average car selling at $2000 and under, by approximately 900. The valves are concealed in dust proof, oil tight chambers. There is no exposed mechanism. Simplicity, staunchness, tremendous power, wonderful quietness and beauty are also noticeable.

But accessibility contributes *greatest* to the *low up-keep* cost. Most motor owners have experienced enormous repair charges resulting from the necessity to dismantle the car in order to make what should have been a simple adjustment or repair.

Haven't you seen mechanics—at 60c and 75c an hour—fumble for *twenty* to *thirty minutes*, endeavoring to tighten up an inaccessible nut? Such expense is never possible with the HUDSON "33." Every nut is accessible. Every part is made to withstand wear and to render attention of *rare* requirement. But when replacement *is* necessary—it can be made direct and *without* disturbing the entire car.

The detail of manufacturing is handled with as much care as Mr. Coffin has given to design. It is noticeable in the finish, in the gentle purr of the motor, in the noiseless gears, in the luxurious softness of upholstering.

Why We Do Not Publish Details

Thousands have asked why we do not publish detailed specifications of the HUDSON "33" in our advertisements.

Practically every adjective in the language has been made to do service in describing automobiles. Claims and descriptions are about *the same for all cars*, whether selling at $500 or ten times that price.

Change the name and price and the advertisement is as suitable for one car as another.

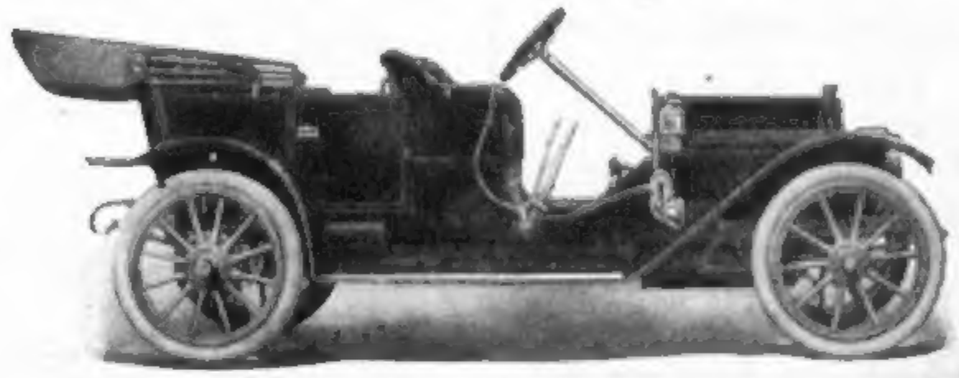
The HUDSON "33" cannot be described with justice to itself in the space available, and so we make no attempt at it.

The car can be seen in almost any American city or town. Soon it will be practically everywhere that automobiles are sold. You will find no difficulty in seeing it at a near-by dealer's.

Since experienced buyers have put up hundreds of thousands of dollars, just because they know that Howard E. Coffin's cars are the *last word* in motordom, don't you think you should at least examine the HUDSON "33" before you choose any car? It will not delay the delivery of the car you finally select—it may save you much expense and many *regrets*.

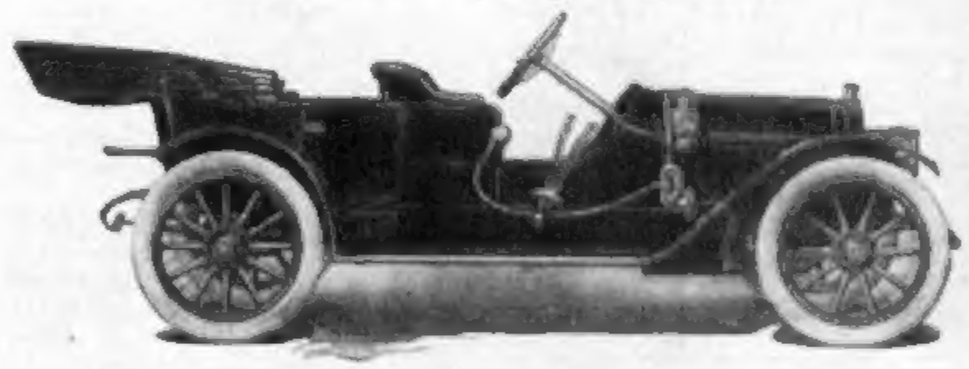
If you do not recall the address of the Hudson dealer in your town, send to us for some interesting literature and the dealer's name. It will probably surprise you that such remarkable advancement has been made by one car over all others for 1911.

Hudson "33" Touring Car



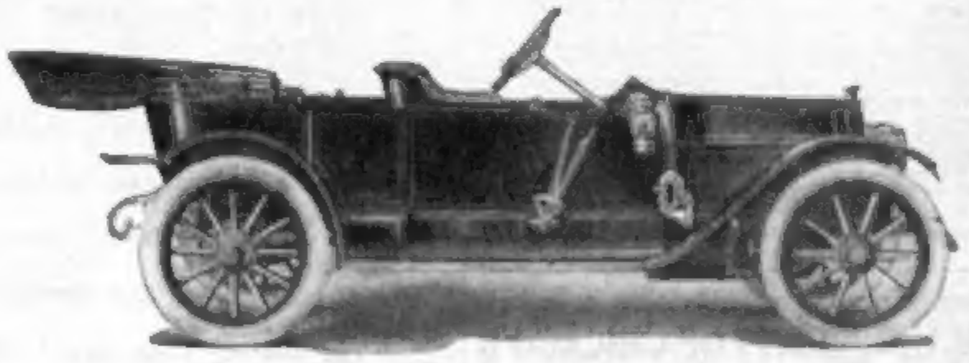
$1250

Hudson "33" Pony Tonneau



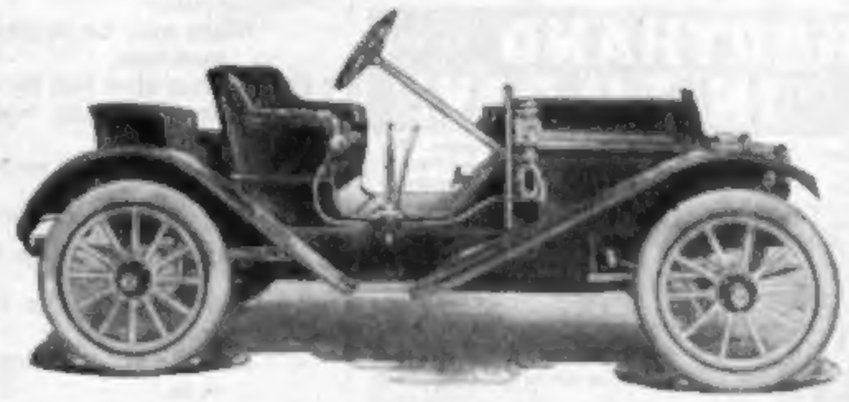
$1300

Hudson "33" Torpedo



$1350

Hudson $1000 Roadster



HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

3215 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT

LICENSED UNDER
SELDEN PATENT

FISH
All Sea Foods

No better or more delicate flavor can be added to all fish cooking than by using

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A perfect seasoning for Soups, Steaks, Chops, Roasts, Gravies and Salad Dressings.

It Aids Digestion.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

GET the can that saves you money

CÆMENTIUM — the new mineral adhesive—saves broken dishes, broken furniture, leaky pots and kettles—and hundreds of other little articles that become damaged in the home.

CÆMENTIUM

"Sticks everything, but is not sticky"

Mends wood, metal, glass, china, articles to stand the test of former usage. Makes almost invisible joints. Small parts can be built up.

Get it at grocers, drug stores, hardware stores, stationery stores, or send 25c in stamps or coin, and we will mail you full size tin. Shake well before using—get splendid results.

Cæmentium Sales Co., Sole Agents U.S.A.
120 (P) Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
78 (P) Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
80 (P) Church St., New York, N. Y.

FOR HIS X-MAS GIFT

Buy him a handsome transparent handle, three-blade, Golden Rule pocket knife No. 3, same as illustrated here. We will put his lodge emblem or his photo on one side and name and address on the other side. This knife is a beauty. Made extra strong and will stand the most severe usage. Each of three keen cutting blades, forged from the finest razor steel and are fully guaranteed. He'll appreciate a knife like this for it's so practical and useful. Top cut ⅔ actual size. Price pre- paid to him $1.60. Order today.

Agents Wanted.
Write for catalogue and special terms.

Golden Rule Cutlery Co., 262 Wendell Street, Dept. 88, Chicago.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

HOME STUDY

18th Year

Correspondence-Study Dept. offers 250 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

U. of C. (Div. C) Chicago, Ill.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled line"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 928 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

Chairs & Tricycles
For Invalids and Cripples
Worthington Co.
351 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

PATENTS: For facts about Prize and Reward offers and Inventions that will bring from $5000 to **10 Million Dollars**; and for books of Intense Interest to Inventors, send 6c postage to **Pubs. Patent Sense, Dept. 25, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.**

SONNETS OF A STANDPAT CONGRESSMAN

(Concluded from Page 9)

XI

Oh, glory to our good old State Machine—
Muse, tune thy baby grand and let us sing
Human invention's only Perfect Thing,
The engine that runs smooth, howe'er unclean!
Happy the brave Mechanics as they lean
Adjusting many a lever, cog and string
On that great Loom of Men which—presto-bing!—
Lives without life and murders without spleen.

The motor engine has its faults, they say;
The airship oft comes down when least expected;
But in our famous State Machine today
No single fault has ever been detected—
What's this? A telegram dispatched with heat:
"The State Machine is leaking—hurry!—Pete."

XII

The State Machine has leaked! E'en yesternight
That yellow, muckrake sheet, the Evening Blade,
Burst out in headlines:

"BUNKWORTH PLOT BETRAYED!!

Perpetual Franchise Deal With Peter White

To Sell the O. & K., the People's Right!!

The Roosevelt Kid has formed a big parade,
Raised a wild yelp of "Justice long delayed!"
And treated me extremely impolite.

This Kid McGee is acting far too flip
And surely should be taught to know his place.
When I was young the art of statesmanship
Was left for older, wiser heads to grace.
In view of which, I've formed a firm intention
To see that he is crushed at My Convention.

XIII

The band played. The Convention then began,
The Great Machine conducting the affair.
That Roosevelt-aping young McGee was there
To take his little spanking like a man.
Conducted on the good old-fashioned plan—
Music, orations, cheap cigars and prayer—
Our stalwart "Bugs" McCracken held the chair
And Boosters yelled as only Boosters can.

Of course my name was greeted with loud cheers;
But when that Plowfield maverick, Bill Strong,
Named Nick McGee and thundered in our ears,
"The leading issue now is Right and Wrong!"
Praised referendums, blocked for Conservation,
The mob set up a shocking demonstration.

XIV

Then Jerry Dugan leaped into the lists
And drained the vials of Celtic commonsense:
"Right may be deathless and the Truth immense,
But politics ain't run by theorists.
The Country's bein' wrecked by Teddy's twists,
Wall Street is peevish at them holy gents
Howlin' 'Dishonest!' with an air intense
Whenever a rich gazabe the Cause assists."

The vote began. The Billville boys stood true,
But Strong's Insurgents beat 'em by a nose;
The traitorous Squantum Gang their leader threw—
And when results came in the name they chose
To represent the Ninth at Washington
Was Nicholas McGee. The band played on.

Editor's Note—The second and concluding series of Sonnets will appear next week.

West and Northwest!

Announcement No. 16

The Most Critical Traveler Could Demand No More

The traveler nowadays chooses the route to his destination on much the same basis as he selects his hotel when he gets there.

He demands the utmost in comfort and convenience.

And it is on this basis that the North Western Line has won its reputation as the best route to all points West and Northwest.

Splendidly equipped trains make the trip a real pleasure.

Dining cars offer meals deliciously cooked and expertly served.

The way lies over a smooth roadbed; automatic signals safeguard the journey.

The palatial new station at Chicago, soon to be opened, marks a new era in terminal architecture in the West. It ranks with the world's best efforts in this line.

Chicago & North Western Ry.

PARTIAL LIST OF CITIES REACHED BY NORTH WESTERN LINE TRAINS

Milwaukee	Marquette	Sioux City	Winona	Ogden
Madison	Escanaba	Council Bluffs	Huron	Salt Lake City
St. Paul	Peoria	Lincoln	Pierre	San Francisco
Minneapolis	Cedar Rapids	Rapid City	Denver	Los Angeles
Duluth	Marshalltown	Deadwood	Colo. Springs	Tacoma
Superior	Des Moines	Lead	Pueblo	Seattle

N. W. 1653 A. C. JOHNSON, P. T. M., Chicago (169)

THERE never was a greater hit in men's wearing apparel than

Improved
Duofold
Health Underwear

Among the most particular dressers everywhere *Duofold* is accepted as the correct and very latest thing. But it is more than a mere fad. It combines style with comfort and protection as they never were combined before.

A smooth, finely-finished cotton, linen or silk fabric against you; an outer fabric of wool, pure silk or silkoline—*Two light-weight fabrics in one; and between them a layer of air.* Could anything be more scientific and sensible? No irritation. No overheating. No unnatural perspiring. But a dry even comfortable temperature all the time.

Your dealer will supply you. Single garments and union suits. Thoroughly shrunken, and guaranteed satisfactory in every way; or your money refunded. Write us if you can't get what you want. We'll see that you do. And ask for the *Duofold* style booklet which tells the whole story.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.
Robischon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents
349 Broadway, New York

Oldsmobile 1911

LIMOUSINE

You demand the utmost in finish, upholstery and all the minor equipments of a closed car,—be as exacting in your mechanical requirements. The large wheels and easy-riding tires; the powerful, flexible, everlastingly-reliable motor —the whole chassis of the Oldsmobile Limousine contribute not only to your enjoyment but add long life to the car. . . . These are essential features that make the Oldsmobile as superior for city use as it is for cross-country touring.

Three types of chassis; four and six-cylinder: the "Special," the "Autocrat" and the "Limited." Bodies of the most durable and artistic workmanship.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS *Licensed under Selden Patent* **LANSING, MICH.**

COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER

STICK— POWDER & CREAM

3 KINDS of BEST

You now have your choice of three methods of making Colgate's lasting, luxurious lather and of shaving in comfort.

Whichever you choose, the lather is the same—softening, soothing, sanitary. Best in its lasting abundance. Best in its antiseptic qualities and in freedom from uncombined alkali. And best in its skin-refreshing effect that leaves your face so cool and comfortable. Do not ill-treat your face and handicap your razor by using an inferior lather.

THREE METHODS—ONE RESULT

Colgate's Shaving Stick—the "Magic Wand of Shaving" in the original nickel box.
Colgate's Rapid-Shave Powder—"the Powder that Shortens the Shave."
Colgate's Shaving Cream—the Perfected Cream.
Each makes the perfect lather that gives the soft, smooth shave.

Trial size of Stick, Powder or Cream sent for 4 cents.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. P
199 Fulton Street, New York

Makers of
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap